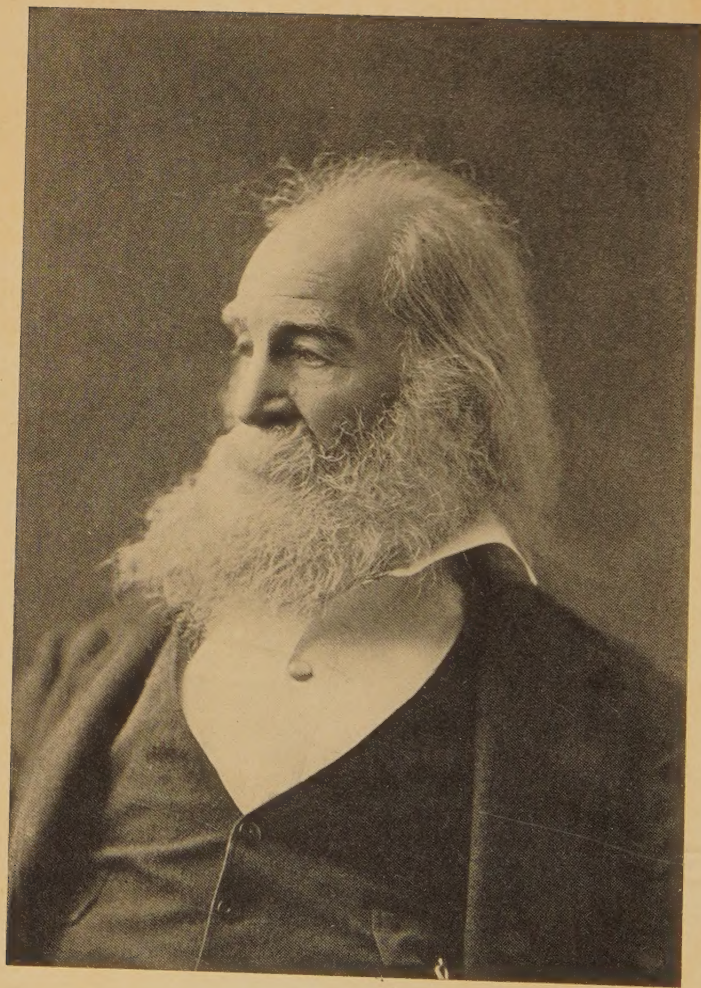


Mary R. Daly
1909.



WALT WHITMAN

POEMS OF WALT WHITMAN

WITH BIOGRAPHICAL INTRODUCTION BY

JOHN BURROUGHS



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PUBLISHERS' NOTE

VARIOUS editions of Whitman's writings having created some confusion in readers' minds, we deem it advisable to state that the present volume contains the text of "Leaves of Grass," as published in 1860, together with "Drum Taps," of five years later.

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BIOGRAPHICAL INTRODUCTION.*

“WHO goes there? hankering, gross, mystical, nude; hankering like the great elk in the forest in springtime; gross as unhoused Nature is gross; mystical as Boehme or Swedenborg; and so far as the concealments and disguises of the conventional man, and the usual adornments of polite verse, are concerned, as nude as Adam in Paradise.” Indeed, it was the nudity of Walt Whitman’s verse, both in respect to its subject-matter and his mode of treatment of it, that so astonished, when it did not repel, his readers. He boldly stripped away everything conventional and artificial from man, — clothes, customs, institutions, etc., — and treated him as he is, primarily, in and of himself and in his relations to the universe; and with equal boldness he stripped away what were to him the artificial adjuncts of poetry, — rhyme, measure, and all the stock language and forms of the schools, — and planted himself upon a spontaneous rhythm of language and the inherently poetic in the common and universal.

The result is the most audacious and debatable contribution yet made to American literature, and one the merits of which will doubtless long divide the reading public. It gave a rude shock to most readers of current poetry; but it was probably a wholesome shock, like the rude douse of the sea to the victim of the warmed and perfumed bath. The suggestion of the sea is not inapt; because there is, so to speak, a briny, chafing, elemental, or cosmic quality about Whitman’s work that brings up the comparison, — a something in it bitter and forbidding, that the reader must conquer and become familiar with before he can appreciate the tonic and stimulating quality which it

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really holds. To Whitman may be applied, more truly than to any other poet, Wordsworth's lines:—

“ You must love him ere to you
He will seem worthy of your love.”

As the new generations are less timid and conforming than their fathers, and take more and more to the open air and its exhilarations, so they are coming more and more into relation with the spirit of this poet of democracy. If Whitman means anything, he means the open air, and a life fuller and fuller of the sanity, the poise, and the health of nature; freer and freer of everything that hampers, enervates, enslaves, and makes morbid and sickly the body and the soul of man.

Whitman was the first American poet of any considerable renown born outside of New England, and the first to show a larger, freer, bolder spirit than that of the New England poets. He was a native of Long Island, where at West Hills he was born on the 31st of May, 1819, and where his youth was passed. On his mother's side he was Holland Dutch, on his father's English. There was a large family of boys and girls, who grew to be men and women of marked type,—large in stature, rather silent and slow in movement, and of great tenacity of purpose. All the children showed Dutch traits, which were especially marked in Walt, the eldest. Mr. William Sloan Kennedy, who has given a good deal of attention to the subject, attributes Whitman's stubbornness, his endurance, his practicality, his sanity, his excessive neatness and purity of person, and the preponderance in him of the simple and serious over the humorous and refined, largely to his Dutch ancestry. His phlegm, his absorption, his repose, and especially his peculiar pink-tinged skin, also suggested the countrymen of Rubens. The Quaker element also entered into his composition, through his maternal grandmother. Mr. Kennedy recognizes this in his silence, his sincerity and plainness, his self-respect and respect for every other human being, his fresh speech, his unconventionality, his placidity, his benevolence and friendship, and his deep religiousness. Whitman faithfully followed the inward light, the inward voice, and gave little or no heed to the dissent-

ing or remonstrating voices of the world about him. The more determined the opposition, the more intently he seems to have listened to the inward promptings.

The events of his life were few and ordinary. While yet a child the family moved to Brooklyn, where the father worked at his trade of carpentering, and where young Whitman attended the common school till his thirteenth year. About this time he found employment in a printing-office and learned to set type, and formed there tastes and associations with printers and newspaper work that were strong with him ever after. At the age of seventeen he became a country school-teacher on Long Island, and began writing for newspapers and magazines. We next hear of him about 1838-40 as editor and publisher of a weekly newspaper at Huntington, Long Island. After this enterprise was abandoned, he found employment for five or six years mainly in printing-offices as compositor, with occasional contributions to the periodical literature of the day. He also wrote novels; only the title of one of them — "Frank Evans," a temperate tale — being preserved. In 1846-47 he was editor of the *Brooklyn Eagle* newspaper. It was during this decade, or from his twentieth to his thirtieth year, that he seems to have entered so heartily and lovingly into the larger, open-air life of New York: familiarizing himself with all classes of workingmen and all trades and occupations; fraternizing with drivers, pilots, mechanics; going, as he says in his poems, with "powerful uneducated persons," — letting his democratic proclivities have full swing, and absorbing much that came to the surface later in his "Leaves of Grass." He was especially fond of omnibus drivers, — a unique class of men who have now disappeared. It is reported of him that he once took the place of a disabled driver and drove for him all winter, that the man's family might not suffer while he was recovering in the hospital. During this period he occasionally appeared as a stump speaker at political mass-meetings in New York and on Long Island, and was much liked.

When about thirty years of age, he set out on an extended and very leisurely tour through the Middle, Western, and Southern States, again absorbing material for his future work, and fetching up finally in New Orleans, where he tarried a

year or more, and where he found employment on the editorial staff of the *Crescent* newspaper. In 1850 we find him again in Brooklyn, where he started the *Freeman*, an organ of the Free-Soilers. But the paper was short-lived. Whitman had little business capacity, and was ill-suited to any task that required punctuality, promptness, or strict business methods. He was a man, as he says in his "Leaves," "preoccupied of his own soul"; and money-getting and ordinary worldly success attracted him but little. From 1851 to 1854 he turned his hand to his father's trade of carpentering, building, and selling small houses to workingmen. It is said that he might have prospered in this business had he continued in it. But other schemes filled his head.

He was already big with the conception of "Leaves of Grass," for which consciously and unconsciously he had been many years getting ready. He often dropped his carpentering to write away at his "Leaves." Finally, after many rewritings, in the spring of 1855 he went to press with his book, setting up most of the type himself. It came out as a thin quarto of ninety-four pages, presenting a curious impression upon the reader's mind. It attracted little attention save ridicule, till Emerson wrote the author a letter containing a magnificent eulogium of the book, which Dana of the *Tribune* persuaded Whitman to publish,—to Emerson's subsequent annoyance, since the letter was made to cover a later edition of the "Leaves," in which was much more objectionable matter than in the first. This letter brought the volume into notice, and helped to launch it and subsequent enlarged editions of it upon its famous career, in both hemispheres. So utterly out of keeping with the current taste in poetry was Whitman's work, that the first impression of it was, and in many minds still is, to excite mirth and ridicule. This was partly because it took no heed of the conventionalities of poetry or of human life, and partly because of the naïve simplicity of the author's mind. In his poetry he seems as untouched by our modern sophistications and the over-refinements of modern culture as any of the Biblical writers.

In the second year of the Civil War Whitman left Brooklyn and became a volunteer nurse in the army hospitals in Washington. To this occupation he gave much of his time and much

of his substance till after the close of the war. It is claimed for him that he personally visited and ministered to over one hundred thousand sick and wounded Union and Confederate soldiers. Out of this experience grew his "Drum Taps," a thin volume of poems published in 1866. It was subsequently incorporated with his "Leaves." These were not battle-pieces, or songs of triumph over a fallen foe,

"But a little book containing night's darkness, and blood-dripping wounds,
and psalms of the dead."

During these hospital years Whitman supported himself mainly by writing letters to the *New York Times*. His "Hospital Memoranda" include most of this material. He wrote copious letters to his mother at the same time, which were issued in book form during the fall of 1897 by his new Boston publishers, and named "The Wound-Dresser." From 1865 to 1873 Whitman occupied the desk of a government clerk in the Treasury Department. Previous to that time he had been dismissed from a position in the Interior Department by its head, James Harlan, because he was the author of "Leaves of Grass."

His services in the army hospitals impaired his health, and early in 1873 he had a light stroke of paralysis. In the spring of that year he moved to Camden, New Jersey, where his brother, Colonel George Whitman, was living. Camden now became his permanent home. His health was much impaired, his means very limited, but his serenity and cheerfulness never deserted him. Many foreign travellers made pilgrimages to Camden to visit him. He was generally regarded by Europeans as the one distinctive American poet, the true outcome in literature of modern democracy. He died March 26, 1892, and his body is buried in a Camden cemetery in an imposing granite tomb of his own designing. Whitman never married. He was always poor, but he was a man much beloved by young and old of both sexes, while in a small band of men and women he inspired an enthusiasm and a depth of personal attachment rare in any age. In person he was a man of large and fine physical proportions and striking appearance. His tastes were simple, his wants few. He was a man singularly clean in both

speech and person. He loved primitive things; and his strongest attachments were probably for simple, natural, uneducated, but powerful, persons. The common, the universal—that which all may have on equal terms—was as the breath of his nostrils. In his “Leaves” he identifies himself fully with these elements, declaring that

“What is commonest, cheapest, nearest, easiest, is Me.”

He aimed to put himself into a book, not after the manner of the gossiping essayist, like Montaigne, but after the manner of poetic revelation; and sought to make his pages give an impression analogous to that made by the living, breathing man. The “Leaves” are not beautiful like a statue, or any delicate and elaborate piece of carving; but beautiful, and ugly too if you like, as the living man or woman is beautiful or ugly. The appeal is less to our abstract, æsthetic sense, and more to our concrete, everyday sense of real things. This is not to say that our æsthetic perceptions are not stimulated; but only that they are appealed to in a different way, a less direct and premeditated way, than they are in the popular poetry. Without the emotion of the beautiful there can be no poetry; but beauty may be the chief aim and gathered like flowers into nosegays, as in most of the current poetry, or it may be subordinated and left as it were abroad in the air and landscape, as was Whitman’s aim. His conviction was that beauty should follow the poet, never lead him.

Whitman aimed at a complete human synthesis, and left the reader to make of it what he could; and he is not at all disturbed if he finds the bad there as well as the good, as in life itself. A good deal of mental pressure must be brought to bear upon him before his full meaning and significance comes out.

Readers who idly dip into him for poetic tidbits or literary morceaux, or who open his “Leaves” expecting to be regaled with flowers and perfumes, will surely be disappointed if not shocked. His work does not belong to the class of literary luxuries or delicacies. It is primary and fundamental, and is only indirectly poetic; that is, it does not seek beauty so much as it seeks that which makes beauty. Its method is not exclu-

sive, but inclusive. It is the work of a powerful spirit that seeks to grasp life and the universe as a whole, and to charge the conception with religious and poetic emotion; perhaps I should say religious emotion alone, as Whitman clearly identifies the two. Light readers only find now and then a trace of the poetic in his work; they fail to see the essentially poetic character of the whole; and they fail to see that there is a larger poetry than that of gems and flowers. The poetry of pretty words and fancies is one thing; the poetry of vast conceptions and enthusiasm and of religious and humanitarian emotion is quite another.

Our pleasure in the rhymed, measured, highly wrought verse of the popular poets is doubtless more acute and instant than it is in the irregular dithyrambic periods of Whitman; the current poetry is more in keeping with the thousand and one artificial things with which the civilized man surrounds himself, — perfumes, colors, music; the distilled, the highly seasoned, the elaborately carved, — wine, sweetmeats, cosmetics, etc. Whitman, in respect to his art and poetic quality, is more like simple, natural products, or the everyday family staples, — meat, bread, milk, — or the free unhoused elements, — frost, rain, spray. There is little in him that suggests the artificial in life, or that takes note of, or is the outcome of, the refinements of our civilization. Though a man of deep culture, yet culture cannot claim him as her own, and in many of her devotees repudiates him entirely. He let nature speak, but in a way that the uncultured man never could. In its tone and spirit his “Leaves of Grass” is as primitive as the antique bards, while it yet implies and necessitates modern civilization.

It is urged that his work is formless, chaotic. On the other hand, it may be claimed that a work that makes a distinct and continuous impression, that gives a sense of unity, that holds steadily to an ideal, that is never in doubt about its own method and aims, and that really grips the reader’s mind or thought, is not in any deep sense formless. “Leaves of Grass” is obviously destitute of the arbitrary and artificial form of regular verse; it makes no account of the prosodical system, but its admirers claim for it the essential, innate form of all vital, organic things. There are imitations of Whitman that

are formless; one feels no will or purpose in them; they make no more impact upon the reader's mind than vapor upon his hand. A work is formless that has no motives, no ideas, no vertebra, no central purpose controlling and subordinating all the parts. In his plan, as I have said, Whitman aimed to outline a human life, his own life, here in democratic America in the middle of the nineteenth century, giving not merely its æsthetic and spiritual side, but its carnal side as well, and imbuing the whole with poetic passion. In working out this purpose, we are not to hold him to a mechanical definiteness and accuracy; he may build freely and range far and wide; a man is made up of many and contradictory elements, and his life is a compound of evil and of good. The forces that shape him are dynamic and not mechanic. If Whitman has confused his purpose, if all the parts of his work are not related more or less directly to this central plan, then is he in the true sense formless. The trouble with Whitman is, his method is that of the poet and not that of the essayist or philosopher. He is not the least didactic; he never explains or apologizes. The reader must take him on the wing or not at all. He does not state his argument so much as he speaks out of it and effuses its atmosphere.

Then he is avowedly the poet of vista: to open doors and windows, to let down bars rather than to put them up, to dissolve forms, to escape boundaries, to plant the reader on a hill rather than in a corner,—this fact is the explanation of the general character of his work in respect to form.

Readers who have a keen sense of what is called artistic form in poetry, meaning the sense of the deftly carved or shaped, are apt to be repelled by the absence of all verse architecture in the poems. A hostile critic might say they are not builded up, but heaped up. But this would give a wrong impression, inasmuch as a piece of true literature bears no necessary analogy to a house or the work of the cabinet-maker. It may find its type or suggestion in a tree, a river, or in any growing or expanding thing. Verse perfectly fluid, and without any palpable, resisting, extrinsic form whatever, or anything to take his readers' attention away from himself and the content of his page, was Whitman's aim.

Opinion will doubtless long be divided about the value of his work. He said he was "willing to wait to be understood by the growth of the taste" of himself. That his taste is growing, that the new generations are coming more and more into his spirit and atmosphere, that the mountain is less and less forbidding, and looms up more and more as we get farther from it, is obvious enough. That he will ever be in any sense a popular poet is in the highest degree improbable; but that he will kindle enthusiasm in successive minds, that he will be an enormous feeder to the coming poetic genius of his country, that he will enlarge criticism, and make it easy for every succeeding poet to be himself and to be American, and, finally, that he will take his place among the few major poets of the race, I have not the least doubt.

JOHN BURROUGHS.

LEAVES OF GRASS.



PROTO-LEAF.

1. **FREE**, fresh, savage,
Fluent, luxuriant, self-content, fond of persons and
places,
Fond of fish-shape Paumanok, where I was born,
Fond of the sea — lusty-begotten and various,
Boy of the Mannahatta, the city of ships, my city,
Or raised inland, or of the south savannas,
Or full-breath'd on Californian air, or Texan or
Cuban air,
Tallying, vocalizing all — resounding Niagara —
resounding Missouri,
Or rude in my home in Kanuck woods,
Or wandering and hunting, my drink water, my diet
meat,
Or withdrawn to muse and meditate in some deep
recess,
Far from the clank of crowds, an interval passing,
rapt and happy,
Stars, vapor, snow, the hills, rocks, the Fifth Month
flowers, my amaze, my love,
Aware of the buffalo, the peace-herds, the bull, strong-
breasted and hairy,
Aware of the mocking-bird of the wilds at daybreak,
Solitary, singing in the west, I strike up for a new
world.
2. Victory, union, faith, identity, time, the Soul, your-
self, the present and future lands, the indissolu-
ble compacts, riches, mystery, eternal progress,
the kosmos, and the modern reports.

3. This then is life,
Here is what has come to the surface after so many
throes and convulsions.
4. How curious ! How real !
Underfoot the divine soil — Overhead the sun.
5. See, revolving,
The globe — the ancestor-continents, away, grouped
together,
The present and future continents, north and south,
with the isthmus between.
6. See, vast, trackless spaces,
As in a dream, they change, they swiftly fill,
Countless masses debouch upon them,
They are now covered with the foremost people, arts,
institutions known.
7. See projected, through time,
For me, an audience interminable.
8. With firm and regular step they wend — they never
stop,
Successions of men, Americanos, a hundred millions,
One generation playing its part and passing on,
And another generation playing its part and passing
on in its turn,
With faces turned sideways or backward toward me
to listen,
With eyes retrospective toward me.
9. Americanos ! Masters !
Marches humanitarian ! Foremost !
Century marches ! Libertad ! Masses !
For you a programme of chants.
10. Chants of the prairies,
Chants of the long-running Mississippi,
Chants of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa,
and Minnesota,
Inland chants — chants of Kansas,
Chants away down to Mexico, and up north to
Oregon — Kanadian chants,

Chants of teeming and turbulent cities — chants of
mechanics,
Yankee chants — Pennsylvanian chants — chants of
Kentucky and Tennessee,
Chants of dim-lit mines — chants of mountain-tops,
Chants of sailors — chants of the Eastern Sea and
the Western Sea,
Chants of the Mannahatta, the place of my dearest
love, the place surrounded by hurried and spar-
kling currents,
Health chants — joy chants — robust chants of young
men,
Chants inclusive — wide reverberating chants,
Chants of the Many In One.

11. In the Year 80 of The States,
My tongue, every atom of my blood, formed from
this soil, this air,
Born here of parents born here,
From parents the same, and their parents' parents
the same,
I, now thirty-six years old, in perfect health, begin,
Hoping to cease not till death.
12. Creeds and schools in abeyance,
Retiring back a while, sufficed at what they are, but
never forgotten,
With accumulations, now coming forward in front,
Arrived again, I harbor, for good or bad — I permit
to speak,
Nature, without check, with original energy.
13. Take my leaves, America!
Make welcome for them everywhere, for they are
your own offspring;
Surround them, East and West! for they would
surround you,
And you precedents! connect lovingly with them, for
they connect lovingly with you.
14. I conned old times,
I sat studying at the feet of the great masters;
Now, if eligible, O that the great masters might
return and study me!

15. In the name of These States, shall I scorn the
antique?
Why These are the children of the antique, to justify
it.
16. Dead poets, philosophers, priests,
Martyrs, artists, inventors, governments long since,
Language-shapers, on other shores,
Nations once powerful, now reduced, withdrawn, or
desolate,
I dare not proceed till I respectfully credit what you
have left, wafted hither,
I have perused it — I own it is admirable,
I think nothing can ever be greater — Nothing can
ever deserve more than it deserves;
I regard it all intently a long while,
Then take my place for good with my own day and
race here.
17. Here lands female and male,
Here the heirship and heiress-ship of the world —
Here the flame of materials,
Here Spirituality, the translatress, the openly-avowed,
The ever-tending, the finale of visible forms,
The satisfier, after due long-waiting, now advancing,
Yes, here comes the mistress, the Soul.
18. The SOUL!
Forever and forever — Longer than soil is brown and
solid — Longer than water ebbs and flows.
19. I will make the poems of materials, for I think they
are to be the most spiritual poems,
And I will make the poems of my body and of mor-
tality,
For I think I shall then supply myself with the
poems of my Soul and of immortality.
20. I will make a song for These States, that no one
State may under any circumstances be subjected
to another State,
And I will make a song that there shall be comity
by day and by night between all The States, and
between any two of them,

And I will make a song of the organic bargains of
 These States — And a shrill song of curses on
 him who would dissever the Union;
 And I will make a song for the ears of the President,
 full of weapons with menacing points,
 And behind the weapons countless dissatisfied faces.

21. I will acknowledge contemporary lands,
 I will trail the whole geography of the globe, and
 salute courteously every city large and small;
 And employments! I will put in my poems, that
 with you is heroism, upon land and sea — And I
 will report all heroism from an American point
 of view;
 And sexual organs and acts! do you concentrate in
 me — For I am determined to tell you with
 courageous clear voice, to prove you illustrious.
22. I will sing the song of companionship,
 I will show what alone must compact These,
 I believe These are to found their own ideal of manly
 love, indicating it in me;
 I will therefore let flame from me the burning fires
 that were threatening to consume me,
 I will lift what has too long kept down those smoul-
 dering fires,
 I will give them complete abandonment,
 I will write the evangel-poem of comrades and of love,
 (For who but I should understand love, with all its
 sorrow and joy?
 And who but I should be the poet of comrades?)
23. I am the credulous man of qualities, ages, races,
 I advance from the people en-masse in their own
 spirit,
 Here is what sings unrestricted faith.
24. Omnes! Omnes!
 Let others ignore what they may,
 I make the poem of evil also — I commemorate that
 part also,
 I am myself just as much evil as good — And I say
 there is in fact no evil,

Or if there is, I say it is just as important to you, to the earth, or to me, as anything else.

25. I too, following many, and followed by many, inaugurate a Religion — I too go to the wars,
It may be I am destined to utter the loudest cries thereof, the conqueror's shouts,
They may rise from me yet, and soar above every thing.
26. Each is not for its own sake,
I say the whole earth, and all the stars in the sky,
are for Religion's sake.
27. I say no man has ever been half devout enough,
None has ever adored or worshipp'd half enough,
None has begun to think how divine he himself is,
and how certain the future is.
28. I specifically announce that the real and permanent grandeur of These States must be their Religion,
Otherwise there is no real and permanent grandeur.
29. What are you doing, young man?
Are you so earnest — so given up to literature, science, art, amours?
These ostensible realities, materials, points?
Your ambition or business, whatever it may be?
30. It is well — Against such I say not a word — I am their poet also;
But behold! such swiftly subside — burnt up for Religion's sake,
For not all matter is fuel to heat, impalpable flame,
the essential life of the earth,
Any more than such are to Religion.
31. What do you seek, so pensive and silent?
What do you need, comrade?
Mon cher! do you think it is love?
32. Proceed, comrade,
It is a painful thing to love a man or woman to excess
— yet it satisfies — it is great,

But there is something else very great — it makes
the whole coincide,
It, magnificent, beyond materials, with continuous
hands, sweeps and provides for all.

33. O I see the following poems are indeed to drop in the
earth the germs of a greater Religion.

34. My comrade!

For you, to share with me, two greatnesses — And a
third one, rising inclusive and more resplendent,
The greatness of Love and Democracy — and the
greatness of Religion.

35. Mélange mine!

Mysterious ocean where the streams empty,
Prophetic spirit of materials shifting and flickering
around me,
Wondrous interplay between the seen and unseen,
Living beings, identities, now doubtless near us, in
the air, that we know not of,
Extasy everywhere touching and thrilling me,
Contact daily and hourly that will not release me,
These selecting — These, in hints, demanded of me.

36. Not he, adhesive, kissing me so long with his daily
kiss,
Has winded and twisted around me that which holds
me to him,
Any more than I am held to the heavens, to the
spiritual world,
And to the identities of the Gods, my unknown
lovers,
After what they have done to me, suggesting such
themes.

37. O such themes! Equalities!

O amazement of things! O divine average!

O warblings under the sun — ushered, as now, or at
noon, or setting!

O strain, musical, flowing through ages — now reach-
ing hither,

I take to your reckless and composite chords — I
add to them, and cheerfully pass them forward.

38. As I have walked in Alabama my morning walk,
I have seen where the she-bird, the mocking-bird, sat
on her nest in the briers, hatching her brood.
39. I have seen the he-bird also,
I have paused to hear him, near at hand, inflating
his throat, and joyfully singing.
40. And while I paused, it came to me that what he
really sang for was not there only,
Nor for his mate nor himself only, nor all sent back
by the echoes,
But subtle, clandestine, away beyond,
A charge transmitted, and gift occult, for those being
born.
41. Democracy!
Near at hand to you a throat is now inflating itself
and joyfully singing.
42. Ma femme!
For the brood beyond us and of us,
For those who belong here, and those to come,
I, exultant, to be ready for them, will now shake out
carols stronger and haughtier than have ever yet
been heard upon the earth.
43. I will make the songs of passions, to give them their
way,
And your songs, offenders — for I scan you with kin-
dred eyes, and carry you with me the same as any.
44. I will make the true poem of riches,
Namely, to earn for the body and the mind, what
adheres, and goes forward, and is not dropt by
death.
45. I will effuse egotism, and show it underlying all —
And I will be the bard of Personality;
And I will show of male and female that either is
but the equal of the other,
And I will show that there is no imperfection in male
or female, or in the earth, or in the present —
and can be none in the future,

And I will show that whatever happens to anybody,
it may be turned to beautiful results — And I
will show that nothing can happen more beautiful
than death ;

And I will thread a thread through my poems that
no one thing in the universe is inferior to another
thing,

And that all the things of the universe are perfect
miracles, each as profound as any.

46. I will not make poems with reference to parts,
But I will make leaves, poems, poemets, songs, says,
thoughts, with reference to ensemble ;

And I will not sing with reference to a day, but with
reference to all days,

And I will not make a poem, nor the least part of
a poem, but has reference to the Soul,

Because, having looked at the objects of the uni-
verse, I find there is no one, nor any particle of
one, but has reference to the Soul.

47. Was somebody asking to see the Soul ?

See! your own shape and countenance — persons,
substances, beasts, the trees, the running rivers,
the rocks and sands.

48. All hold spiritual joys, and afterward loosen them,
How can the real body ever die, and be buried ?

49. Of your real body, and any man's or woman's real
body, item for item, it will elude the hands of
the corpse-cleaners, and pass to fitting spheres,
carrying what has accrued to it from the moment
of birth to the moment of death.

50. Not the types set up by the printer return their im-
pression, the meaning, the main concern, any
more than a man's substance and life, or a
woman's substance and life, return in the body
and the Soul, indifferently before death and
after death.

51. Behold! the body includes and is the meaning, the
main concern — and includes and is the Soul ;

Whoever you are! how superb and how divine is your
body, or any part of it.

52. Whoever you are! to you endless announcements.

53. Daughter of the lands, did you wait for your poet?
Did you wait for one with a flowing mouth and
indicative hand?

54. Toward the male of The States, and toward the
female of The States,
Toward the President, the Congress, the diverse Gov-
ernors, the new Judiciary,
Live words — words to the lands.

55. O the lands!
Lands scorning invaders! Interlinked, food-yielding
lands!
Land of coal and iron! Land of gold! Lands of
cotton, sugar, rice!
Odorous and sunny land! Floridian land!
Land of the spinal river, the Mississippi! Land of
the Alleghanies! Ohio's land!
Land of wheat, beef, pork! Land of wool and hemp!
Land of the potato, the apple, and the grape!
Land of the pastoral plains, the grass-fields of the
world! Land of those sweet-aired interminable
plateaus! Land there of the herd, the garden,
the healthy house of adobie! Land there of rapt
thought, and of the realization of the stars!
Land of simple, holy, untamed lives!
Lands where the northwest Columbia winds, and
where the southwest Colorado winds!
Land of the Chesapeake! Land of the Delaware!
Land of Ontario, Erie, Huron, Michigan!
Land of the Old Thirteen! Massachusetts land!
Land of Vermont and Connecticut!
Land of many oceans! Land of sierras and peaks!
Land of boatmen and sailors! Fishermen's land!
Inextricable lands! the clutched together! the pas-
sionate lovers!
The side by side! the elder and younger brothers!
the bony-limbed!

The great women's land! the feminine! the experienced sisters and the inexperienced sisters!
Far breath'd land! Arctic braced! Mexican breezed!
the diverse! the compact!
The Pennsylvanian! the Virginian! the double Carolinian!
O all and each well-loved by me! my intrepid nations! O I cannot be discharged from you!
O Death! O for all that, I am yet of you, unseen,
this hour, with irrepressible love,
Walking New England, a friend, a traveller,
Splashing my bare feet in the edge of the summer ripples, on Paumanok's sands,
Crossing the prairies — dwelling again in Chicago — dwelling in many towns,
Observing shows, births, improvements, structures, arts,
Listening to the orators and the oratresses in public halls,
Of and through The States, as during life — each man and woman my neighbor,
The Louisianian, the Georgian, as near to me, and I as near to him and her,
The Mississippian and Arkansian — the woman and man of Utah, Dakotah, Nebraska, yet with me — And I yet with any of them,
Yet upon the plains west of the spinal river — yet in my house of adobie,
Yet returning eastward — yet in the Sea-Side State, or in Maryland,
Yet a child of the North — yet Kanadian, cheerily braving the winter — the snow and ice welcome to me,
Yet a true son either of Maine, or of the Granite State, or of the Narragansett Bay State, or of the Empire State,
Yet sailing to other shores to annex the same — yet welcoming every new brother,
Hereby applying these leaves to the new ones, from the hour they unite with the old ones,
Coming among the new ones myself, to be their companion — coming personally to you now,
Enjoining you to acts, characters, spectacles, with me.

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56. With me, with firm holding — yet haste, haste on.
57. For your life, adhere to me,
Of all the men of the earth, I only can unloose you
and toughen you,
I may have to be persuaded many times before I
consent to give myself to you — but what of
that?
Must not Nature be persuaded many times?
58. No dainty dolce affettuoso I;
Bearded, sunburnt, gray-necked, forbidding, I have
arrived,
To be wrestled with as I pass, for the solid prizes of
the universe,
For such I afford whoever can persevere to win them.
59. On my way a moment I pause,
Here for you! And here for America!
Still the Present I raise aloft — Still the Future of
The States I harbinge, glad and sublime,
And for the Past I pronounce what the air holds of
the red aborigines.
60. The red aborigines!
Leaving natural breaths, sounds of rain and winds,
calls as of birds and animals in the woods,
syllabled to us for names,
Okonee, Koosa, Ottawa, Monongahela, Sauk, Natchez,
Chattahoochee, Kaqueta, Oronoco.
Wabash, Miami, Saginaw, Chippewa, Oshkosh, Walla-
Walla,
Leaving such to The States, they melt, they depart,
charging the water and the land with names.
61. O expanding and swift! O henceforth,
Elements, breeds, adjustments, turbulent, quick, and
audacious,
A world primal again — Vistas of glory, incessant
and branching,
A new race, dominating previous ones, and grander
far,
New politics — New literatures and religions — New
inventions and arts.

62. These! These, my voice announcing—I will sleep
no more, but arise;
You oceans that have been calm within me! how I
feel you, fathomless, stirring, preparing unprecedented waves and storms.
63. See! steamers steaming through my poems!
See, in my poems immigrants continually coming
and landing;
See, in *arrière*, the wigwam, the trail, the hunter's
hut, the flat-boat, the maize-leaf, the claim, the
rude fence, and the backwoods village;
See, on the one side the Western Sea, and on the
other side the Eastern Sea, how they advance
and retreat upon my poems, as upon their own
shores;
See, pastures and forests in my poems—See, ani-
mals, wild and tame—See, beyond the Kansas,
countless herds of buffalo, feeding on short curly
grass;
See, in my poems, old and new cities, solid, vast,
inland, with paved streets, with iron and stone
edifices, and ceaseless vehicles, and commerce;
See the populace, millions upon millions, handsome,
tall, muscular, both sexes, clothed in easy and
dignified clothes—teaching, commanding, mar-
rying, generating, equally electing and elec-
tive;
See, the many-cylinder'd steam printing-press—See,
the electric telegraph—See, the strong and
quick locomotive, as it departs, panting, blow-
ing the steam-whistle;
See, ploughmen, ploughing farms—See, miners, dig-
ging mines—See, the numberless factories;
See, mechanics, busy at their benches, with tools—
See from among them, superior judges, philo-
sophs, Presidents, emerge, dressed in working
dresses;
See, lounging through the shops and fields of The
States, me, well-beloved, close-held by day and
night,
Hear the loud echo of my songs there! Read the
hints come at last.

64. O my comrade!
O you and me at last — and us two only;
O power, liberty, eternity at last!
O to be relieved of distinctions! to make as much of
vices as virtues!
O to level occupations and the sexes! O to bring all
to common ground! O adhesiveness!
O the pensive aching to be together — you know not
why, and I know not why.
65. O a word to clear one's path ahead endlessly!
O something extatic and undemonstrable! O music
wild!
O now I triumph — and you shall also;
O hand in hand — O wholesome pleasure — O one
more desirer and lover,
O haste, firm holding — haste, haste on, with me.

WALT WHITMAN.

1. I CELEBRATE myself,
And what I assume you shall assume,
For every atom belonging to me, as good belongs to
you.
2. I loafe and invite my Soul,
I lean and loafe at my ease, observing a spear of
summer grass.
3. Houses and rooms are full of perfumes — the shelves
are crowded with perfumes,
I breathe the fragrance myself, and know it and
like it,
The distillation would intoxicate me also, but I shall
not let it.
4. The atmosphere is not a perfume — it has no taste of
the distillation, it is odorless,
It is for my mouth forever — I am in love with it,
I will go to the bank by the wood, and become un-
disguised and naked,
I am mad for it to be in contact with me.
5. The smoke of my own breath,
Echoes, ripples, buzzed whispers, love-root, silk-
thread, crotch and vine,
My respiration and inspiration, the beating of my
heart, the passing of blood and air through my
lungs,
The sniff of green leaves and dry leaves, and of the
shore, and dark-colored sea-rocks, and of hay in
the barn,
The sound of the belched words of my voice, words
loosed to the eddies of the wind,
A few light kisses, a few embraces, a reaching around
of arms,

- The play of shine and shade on the trees as the sup-
ple boughs wag,
The delight alone, or in the rush of the streets, or
along the fields and hill-sides,
The feeling of health, the full-noon trill, the song
of me rising from bed and meeting the sun.
6. Have you reckoned a thousand acres much? Have
you reckoned the earth much?
Have you practised so long to learn to read?
Have you felt so proud to get at the meaning of
poems?
7. Stop this day and night with me, and you shall pos-
sess the origin of all poems,
You shall possess the good of the earth and sun —
there are millions of suns left,
You shall no longer take things at second or third
hand, nor look through the eyes of the dead,
nor feed on the spectres in books,
You shall not look through my eyes either, nor take
things from me,
You shall listen to all sides, and filter them from
yourself.
8. I have heard what the talkers were talking, the talk
of the beginning and the end,
But I do not talk of the beginning or the end.
9. There was never any more inception than there is
now,
Nor any more youth or age than there is now,
And will never be any more perfection than there is
now,
Nor any more heaven or hell than there is now.
10. Urge, and urge, and urge,
Always the procreant urge of the world.
11. Out of the dimness opposite equals advance — always
substance and increase, always sex,
Always a knit of identity — always distinction —
always a breed of life.

12. To elaborate is no avail — learned and unlearned
feel that it is so.
13. Sure as the most certain sure, plumb in the uprights,
well entretied, braced in the beams,
Stout as a horse, affectionate, haughty, electrical,
I and this mystery here we stand.
14. Clear and sweet is my Soul, and clear and sweet is
all that is not my Soul.
15. Lack one lacks both, and the unseen is proved by
the seen,
Till that becomes unseen, and receives proof in its
turn.
16. Showing the best, and dividing it from the worst, age
vexes age,
Knowing the perfect fitness and equanimity of things,
while they discuss I am silent, and go bathe and
admire myself.
17. Welcome is every organ and attribute of me, and of
any man hearty and clean,
Not an inch, nor a particle of an inch, is vile, and
none shall be less familiar than the rest.
18. I am satisfied — I see, dance, laugh, sing ;
As the hugging and loving Bed-fellow sleeps at my
side through the night, and withdraws at the
peep of the day,
And leaves for me baskets covered with white towels,
swelling the house with their plenty,
Shall I postpone my acceptation and realization, and
scream at my eyes,
That they turn from gazing after and down the road,
And forthwith cipher and show me to a cent,
Exactly the contents of one, and exactly the contents
of two, and which is ahead ?
19. Trippers and askers surround me,
People I meet — the effect upon me of my early life,
or the ward and city I live in, or the nation,

- The latest news, discoveries, inventions, societies,
 authors old and new,
 My dinner, dress, associates, looks, work, compliments, dues,
 The real or fancied indifference of some man or woman I love,
 The sickness of one of my folks, or of myself, or ill-doing, or loss or lack of money, or depressions or exaltations,
 These come to me days and nights, and go from me again,
 But they are not the Me myself.
20. Apart from the pulling and hauling stands what I am,
 Stands amused, complacent, compassionating, idle, unitary,
 Looks down, is erect, or bends an arm on an impalpable certain rest,
 Looking with side-curved head, curious what will come next,
 Both in and out of the game, and watching and wondering at it.
21. Backward I see in my own days where I sweated through fog with linguists and contenders,
 I have no mockings or arguments — I witness and wait.
22. I believe in you, my Soul — the other I am must not abase itself to you,
 And you must not be abased to the other.
23. Loafe with me on the grass — loose the stop from your throat,
 Not words, not music or rhyme I want — not custom or lecture, not even the best,
 Only the lull I like, the hum of your valved voice.
24. I mind how once we lay, such a transparent summer morning,
 How you settled your head athwart my hips, and gently turned over upon me,

And parted the shirt from my bosom-bone, and
 plunged your tongue to my bare-stript heart,
 And reached till you felt my beard, and reached till
 you held my feet.

25. Swiftly arose and spread around me the peace and
 joy and knowledge that pass all the art and
 argument of the earth,
 And I know that the hand of God is the promise of
 my own,
 And I know that the spirit of God is the brother of
 my own,
 And that all the men ever born are also my brothers,
 and the women my sisters and lovers,
 And that a kelson of the creation is love,
 And limitless are leaves, stiff or drooping in the
 fields,
 And brown ants in the little wells beneath them,
 And mossy scabs of the worm-fence, and heaped
 stones, elder, mullen, and pokeweed.
26. A child said, *What is the grass?* fetching it to me
 with full hands;
 How could I answer the child? I do not know what
 it is, any more than he.
27. I guess it must be the flag of my disposition, out of
 hopeful green stuff woven.
28. Or I guess it is the handkerchief of the Lord,
 A scented gift and remembrancer, designedly dropped,
 Bearing the owner's name someway in the corners,
 that we may see and remark, and say *Whose?*
29. Or I guess the grass is itself a child, the produced
 babe of the vegetation.
30. Or I guess it is a uniform hieroglyphic,
 And it means, Sprouting alike in broad zones and
 narrow zones,
 Growing among black folks as among white,
 Kanuck, Tuckahoe, Congressman, Cuff, I give them
 the same, I receive them the same.

31. And now it seems to me the beautiful uncut hair of graves.
32. Tenderly will I use you, curling grass,
It may be you transpire from the breasts of young men,
It may be if I had known them I would have loved them,
It may be you are from old people, and from women,
and from offspring taken soon out of their mothers' laps,
And here you are the mothers' laps.
33. This grass is very dark to be from the white heads of old mothers,
Darker than the colorless beards of old men,
Dark to come from under the faint red roofs of mouths.
34. O I perceive after all so many uttering tongues!
And I perceive they do not come from the roofs of mouths for nothing.
35. I wish I could translate the hints about the dead young men and women,
And the hints about old men and mothers, and the offspring taken soon out of their laps.
36. What do you think has become of the young and old men?
And what do you think has become of the women and children?
37. They are alive and well somewhere,
The smallest sprout shows there is really no death,
And if ever there was, it led forward life, and does not wait at the end to arrest it,
And ceased the moment life appeared.
38. All goes onward and outward — nothing collapses,
And to die is different from what any one supposed, and luckier,

39. Has any one supposed it lucky to be born ?
I hasten to inform him or her, it is just as lucky to
die, and I know it.
40. I pass death with the dying, and birth with the new-
washed babe, and am not contained between my
hat and boots,
And peruse manifold objects, no two alike, and every
one good,
The earth good, and the stars good, and their adjuncts
all good.
41. I am not an earth, nor an adjunct of an earth,
I am the mate and companion of people, all just as
immortal and fathomless as myself ;
They do not know how immortal, but I know.
42. Every kind for itself and its own — for me mine,
male and female,
For me those that have been boys, and that love
women,
For me the man that is proud, and feels how it stings
to be slighted,
For me the sweetheart and the old maid — for me
mothers, and the mothers of mothers,
For me lips that have smiled, eyes that have shed
tears,
For me children, and the begetters of children.
43. Who need be afraid of the merge ?
Undrape! you are not guilty to me, nor stale, nor
discarded,
I see through the broadcloth and gingham, whether
or no,
And am around, tenacious, acquisitive, tireless, and
can never be shaken away.
44. The little one sleeps in its cradle,
I lift the gauze and look a long time, and silently
brush away flies with my hand.
45. The youngster and the red-faced girl turn aside up
the bushy hill,
I peeringly view them from the top.

46. The suicide sprawls on the bloody floor of the bedroom;
It is so — I witnessed the corpse — there the pistol
had fallen.
47. The blab of the pave, the tires of carts, sluff of boot-
soles, talk of the promenaders,
The heavy omnibus, the driver with his interrogat-
ing thumb, the clank of the shod horses on the
granite floor,
The snow-sleighs, the clinking, shouted jokes, pelts
of snow-balls,
The hurrahs for popular favorites, the fury of roused
mobs,
The flap of the curtained litter, a sick man inside,
borne to the hospital,
The meeting of enemies, the sudden oath, the blows
and fall,
The excited crowd, the policeman with his star,
quickly working his passage to the centre of
the crowd,
The impassive stones that receive and return so many
echoes,
The Souls moving along — (are they invisible, while
the least of the stones is visible ?)
What groans of over-fed or half-starved who fall sun-
struck, or in fits,
What exclamations of women taken suddenly, who
hurry home and give birth to babes,
What living and buried speech is always vibrating
here — what howls restrained by decorum,
Arrests of criminals, slights, adulterous offers made,
acceptances, rejections with convex lips,
I mind them or the show or resonance of them — I
come and I depart.
48. The big doors of the country-barn stand open and
ready,
The dried grass of the harvest-time loads the slow-
drawn wagon,
The clear light plays on the brown, gray, and green
intertinged,
The armfuls are packed to the sagging mow.

49. I am there — I help — I came stretched atop of the
load,
I felt its soft jolts — one leg reclined on the other ;
I jump from the cross-beams and seize the clover and
timothy,
And roll head over heels, and tangle my hair full of
wisps.
50. Alone, far in the wilds and mountains, I hunt,
Wandering, amazed at my own lightness and glee,
In the late afternoon choosing a safe spot to pass the
night,
Kindling a fire and broiling the fresh-killed game,
Soundly falling asleep on the gathered leaves, with
my dog and gun by my side.
51. The Yankee clipper is under her three sky-sails —
she cuts the sparkle and scud,
My eyes settle the land — I bend at her prow, or
shout joyously from the deck.
52. The boatmen and clam-diggers arose early and stopped
for me,
I tucked my trowser-ends in my boots, and went and
had a good time ;
You should have been with us that day round the
chowder-kettle.
53. I saw the marriage of the trapper in the open air in
the far-west — the bride was a red girl,
Her father and his friends sat near, cross-legged and
dumbly smoking — they had moccasins to their
feet, and large thick blankets hanging from their
shoulders ;
On a bank lounged the trapper — he was dressed
mostly in skins — his luxuriant beard and curls
protected his neck,
One hand rested on his rifle — the other hand held
firmly the wrist of the red girl,
She had long eyelashes — her head was bare — her
coarse straight locks descended upon her voluptu-
ous limbs and reached to her feet.

54. The runaway slave came to my house and stopped
outside,
I heard his motions crackling the twigs of the wood-
pile,
Through the swung half-door of the kitchen I saw
him limpsy and weak,
And went where he sat on a log, and led him in and
assured him,
And brought water, and filled a tub for his sweated
body and bruised feet,
And gave him a room that entered from my own, and
gave him some coarse clean clothes,
And remember perfectly well his revolving eyes and
his awkwardness,
And remember putting plasters on the galls of his
neck and ankles;
He staid with me a week before he was recuperated
and passed north,
I had him sit next me at table — my fire-lock leaned
in the corner.
55. Twenty-eight young men bathe by the shore,
Twenty-eight young men, and all so friendly ;
Twenty-eight years of womanly life, and all so lone-
some.
56. She owns the fine house by the rise of the bank,
She hides, handsome and richly drest, aft the blinds
of the window.
57. Which of the young men does she like the best ?
Ah, the homeliest of them is beautiful to her.
58. Where are you off to, lady ? for I see you,
You splash in the water there, yet stay stock still in
your room.
59. Dancing and laughing along the beach came the
twenty-ninth bather,
The rest did not see her, but she saw them and loved
them.
60. The beards of the young men glistened with wet, it
ran from their long hair,
Little streams passed all over their bodies.

61. An unseen hand also passed over their bodies,
It descended tremblingly from their temples and
ribs.
62. The young men float on their backs — their white
bellies bulge to the sun — they do not ask who
seizes fast to them,
They do not know who puffs and declines with
pendant and bending arch,
They do not think whom they souse with spray.
63. The butcher-boy puts off his killing-clothes, or sharp-
ens his knife at the stall in the market,
I loiter, enjoying his repartee and his shuffle and
break-down.
64. Blacksmiths with grimed and hairy chests environ
the anvil,
Each has his main-sledge — they are all out — there
is a great heat in the fire.
65. From the cinder-strewed threshold I follow their
movements,
The lithe sheer of their waists plays even with their
massive arms,
Overhand the hammers roll — overhand so slow —
overhand so sure,
They do not hasten — each man hits in his place.
66. The negro holds firmly the reins of his four horses
— the block swags underneath on its tied-over
chain,
The negro that drives the huge dray of the stone-yard
— steady and tall he stands, poised on one leg
on the string-piece,
His blue shirt exposes his ample neck and breast,
and loosens over his hip-band,
His glance is calm and commanding — he tosses the
slouch of his hat away from his forehead,
The sun falls on his crispy hair and moustache —
falls on the black of his polished and perfect
limbs.

67. I behold the picturesque giant and love him — and
I do not stop there,
I go with the team also.
68. In me the caresser of life wherever moving — back-
ward as well as forward slueing,
To niches aside and junior bending.
69. Oxen that rattle the yoke or halt in the shade ! what
is that you express in your eyes ?
It seems to me more than all the print I have read
in my life.
70. My tread scares the wood-drake and wood-duck, on
my distant and day-long ramble,
They rise together — they slowly circle around.
71. I believe in those winged purposes,
And acknowledge red, yellow, white, playing within
me,
And consider green and violet, and the tufted crown,
intentional,
And do not call the tortoise unworthy because she is
not something else,
And the mocking-bird in the swamp never studied
the gamut, yet trills pretty well to me,
And the look of the bay mare shames silliness out of
me.
72. The wild gander leads his flock through the cool
night,
Ya-honk ! he says, and sounds it down to me like an
invitation ;
The pert may suppose it meaningless, but I listen
close,
I find its purpose and place up there toward the
wintry sky.
73. The sharp-hoofed moose of the north, the cat on the
house-sill, the chickadee, the prairie-dog,
The litter of the grunting sow as they tug at her
teats,

The brood of the turkey-hen, and she with her half-spread wings,
I see in them and myself the same old law.

74. The press of my foot to the earth springs a hundred affections,
They scorn the best I can do to relate them.
75. I am enamoured of growing outdoors,
Of men that live among cattle, or taste of the ocean or woods,
Of the builders and steerers of ships, and the wielders of axes and mauls, and the drivers of horses,
I can eat and sleep with them week in and week out.
76. What is commonest, cheapest, nearest, easiest, is Me,
Me going in for my chances, spending for vast returns,
Adorning myself to bestow myself on the first that will take me,
Not asking the sky to come down to my good will,
Scattering it freely forever.
77. The pure contralto sings in the organ loft,
The carpenter dresses his plank — the tongue of his foreplane whistles its wild ascending lisp,
The married and unmarried children ride home to their Thanksgiving dinner,
The pilot seizes the king-pin — he heaves down with a strong arm,
The mate stands braced in the whale-boat — lance and harpoon are ready,
The duck-shooter walks by silent and cautious stretches,
The deacons are ordained with crossed hands at the altar,
The spinning-girl retreats and advances to the hum of the big wheel,
The farmer stops by the bars, as he walks on a First Day loafe, and looks at the oats and rye,
The lunatic is carried at last to the asylum, a confirmed case,

He will never sleep any more as he did in the cot in
his mother's bedroom;
The jour printer with gray head and gaunt jaws
works at his case,
He turns his quid of tobacco, while his eyes blurr
with the manuscript;
The malformed limbs are tied to the anatomist's
table,
What is removed drops horribly in a pail;
The quadron girl is sold at the stand — the drunk-
ard nods by the bar-room stove,
The machinist rolls up his sleeves — the policeman
travels his beat — the gate-keeper marks who
pass,
The young fellow drives the express-wagon — I love
him, though I do not know him,
The half-breed straps on his light boots to compete
in the race,
The western turkey-shooting draws old and young —
some lean on their rifles, some sit on logs,
Out from the crowd steps the marksman, takes his
position, levels his piece;
The groups of newly-come emigrants cover the wharf
or levee,
As the woolly-pates hoe in the sugar-field, the over-
seer views them from his saddle,
The bugle calls in the ball-room, the gentlemen run
for their partners, the dancers bow to each other,
The youth lies awake in the cedar-roofed garret, and
harks to the musical rain,
The Wolverine sets traps on the creek that helps fill
the Huron,
The reformer ascends the platform, he spouts with
his mouth and nose,
The company returns from its excursion, the darkey
brings up the rear and bears the well-riddled
target,
The squaw, wrapt in her yellow-hemmed cloth, is
offering moccasins and bead-bags for sale,
The connoisseur peers along the exhibition-gallery
with half-shut eyes bent side-ways,
As the deck-hands make fast the steamboat, the plank
is thrown for the shore-going passengers,

The young sister holds out the skein, while the elder
sister winds it off in a ball, and stops now and
then for the knots,
The one-year wife is recovering and happy, having
a week ago borne her first child,
The clean-haired Yankee girl works with her sewing-
machine, or in the factory or mill,
The nine months' gone is in the parturition chamber,
her faintness and pains are advancing,
The paving-man leans on his two-handed rammer —
the reporter's lead flies swiftly over the note-
book — the sign-painter is lettering with red and
gold,
The canal-boy trots on the tow-path — the bookkeeper
counts at his desk — the shoemaker waxes his
thread,
The conductor beats time for the band, and all the
performers follow him,
The child is baptized — the convert is making his
first professions,
The regatta is spread on the bay — how the white
sails sparkle!
The drover, watching his drove, sings out to them
that would stray,
The pedler sweats with his pack on his back, the
purchaser higgling about the odd cent,
The camera and plate are prepared, the lady must
sit for her daguerreotype,
The bride unrumples her white dress, the minute-
hand of the clock moves slowly,
The opium-eater reclines with rigid head and just-
opened lips,
The prostitute draggles her shawl, her bonnet bobs
on her tipsy and pimpled neck,
The crowd laugh at her blackguard oaths, the men
jeer and wink to each other,
(Miserable! I do not laugh at your oaths, nor jeer you;)
The President, holding a cabinet council, is sur-
rounded by the Great Secretaries,
On the piazza walk five friendly matrons with twined
arms,
The crew of the fish-smack pack repeated layers of
halibut in the hold,

The Missourian crosses the plains, toting his wares
and his cattle,
As the fare-collector goes through the train, he gives
notice by the jingling of loose change,
The floor-men are laying the floor—the tanners are
tanning the roof—the masons are calling for
mortar,
In single file, each shouldering his hod, pass onward
the laborers,
Seasons pursuing each other, the indescribable crowd
is gathered—it is the Fourth of Seventh Month
—What salutes of cannon and small arms!
Seasons pursuing each other, the plougher ploughs,
the mower mows, and the winter-grain falls in
the ground,
Off on the lakes the pike-fisher watches and waits by
the hole in the frozen surface,
The stumps stand thick round the clearing, the
squatter strikes deep with his axe,
Flatboatmen make fast, towards dusk, near the cotton-
wood or pekan-trees,
Coon-seekers go through the regions of the Red
river, or through those drained by the Tennessee,
or through those of the Arkansaw,
Torches shine in the dark that hangs on the Chatta-
hoochee or Altamahaw,
Patriarchs sit at supper with sons and grandsons and
great-grandsons around them,
In walls of adobie, in canvas tents, rest hunters and
trappers after their day's sport,
The city sleeps and the country sleeps,
The living sleep for their time, the dead sleep for
their time,
The old husband sleeps by his wife, and the young
husband sleeps by his wife;
And these one and all tend inward to me, and I tend
outward to them,
And such as it is to be of these, more or less, I
am.

78. I am of old and young, of the foolish as much as the
wise,
Regardless of others, ever regardful of others,

Maternal as well as paternal, a child as well as a
man,
Stuffed with the stuff that is coarse, and stuffed with
the stuff that is fine,
One of the great nation, the nation of many nations,
the smallest the same, and the largest the same,
A southerner soon as a northerner, a planter non-
chalant and hospitable,
A Yankee, bound my own way, ready for trade, my
joints the limberest joints on earth and the
sternest joints on earth,
A Kentuckian, walking the vale of the Elkhorn in
my deer-skin leggings,
A boatman over lakes or bays, or along coasts — a
Hoosier, Badger, Buckeye,
A Louisianian or Georgian — a Poke-easy from sand-
hills and pines,
At home on Kanadian snow-shoes, or up in the bush,
or with fishermen off Newfoundland,
At home in the fleet of ice-boats, sailing with the
rest, and tacking,
At home on the hills of Vermont, or in the woods of
Maine, or the Texan ranch,
Comrade of Californians — comrade of free north-
westerners, and loving their big proportions,
Comrade of raftsmen and coalmen — comrade of all
who shake hands and welcome to drink and
meat,
A learner with the simplest, a teacher of the thought-
fullest,
A novice beginning, yet experient of myriads of
seasons,
Of every hue, trade, rank, caste and religion,
Not merely of the New World, but of Africa, Europe,
Asia — a wandering savage,
A farmer, mechanic, artist, gentleman, sailor, lover,
quaker,
A prisoner, fancy-man, rowdy, lawyer, physician,
priest.

79. I resist anything better than my own diversity,
And breathe the air, and leave plenty after me,
And am not stuck up, and am in my place.

80. The moth and the fish-eggs are in their place,
The suns I see, and the suns I cannot see, are in their
place,
The palpable is in its place, and the impalpable is in
its place.
81. These are the thoughts of all men in all ages and
lands — they are not original with me,
If they are not yours as much as mine, they are
nothing, or next to nothing,
If they do not enclose everything, they are next to
nothing,
If they are not the riddle and the untying of the
riddle, they are nothing,
If they are not just as close as they are distant, they
are nothing.
82. This is the grass that grows wherever the land is
and the water is,
This is the common air that bathes the globe.
83. This is the breath for America, because it is my
breath,
This is for laws, songs, behavior,
This is the tasteless water of Souls — this is the true
sustenance.
84. This is for the illiterate, and for the judges of the
Supreme Court, and for the Federal capitol and
the State capitols,
And for the admirable communes of literats, com-
posers, singers, lecturers, engineers, and savans,
And for the endless races of work-people, farmers,
and seamen.
85. This is the trilling of thousands of clear cornets,
screaming of octave flutes, striking of triangles.
86. I play not here marches for victors only — I play
great marches for conquered and slain persons.
87. Have you heard that it was good to gain the day ?
I also say it is good to fall — battles are lost in the
same spirit in which they are won.

88. I beat triumphal drums for the dead,
I blow through my embouchures my loudest and
gayest music to them.
89. Vivas to those who have failed!
And to those whose war-vessels sank in the sea!
And those themselves who sank in the sea!
And to all generals that lost engagements! and all
overcome heroes!
And the numberless unknown heroes, equal to the
greatest heroes known.
90. This is the meal pleasantly set—this is the meat
and drink for natural hunger,
It is for the wicked just the same as the righteous—
I make appointments with all,
I will not have a single person slighted or left away,
The kept-woman, sponger, thief, are hereby invited,
The heavy-lipped slave is invited—the venerealee
is invited,
There shall be no difference between them and the
rest.
91. This is the press of a bashful hand—this is the float
and odor of hair,
This is the touch of my lips to yours—this is the
murmur of yearning,
This is the far-off depth and height reflecting my
own face,
This is the thoughtful merge of myself, and the outlet
again.
92. Do you guess I have some intricate purpose?
Well, I have—for the Fourth Month showers have,
and the mica on the side of a rock has.
93. Do you take it I would astonish?
Does the daylight astonish? Does the early redstart,
twittering through the woods?
Do I astonish more than they?
94. This hour I tell things in confidence,
I might not tell everybody, but I will tell you.

95. Who goes there! hankering, gross, mystical, nude?
How is it I extract strength from the beef I eat?
96. What is a man anyhow? What am I? What are
you?
97. All I mark as my own, you shall offset it with your
own,
Else it were time lost listening to me.
98. I do not snivel that snivel the world over,
That months are vacuums, and the ground but
wallow and filth,
That life is a suck and a sell, and nothing remains
at the end but threadbare crape, and tears.
99. Whimpering and truckling fold with powders for
invalids — conformity goes to the fourth-
removed,
I cock my hat as I please, indoors or out.
100. Why should I pray? Why should I venerate and
be ceremonious?
101. Having pried through the strata, analyzed to a hair,
counsell'd with doctors, and calculated close,
I find no sweeter fat than sticks to my own bones.
102. In all people I see myself — none more, and not one
a barleycorn less,
And the good or bad I say of myself I say of them.
103. And I know I am solid and sound,
To me the converging objects of the universe per-
petually flow,
All are written to me, and I must get what the
writing means.
104. I know I am deathless,
I know this orbit of mine cannot be swept by a
carpenter's compass,
I know I shall not pass like a child's carlacue cut
with a burnt stick at night.

105. I know I am august,
I do not trouble my spirit to vindicate itself or be
understood,
I see that the elementary laws never apologize,
I reckon I behave no prouder than the level I plant
my house by, after all.
106. I exist as I am — that is enough,
If no other in the world be aware, I sit content,
And if each and all be aware, I sit content.
107. One world is aware, and by far the largest to me, and
that is myself,
And whether I come to my own to-day, or in ten
thousand or ten million years,
I can cheerfully take it now, or with equal cheerful-
ness I can wait.
108. My foothold is tenoned and mortised in granite,
I laugh at what you call dissolution,
And I know the amplitude of time.
109. I am the poet of the body,
And I am the poet of the Soul.
110. The pleasures of heaven are with me, and the pains
of hell are with me,
The first I graft and increase upon myself — the lat-
ter I translate into a new tongue.
111. I am the poet of the woman the same as the man,
And I say it is as great to be a woman as to be a
man,
And I say there is nothing greater than the mother
of men.
112. I chant the chant of dilation or pride,
We have had ducking and deprecating about enough,
I show that size is only development.
113. Have you outstript the rest? Are you the President?
It is a trifle — they will more than arrive there every
one, and still pass on.

114. I am He that walks with the tender and growing
Night,
I call to the earth and sea, half-held by the Night.
115. Press close, bare-bosomed Night! Press close, mag-
netic, nourishing Night!
Night of south winds! Night of the large few stars!
Still, nodding night! Mad, naked, summer night.
116. Smile, O voluptuous, cool-breathed Earth!
Earth of the slumbering and liquid trees!
Earth of departed sunset! Earth of the mountains,
misty-topt!
Earth of the vitreous pour of the full moon, just
tinged with blue!
Earth of shine and dark, mottling the tide of the
river!
Earth of the limpid gray of clouds, brighter and
clearer for my sake!
Far-swooping elbowed Earth! Rich, apple-blossomed
Earth!
Smile, for YOUR LOVER comes!
117. Prodigal, you have given me love! Therefore I to
you give love!
O unspeakable passionate love!
118. Thruster holding me tight, and that I hold tight!
We hurt each other as the bridegroom and the bride
hurt each other.
119. You Sea! I resign myself to you also—I guess
what you mean,
I behold from the beach your crooked inviting fingers,
I believe you refuse to go back without feeling of me;
We must have a turn together—I undress—hurry
me out of sight of the land,
Cushion me soft, rock me in billowy drowse,
Dash me with amorous wet—I can repay you.
120. Sea of stretched ground-swells!
Sea breathing broad and convulsive breaths!
Sea of the brine of life! Sea of unshovelled and
always-ready graves!

Howler and scooper of storms! Capricious and dainty Sea!

I am integral with you — I too am of one phase, and of all phases.

121. Partaker of influx and efflux — extoller of hate and conciliation,
Extoller of armies, and those that sleep in each other's arms.

122. I am he attesting sympathy,
Shall I make my list of things in the house, and skip the house that supports them?

123. I am the poet of common sense, and of the demonstrable, and of immortality,
And am not the poet of goodness only — I do not decline to be the poet of wickedness also.

124. Washes and razors for foofoos — for me freckles and a bristling beard.

125. What blurt is this about virtue and about vice?
Evil propels me, and reform of evil propels me — I stand indifferent,
My gait is no fault-finder's or rejecter's gait,
I moisten the roots of all that has grown.

126. Did you fear some scrofula out of the unflagging pregnancy?
Did you guess the celestial laws are yet to be worked over and rectified?

127. I step up to say that what we do is right, and what we affirm is right — and some is only the ore of right,
Witnesses of us — one side a balance, and the antipodal side a balance,
Soft doctrine as steady help as stable doctrine,
Thoughts and deeds of the present, our rouse and early start.

128. This minute that comes to me over the past decillions,
There is no better than it and now.

129. What behaved well in the past, or behaves well
to-day, is not such a wonder,
The wonder is, always and always, how can there
be a mean man or an infidel.
130. Endless unfolding of words of ages!
And mine a word of the modern—a word en-masse.
131. A word of the faith that never balks,
One time as good as another time—here or hence-
forward, it is all the same to me. .
132. A word of reality — materialism first and last im-
buing.
133. Hurrah for positive Science! long live exact demon-
stration!
Fetch stonecrop, mixt with cedar and branches of
lilac,
This is the lexicographer — this the chemist — this
made a grammar of the old cartouches,
These mariners put the ship through dangerous un-
known seas,
This is the geologist — this works with the scalpel
—and this is a mathematician.
134. Gentlemen! I receive you, and attach and clasp
hands with you,
The facts are useful and real—they are not my
dwelling—I enter by them to an area of the
dwelling.
135. I am less the reminder of property or qualities, and
more the reminder of life,
And go on the square for my own sake and for
others' sakes,
And make short account of neuters and geldings,
and favor men and women fully equipped,
And beat the gong of revolt, and stop with fugitives,
and them that plot and conspire.
136. Walt Whitman, an American, one of the roughs, a
kosmos,

Disorderly, fleshy, sensual, eating, drinking, breeding,
No sentimentalist — no stander above men and
women, or apart from them,
No more modest than immodest.

137. Unscrew the locks from the doors !
Unscrew the doors themselves from their jambs !
138. Whoever degrades another degrades me,
And whatever is done or said returns at last to me,
And whatever I do or say, I also return.
139. Through me the afflatus surging and surging —
through me the current and index.
140. I speak the pass-word primeval — I give the sign of
democracy,
By God ! I will accept nothing which all cannot
have their counterpart of on the same terms.
141. Through me many long-dumb voices,
Voices of the interminable generations of slaves,
Voices of prostitutes, and of deformed persons,
Voices of the diseased and despairing, and of thieves
and dwarfs,
Voices of cycles of preparation and accretion,
And of the threads that connect the stars — and of
wombs, and of the fatherstuff,
And of the rights of them the others are down upon,
Of the trivial, flat, foolish, despised,
Fog in the air, beetles rolling balls of dung.
142. Through me forbidden voices,
Voices of sexes and lusts — voices veiled, and I
remove the veil,
Voices indecent, by me clarified and transfigured.
143. I do not press my finger across my mouth,
I keep as delicate around the bowels as around the
head and heart,
Copulation is no more rank to me than death is.

144. I believe in the flesh and the appetites,
Seeing, hearing, feeling, are miracles, and each part
and tag of me is a miracle.
145. Divine am I inside and out, and I make holy what-
ever I touch or am touched from,
The scent of these arm-pits, aroma finer than prayer,
This head more than churches, bibles, and all the
creeds.
146. If I worship any particular thing, it shall be some
of the spread of my own body.
147. Translucent mould of me, it shall be you!
Shaded ledges and rests, it shall be you!
Firm masculine colter, it shall be you.
148. Whatever goes to the tilth of me, it shall be you!
You my rich blood! Your milky stream, pale strip-
pings of my life.
149. Breast that presses against other breasts, it shall be
you!
My brain, it shall be your occult convolutions.
150. Root of washed sweet-flag! Timorous pond-snipe!
Nest of guarded duplicate eggs! it shall be you!
Mixed tussled hay of head, beard, brawn, it shall
be you!
Trickling sap of maple! Fibre of manly wheat! it
shall be you!
151. Sun so generous, it shall be you!
Vapors lighting and shading my face, it shall be
you!
You sweaty brooks and dews, it shall be you!
Winds whose soft-tickling genitals rub against me,
it shall be you!
Broad, muscular fields! Branches of live oak!
Loving loungee in my winding paths! it shall
be you!
Hands I have taken — face I have kissed — mortal
I have ever touched! it shall be you.

152. I dote on myself — there is that lot of me, and all
so luscious,
Each moment, and whatever happens, thrills me
with joy.
153. O I am so wonderful!
I cannot tell how my ankles bend, nor whence the
cause of my faintest wish,
Nor the cause of the friendship I emit, nor the
cause of the friendship I take again.
154. That I walk up my stoop, I pause to consider if it
really be,
That I eat and drink is spectacle enough for the
great authors and schools,
A morning-glory at my window satisfies me more
than the metaphysics of books.
155. To behold the day-break!
The little light fades the immense and diaphanous
shadows,
The air tastes good to my palate.
156. Hefts of the moving world, at innocent gambols,
silently rising, freshly exuding,
Scooting obliquely high and low.
157. Something I cannot see puts upward libidinous
prongs,
Seas of bright juice suffuse heaven.
158. The earth by the sky staid with — the daily close
of their junction,
The heaved challenge from the east that moment
over my head,
The mocking taunt, See then whether you shall be
master!
159. Dazzling and tremendous, how quick the sun-rise
would kill me,
If I could not now and always send sun-rise out
of me.

160. We also ascend, dazzling and tremendous as the sun,
We found our own, O my Soul, in the calm and cool of the day-break.
161. My voice goes after what my eyes cannot reach,
With the twirl of my tongue I encompass worlds,
and volumes of worlds.
162. Speech is the twin of my vision — it is unequal to
measure itself;
It provokes me forever,
It says sarcastically, *Walt, you understand enough*
— *why don't you let it out then ?*
163. Come now, I will not be tantalized — you conceive
too much of articulation.
164. Do you not know how the buds beneath are folded ?
Waiting in gloom, protected by frost,
The dirt receding before my prophetic screams,
I underlying causes, to balance them at last,
My knowledge my live parts — it keeping tally with
the meaning of things,
Happiness — which, whoever hears me, let him or
her set out in search of this day.
165. My final merit I refuse you — I refuse putting from
me the best I am.
166. Encompass worlds, but never try to encompass me,
I crowd your sleekest talk by simply looking toward
you.
167. Writing and talk do not prove me,
I carry the plenum of proof, and everything else,
in my face,
With the hush of my lips I confound the topmost
skeptical.
168. I think I will do nothing for a long time but listen,
To accrue what I hear into myself — to let sounds
contribute toward me.

169. I hear bravuras of birds, bustle of growing wheat,
gossip of flames, clack of sticks cooking my
meals.
170. I hear the sound I love, the sound of the human
voice,
I hear all sounds running together, combined, fused
or following,
Sounds of the city and sounds out of the city —
sounds of the day and night,
Talkative young ones to those that like them — the
recitative of fish-pedlers and fruit-pedlers —
the loud laugh of work-people at their meals,
The angry base of disjointed friendship — the faint
tones of the sick,
The judge with hands tight to the desk, his shaky
lips pronouncing a death-sentence,
The heave'e'yo of stevedores unlading ships by the
wharves — the refrain of the anchor-lifters,
The ring of alarm-bells — the cry of fire — the whir
of swift-streaking engines and hose-carts, with
premonitory tinkles, and colored lights,
The steam-whistle — the solid roll of the train of
approaching cars,
The slow-march played at night at the head of the
association, marching two and two,
(They go to guard some corpse — the flag-tops are
draped with black muslin.)
171. I hear the violoncello, or man's heart's complaints;
I hear the keyed cornet — it glides quickly in
through my ears,
It shakes mad-sweet pangs through my belly and
breast.
172. I hear the chorus — it is a grand-opera,
Ah, this indeed is music! This suits me.
173. A tenor large and fresh as the creation fills me,
The orbic flex of his mouth is pouring and filling
me full.
174. I hear the trained soprano — she convulses me like
the climax of my love-grip,

The orchestra wrenches such ardors from me, I did
 not know I possessed them,
 It throbs me to gulps of the farthest down horror,
 It sails me — I dab with bare feet — they are licked
 by the indolent waves,
 I am exposed, cut by bitter and poisoned hail,
 Steeped amid honeyed morphine, my windpipe
 throttled in fakes of death,
 At length let up again to feel the puzzle of puzzles,
 And that we call BEING.

175. To be in any form — what is that?
 (Round and round we go, all of us, and ever come
 back thither,)
 If nothing lay more developed, the quahaug in its
 callous shell were enough.
176. Mine is no callous shell,
 I have instant conductors all over me, whether I
 pass or stop,
 They seize every object, and lead it harmlessly
 through me.
177. I merely stir, press, feel with my fingers, and am
 happy,
 To touch my person to some one else's is about as
 much as I can stand.
178. Is this then a touch? quivering me to a new iden-
 tity,
 Flames and ether making a rush for my veins,
 Treacherous tip of me reaching and crowding to
 help them,
 My flesh and blood playing out lightning to strike
 what is hardly different from myself,
 On all sides prurient provokers stiffening my limbs,
 Straining the udder of my heart for its withheld
 drip,
 Behaving licentious toward me, taking no denial,
 Depriving me of my best, as for a purpose,
 Unbuttoning my clothes, holding me by the bare
 waist,
 Deluding my confusion with the calm of the sun-
 light and pasture-fields,

Immodestly sliding the fellow-senses away,
They bribed to swap off with touch, and go and
graze at the edges of me,
No consideration, no regard for my draining strength
or my anger,
Fetching the rest of the herd around to enjoy them
awhile,
Then all uniting to stand on a headland and worry
me.

179. The sentries desert every other part of me,
They have left me helpless to a red marauder,
They all come to the headland, to witness and assist
against me.
180. I am given up by traitors,
I talk wildly — I have lost my wits — I and nobody
else am the greatest traitor,
I went myself first to the headland — my own hands
carried me there.
181. You villain touch! what are you doing? My breath
is tight in its throat,
Unclench your floodgates! you are too much for me.
182. Blind, loving, wrestling touch! sheathed, hooded,
sharp-toothed touch!
Did it make you ache so, leaving me?
183. Parting, tracked by arriving — perpetual payment
of perpetual loan,
Rich showering rain, and recompense richer after-
ward.
184. Sprouts take and accumulate — stand by the curb
prolific and vital,
Landscapes, projected, masculine, full-sized, and
golden.
185. All truths wait in all things,
They neither hasten their own delivery, nor resist
it,
They do not need the obstetric forceps of the sur-
geon,

The insignificant is as big to me as any,
What is less or more than a touch ?

186. Logic and sermons never convince,
The damp of the night drives deeper into my Soul.

187. Only what proves itself to every man and woman
is so,
Only what nobody denies is so.

188. A minute and a drop of me settle my brain,
I believe the soggy clods shall become lovers and
lamps,
And a compend of compends is the meat of a man
or woman,
And a summit and flower there is the feeling they
have for each other,
And they are to branch boundlessly out of that les-
son until it becomes omnific,
And until every one shall delight us, and we them.

189. I believe a leaf of grass is no less than the journey-
work of the stars,
And the pismire is equally perfect, and a grain of
sand, and the egg of the wren,
And the tree-toad is a chef-d'œuvre for the highest,
And the running blackberry would adorn the par-
lors of heaven,
And the narrowest hinge in my hand puts to scorn
all machinery,
And the cow crunching with depressed head sur-
passes any statue,
And a mouse is miracle enough to stagger sextillions
of infidels,
And I could come every afternoon of my life to look
at the farmer's girl boiling her iron tea-kettle
and baking short-cake.

190. I find I incorporate gneiss, coal, long-threaded moss,
fruits, grains, esculent roots,
And am stuccoed with quadrupeds and birds all
over,

And have distanced what is behind me for good
reasons,
And call anything close again, when I desire it.

191. In vain the speeding or shyness,
In vain the plutonic rocks send their old heat against
my approach,
In vain the mastodon retreats beneath its own powdered bones,
In vain objects stand leagues off, and assume manifold shapes,
In vain the ocean settling in hollows, and the great monsters lying low,
In vain the buzzard houses herself with the sky,
In vain the snake slides through the creepers and logs,
In vain the elk takes to the inner passes of the woods,
In vain the razor-billed auk sails far north to Labrador,
I follow quickly, I ascend to the nest in the fissure of the cliff.
192. I think I could turn and live with animals, they are
so placid and self-contained,
I stand and look at them sometimes an hour at a stretch.
193. They do not sweat and whine about their condition,
They do not lie awake in the dark and weep for their sins,
They do not make me sick discussing their duty to God,
No one is dissatisfied — not one is demented with the mania of owning things,
Not one kneels to another, nor to his kind that lived thousands of years ago,
Not one is respectable or industrious over the whole earth.
194. So they show their relations to me, and I accept them,
They bring me tokens of myself — they evince them plainly in their possession.

195. I do not know where they get those tokens,
I may have passed that way untold times ago, and
negligently dropt them,
Myself moving forward then and now forever,
Gathering and showing more always and with
velocity,
Infinite and omnigenous, and the like of these
among them,
Not too exclusive toward the reachers of my remem-
brancers,
Picking out here one that I love, to go with on
brotherly terms.
196. A gigantic beauty of a stallion, fresh and responsive
to my caresses,
Head high in the forehead, wide between the ears,
Limbs glossy and supple, tail dusting the ground,
Eyes well apart, full of sparkling wickedness — ears
finely cut, flexibly moving.
197. His nostrils dilate, as my heels embrace him,
His well-built limbs tremble with pleasure, as we
speed around and return.
198. I but use you a moment, then I resign you stallion,
Why do I need your paces, when I myself out-gallop
them?
Even, as I stand or sit, passing faster than you.
199. O swift wind! Space! my Soul! now I know it is
true, what I guessed at,
What I guessed when I loafed on the grass,
What I guessed while I lay alone in my bed,
And again as I walked the beach under the paling
stars of the morning.
200. My ties and ballasts leave me — I travel — I sail —
my elbows rest in the sea-gaps,
I skirt the sierras — my palms cover continents,
I am afoot with my vision.
201. By the city's quadrangular houses — in log huts —
camping with lumbermen,

Along the ruts of the turnpike—along the dry
gulch and rivulet bed,
Weeding my onion-patch, or hoeing rows of carrots
and parsnips—crossing savannas—trailing in
forests,
Prospecting—gold-digging—girdling the trees of a
new purchase,
Scorched ankle-deep by the hot sand—hauling my
boat down the shallow river,
Where the panther walks to and fro on a limb over-
head—Where the buck turns furiously at the
hunter,
Where the rattlesnake suns his flabby length on a
rock—Where the otter is feeding on fish,
Where the alligator in his tough pimples sleeps by
the bayou,
Where the black bear is searching for roots or
honey—Where the beaver pats the mud with
his paddle-tail,
Over the growing sugar—over the cotton plant—
over the rice in its low moist field,
Over the sharp-peaked farm-house, with its scalloped
scum and slender shoots from the gutters,
Over the western persimmon—over the long-leaved
corn—over the delicate blue-flowered flax,
Over the white and brown buckwheat, a hummer
and buzzer there with the rest,
Over the dusky green of the rye as it ripples and
shades in the breeze,
Scaling mountains, pulling myself cautiously up,
holding on by low scragged limbs,
Walking the path worn in the grass and beat
through the leaves of the brush,
Where the quail is whistling betwixt the woods and
the wheat-lot,
Where the bat flies in the Seventh Month eve—
Where the great gold-bug drops through the
dark,
Where the flails keep time on the barn floor,
Where the brook puts out of the roots of the old
tree and flows to the meadow,
Where cattle stand and shake away flies with the
tremulous shuddering of their hides,

Where the cheese-cloth hangs in the kitchen — Where
andirons straddle the hearth-slab — Where cob-
webs fall in festoons from the rafters,
Where trip-hammers crash — Where the press is
whirling its cylinders,
Wherever the human heart beats with terrible throes
out of its ribs,
Where the pear-shaped balloon is floating aloft, float-
ing in it myself and looking composedly down,
Where the life-car is drawn on the slip-noose —
Where the heat hatches pale-green eggs in the
dented sand,
Where the she-whale swims with her calf, and never
forsakes it,
Where the steam-ship trails hind-ways its long
pennant of smoke,
Where the fin of the shark cuts like a black chip
out of the water,
Where the half-burned brig is riding on unknown
currents,
Where shells grow to her slimy deck — Where the
dead are corrupting below,
Where the striped and starred flag is borne at the
head of the regiments,
Approaching Manhattan, up by the long-stretching
island,
Under Niagara, the cataract falling like a veil over
my countenance,
Upon a door-step — upon the horse-block of hard
wood outside,
Upon the race-course, or enjoying picnics or jigs, or
a good game of base-ball,
At he-festivals, with blackguard gibes, ironical li-
cense, bull-dances, drinking, laughter,
At the cider-mill, tasting the sweet of the brown
squash, sucking the juice through a straw,
At apple-peelings, wanting kisses for all the red
fruit I find,
At musters, beach-parties, friendly bees, huskings,
house-raising;
Where the mocking-bird sounds his delicious gur-
gles, cackles, screams, weeps,
Where the hay-rick stands in the barn-yard — Where

the dry-stalks are scattered — Where the brood
cow waits in the hovel,
Where the bull advances to do his masculine work
— Where the stud to the mare — Where the
cock is treading the hen,
Where heifers browse — Where geese nip their food
with short jerks,
Where sun-down shadows lengthen over the limit-
less and lonesome prairie,
Where herds of buffalo make a crawling spread of
the square miles far and near,
Where the humming-bird shimmers — Where the
neck of the long-lived swan is curving and
winding,
Where the laughing-gull scoots by the shore, where
she laughs her near-human laugh,
Where bee-hives range on a gray bench in the gar-
den, half hid by the high weeds,
Where band-necked partridges roost in a ring on the
ground with their heads out,
Where burial coaches enter the arched gates of a
cemetery,
Where winter wolves bark amid wastes of snow and
icicled trees,
Where the yellow-crowned heron comes to the edge
of the marsh at night and feeds upon small
crabs,
Where the splash of swimmers and divers cools the
warm noon,
Where the katy-did works her chromatic reed on the
walnut-tree over the well,
Through patches of citrons and cucumbers with sil-
ver-wired leaves,
Through the salt-lick or orange glade, or under con-
ical firs,
Through the gymnasium — through the curtained
saloon — through the office or public hall,
Pleased with the native, and pleased with the for-
eign — pleased with the new and old,
Pleased with women, the homely as well as the
handsome,
Pleased with the quakeress as she puts off her bon-
net and talks melodiously,

Pleased with the tunes of the choir of the white-
washed church,
Pleased with the earnest words of the sweating
Methodist preacher, or any preacher — Im-
pressed seriously at the camp-meeting,
Looking in at the shop-windows of Broadway the
whole forenoon — flattening the flesh of my nose
on the thick plate-glass,
Wandering the same afternoon with my face turned
up to the clouds,
My right and left arms round the sides of two
friends, and I in the middle;
Coming home with the silent and dark-cheeked bush-
boy — riding behind him at the drape of the
day,
Far from the settlements, studying the print of ani-
mals' feet, or the moccasin print,
By the cot in the hospital, reaching lemonade to a
feverish patient,
By the coffined corpse when all is still, examining
with a candle,
Voyaging to every port, to dicker and adven-
ture,
Hurrying with the modern crowd, as eager and fickle
as any,
Hot toward one I hate, ready in my madness to
knife him,
Solitary at midnight in my back yard, my thoughts
gone from me a long while,
Walking the old hills of Judea, with the beautiful
gentle God by my side,
Speeding through space — speeding through heaven
and the stars,
Speeding amid the seven satellites, and the broad
ring, and the diameter of eighty thousand
miles,
Speeding with tailed meteors — throwing fire-balls
like the rest,
Carrying the crescent child that carries its own full
mother in its belly,
Storming, enjoying, planning, loving, cautioning,
Backing and filling, appearing and disappearing,
I tread day and night such roads.

202. I visit the orchards of spheres, and look at the
product,
And look at quintillions ripened, and look at quintillions green.
203. I fly the flight of the fluid and swallowing soul,
My course runs below the soundings of plummets.
204. I help myself to material and immaterial,
No guard can shut me off, nor law prevent me.
205. I anchor my ship for a little while only,
My messengers continually cruise away, or bring
their returns to me.
206. I go hunting polar furs and the seal — Leaping
chasms with a pike-pointed staff — Clinging to
topples of brittle and blue.
207. I ascend to the foretruck,
I take my place late at night in the crow's-nest,
We sail the arctic sea — it is plenty light enough,
Through the clear atmosphere I stretch around on
the wonderful beauty,
The enormous masses of ice pass me, and I pass
them — the scenery is plain in all directions,
The white-topped mountains show in the distance —
I fling out my fancies toward them,
We are approaching some great battle-field in which
we are soon to be engaged,
We pass the colossal out-posts of the encampment —
we pass with still feet and caution,
Or we are entering by the suburbs some vast and
ruined city,
The blocks and fallen architecture more than all the
living cities of the globe.
208. I am a free companion — I bivouac by invading
watchfires.
209. I turn the bridegroom out of bed, and stay with the
bride myself,
I tighten her all night to my thighs and lips.

210. My voice is the wife's voice, the screech by the rail
of the stairs,
They fetch my man's body up, dripping and
drowned.
211. I understand the large hearts of heroes,
The courage of present times and all times,
How the skipper saw the crowded and rudderless
wreck of the steam-ship, and Death chasing it
up and down the storm,
How he knuckled tight, and gave not back one inch,
and was faithful of days and faithful of nights,
And chalked in large letters, on a board, *Be of good
cheer, We will not desert you,*
How he followed with them, and tacked with them
— and would not give it up,
How he saved the drifting company at last,
How the lank loose-gowned women looked when
boated from the side of their prepared graves,
How the silent old-faced infants, and the lifted
sick, and the sharp-lipped unshaved men,
All this I swallow — it tastes good — I like it well
— it becomes mine,
I am the man — I suffered — I was there.
212. The disdain and calmness of martyrs,
The mother, condemned for a witch, burnt with dry
wood, her children gazing on,
The hounded slave that flags in the race, leans by
the fence, blowing, covered with sweat,
The twinges that sting like needles his legs and neck
— the murderous buck-shot and the bullets,
All these I feel or am.
213. I am the hounded slave, I wince at the bite of the
dogs,
Hell and despair are upon me, crack and again crack
the marksmen,
I clutch the rails of the fence, my gore dribs, thinned
with the ooze of my skin,
I fall on the weeds and stones,
The riders spur their unwilling horses, haul close,
Taunt my dizzy ears, and beat me violently over the
head with whip-stocks.

214. Agonies are one of my changes of garments,
I do not ask the wounded person how he feels — I
 myself become the wounded person,
My hurt turns livid upon me as I lean on a cane and
 observe.
215. I am the mashed fireman with breastbone broken,
Tumbling walls buried me in their débris,
Heat and smoke I inspired — I heard the yelling
 shouts of my comrades,
I heard the distant click of their picks and shovels,
They have cleared the beams away — they tenderly
 lift me forth.
216. I lie in the night air in my red shirt — the pervad-
 ing hush is for my sake,
Painless after all I lie, exhausted but not so unhappy,
White and beautiful are the faces around me — the
 heads are bared of their fire-caps,
The kneeling crowd fades with the light of the
 torches.
217. Distant and dead resuscitate,
They show as the dial or move as the hands of me
 — I am the clock myself.
218. I am an old artillerist — I tell of my fort's bom-
 bardment,
I am there again.
219. Again the reveille of drummers,
Again the attacking cannon, mortars, howitzers,
Again the attacked send cannon responsive.
220. I take part — I see and hear the whole,
The cries, curses, roar — the plaudits for well-aimed
 shots,
The ambulanza slowly passing, trailing its red drip,
Workmen searching after damages, making indis-
 pensable repairs,
The fall of grenades through the rent roof — the
 fan-shaped explosion,
The whiz of limbs, heads, stone, wood, iron, high in
 the air.

221. Again gurgles the mouth of my dying general — he
furiously waves with his hand,
He gasps through the clot, *Mind not me — mind —*
the entrenchments.
222. I tell not the fall of Alamo,
Not one escaped to tell the fall of Alamo,
The hundred and fifty are dumb yet at Alamo.
223. Hear now the tale of the murder in cold blood of
four hundred and twelve young men.
224. Retreating, they had formed in a hollow square,
with their baggage for breastworks,
Nine hundred lives out of the surrounding enemy's,
nine times their number, was the price they took
in advance,
Their colonel was wounded and their ammunition
gone,
They treated for an honorable capitulation, received
writing and seal, gave up their arms, and
marched back prisoners of war.
225. They were the glory of the race of rangers,
Matchless with horse, rifle, song, supper, courtship,
Large, turbulent, generous, brave, handsome, proud,
and affectionate,
Bearded, sunburnt, dressed in the free costume of
hunters,
Not a single one over thirty years of age.
226. The second First Day morning they were brought
out in squads and massacred — it was beautiful
early summer,
The work commenced about five o'clock, and was
over by eight.
227. None obeyed the command to kneel,
Some made a mad and helpless rush — some stood
stark and straight,
A few fell at once, shot in the temple or heart — the
living and dead lay together,
The maimed and mangled dug in the dirt — the new-
comers saw them there,

Some, half-killed, attempted to crawl away,
These were despatched with bayonets, or battered
with the blunts of muskets,
A youth not seventeen years old seized his assassin
till two more came to release him,
The three were all torn, and covered with the boy's
blood.

228. At eleven o'clock began the burning of the bodies:
That is the tale of the murder of the four hundred
and twelve young men.
229. Did you read in the sea-books of the old-fashioned
frigate-fight?
Did you learn who won by the light of the moon
and stars?
230. Our foe was no skulk in his ship, I tell you,
His was the English pluck — and there is no tougher
or truer, and never was, and never will be;
Along the lowered eve he came, horribly raking us.
231. We closed with him — the yards entangled — the
cannon touched,
My captain lashed fast with his own hands.
232. We had received some eighteen-pound shots under
the water,
On our lower-gun-deck two large pieces had burst at
the first fire, killing all around, and blowing up
overhead.
233. Ten o'clock at night, and the full moon shining, and
the leaks on the gain, and five feet of water
reported,
The master-at-arms loosing the prisoners confined in
the after-hold, to give them a chance for them-
selves.
234. The transit to and from the magazine was now
stopped by the sentinels,
They saw so many strange faces, they did not know
whom to trust.

235. Our frigate was afire,
The other asked if we demanded quarter?
If our colors were struck, and the fighting done?
236. I laughed content when I heard the voice of my
little captain,
We have not struck, he composedly cried, We have
just begun our part of the fighting.
237. Only three guns were in use,
One was directed by the captain himself against the
enemy's main-mast,
Two, well served with grape and canister, silenced
his musketry and cleared his decks.
238. The tops alone sounded the fire of this little battery,
especially the main-top.
They all held out bravely during the whole of the
action.
239. Not a moment's cease.
The decks gained fast on the pumps — the fire ran
toward the powder-magazine,
One of the pumps was shot away — it was generally
thought we were sinking.
240. Serene stood the little captain,
He was not flustered — his voice was neither high
nor low.
His eyes gave more light to us than our battle-
lanterns.
241. Toward twelve at night, there in the beams of the
moon, they surrendered to us.
242. Stretched and still lay the midnight,
Two great balls motionless on the breast of the
darkness,
Our vessel cuffed and slowly sinking — prepara-
tions to pass to the one we had conquered.
The captain on the quarter-deck coldly giving his
orders through a countenance white as a sheet,
Near by, the corpse of the child that served in the
cabin.

The dead face of an old salt with long white hair
 and carefully curled whiskers,
 The flames, spite of all that could be done, flicker-
 ing aloft and below,
 The husky voices of the two or three officers yet fit
 for duty,
 Formless stacks of bodies, and bodies by themselves
 — dabs of flesh upon the masts and spars,
 Cut of cordage, dangle of rigging, slight shock of
 the soothe of waves,
 Black and impassive guns, litter of powder-parcels,
 strong scent,
 Delicate sniffs of sea-breeze, smells of sedgy grass
 and fields by the shore, death-messages given
 in charge to survivors,
 The hiss of the surgeon's knife, the gnawing teeth
 of his saw,
 Wheeze, cluck, swash of falling blood, short wild
 scream, and long dull tapering groan,
 These so — these irretrievable.

243. O Christ! This is mastering me!
 Through the conquered doors they crowd. I am
 possessed.
244. What the rebel said, gayly adjusting his throat to
 the rope-noose,
 What the savage at the stump, his eye-sockets empty,
 his mouth spiriting whoops and defiance,
 What stills the traveller come to the vault at Mount
 Vernon,
 What sobers the Brooklyn boy as he looks down
 the shores of the Wallabout and remembers
 the Prison Ships,
 What burnt the gums of the red-coat at Saratoga
 when he surrendered his brigades,
 These become mine and me every one — and they
 are but little,
 I become as much more as I like.
245. I become any presence or truth of humanity here,
 See myself in prison shaped like another man,
 And feel the dull unintermitted pain.

246. For me the keepers of convicts shoulder their
carbines and keep watch,
It is I let out in the morning and barred at night.
247. Not a mutineer walks hand-cuffed to the jail, but I
am hand-cuffed to him and walk by his side,
I am less the jolly one there, and more the silent
one, with sweat on my twitching lips.
248. Not a youngster is taken for larceny, but I go up
too, and am tried and sentenced.
249. Not a cholera patient lies at the last gasp, but I also
lie at the last gasp,
My face is ash-colored — my sinews gnarl — away
from me people retreat.
250. Askers embody themselves in me, and I am em-
bodied in them,
I project my hat, sit shame-faced, and beg.
251. Enough — I bring such to a close,
Rise extatic through all, sweep with the true gravi-
tation,
The whirling and whirling elemental within me.
252. Somehow I have been stunned. Stand back!
Give me a little time beyond my cuffed head, slum-
bers, dreams, gaping,
I discover myself on the verge of a usual mistake.
253. That I could forget the mockers and insults!
That I could forget the trickling tears, and the blows
of the bludgeons and hammers!
That I could look with a separate look on my own
crucifixion and bloody crowning.
254. I remember now,
I resume the overstaid fraction,
The grave of rock multiplies what has been confided
to it, or to any graves,
Corpses rise, gashes heal, fastenings roll from me.

255. I troop forth replenished with supreme power, one
of an average unending procession,
We walk the roads of the six North Eastern States,
and of Virginia, Wisconsin, Manhattan Island,
Philadelphia, New Orleans, Texas, Charleston,
Havana, Mexico,
Inland and by the sea-coast and boundary lines, and
we pass all boundary lines.
256. Our swift ordinances are on their way over the
whole earth,
The blossoms we wear in our hats are the growth
of two thousand years.
257. *Élèves*, I salute you !
I see the approach of your numberless gangs — I
see you understand yourselves and me,
And know that they who have eyes and can walk
are divine, and the blind and lame are equally
divine,
And that my steps drag behind yours, yet go before
them,
And are aware how I am with you no more than I
am with everybody.
258. The friendly and flowing savage, Who is he ?
Is he waiting for civilization, or past it and master-
ing it ?
259. Is he some south-westerner, raised out-doors ? Is he
Kanadian ?
Is he from the Mississippi country ? Iowa, Oregon,
California ? the mountains ? prairie-life, bush-
life ? or from the sea ?
260. Wherever he goes men and women accept and desire
him,
They desire he should like them, touch them, speak
to them, stay with them.
261. Behavior lawless as snow-flakes, words simple as
grass, uncombed head, laughter, and naïveté,
Slow-stepping feet, common features, common modes
and emanations,

They descend in new forms from the tips of his
fingers,
They are wafted with the odor of his body or breath
— they fly out of the glance of his eyes.

262. Flaunt of the sunshine, I need not your bask, — lie
over!
You light surfaces only — I force surfaces and
depths also.
Earth! you seem to look for something at my hands,
Say, old Top-knot! what do you want?
263. Man or woman! I might tell how I like you, but
cannot,
And might tell what it is in me, and what it is in
you, but cannot,
And might tell that pining I have — that pulse of
my nights and days.
264. Behold! I do not give lectures or a little charity,
What I give, I give out of myself.
265. You there, impotent, loose in the knees,
Open your scarfed chops till I blow grit within you,
Spread your palms, and lift the flaps of your
pockets;
I am not to be denied — I compel — I have stores
plenty and to spare,
And anything I have I bestow.
266. I do not ask who you are — that is not important
to me,
You can do nothing, and be nothing, but what I will
infold you.
267. To a drudge of the cotton-fields or cleaner of privies
I lean,
On his right cheek I put the family kiss,
And in my soul I swear, I never will deny him.
268. On women fit for conception I start bigger and nim-
bler babes,

This day I am jetting the stuff of far more arrogant republics.

269. To any one dying — thither I speed, and twist the
knob of the door,
Turn the bed-clothes toward the foot of the bed,
Let the physician and the priest go home.
270. I seize the descending man, and raise him with
resistless will.
271. O despairer, here is my neck,
By God! you shall not go down! Hang your whole
weight upon me.
272. I dilate you with tremendous breath — I buoy you
up,
Every room of the house do I fill with an armed
force,
Lovers of me, bafflers of graves.
273. Sleep! I and they keep guard all night,
Not doubt — not decease shall dare to lay finger
upon you,
I have embraced you, and henceforth possess you
to myself,
And when you rise in the morning you will find
what I tell you is so.
274. I am he bringing help for the sick as they pant on
their backs,
And for strong upright men I bring yet more needed
help.
275. I heard what was said of the universe,
Heard it and heard it of several thousand years;
It is middling well as far as it goes, — But is that
all?
276. Magnifying and applying come I,
Outbidding at the start the old cautious hucksters,
The most they offer for mankind and eternity less
than a spirit of my own seminal wet,
Taking myself the exact dimensions of Jehovah,

Lithographing Kronos, Zeus his son, and Hercules
his grandson,
Buying drafts of Osiris, Isis, Belus, Brahma, Buddha,
In my portfolio placing Manito loose, Allah on a
leaf, the crucifix engraved,
With Odin, and the hideous-faced Mexitli, and
every idol and image,
Taking them all for what they are worth, and not
a cent more,
Admitting they were alive and did the work of
their day,
Admitting they bore mites, as for unfledged birds,
who have now to rise and fly and sing for
themselves,
Accepting the rough deific sketches to fill out better
in myself — bestowing them freely on each
man and woman I see,
Discovering as much, or more, in a framer framing
a house,
Putting higher claims for him there with his rolled-
up sleeves, driving the mallet and chisel,
Not objecting to special revelations — considering a
curl of smoke or a hair on the back of my hand
just as curious as any revelation,
Those ahold of fire engines and hook-and-ladder
ropes no less to me than the Gods of the
antique wars,
Minding their voices peel through the crash of
destruction,
Their brawny limbs passing safe over charred
laths — their white foreheads whole and unhurt
out of the flames;
By the mechanic's wife with her babe at her nipple
interceding for every person born,
Three scythes at harvest whizzing in a row from
three lusty angels with shirts bagged out at
their waists,
The snag-toothed hostler with red hair redeeming
sins past and to come,
Selling all he possesses, travelling on foot to fee
lawyers for his brother, and sit by him while
he is tried for forgery;
What was strewn in the amplest strewing the

square rod about me, and not filling the square rod then,
 The bull and the bug never worshipped half enough,
 Dung and dirt more admirable than was dreamed,
 The supernatural of no account — myself waiting
 my time to be one of the Supremes,
 The day getting ready for me when I shall do as
 much good as the best, and be as prodigious,
 Guessing when I am it will not tickle me much to
 receive puffs out of pulpit or print;
 By my life-lumps! becoming already a creator,
 Putting myself here and now to the ambushed womb
 of the shadows.

277. A call in the midst of the crowd,
 My own voice, orotund, sweeping, final.
278. Come my children,
 Come my boys and girls, my women, household,
 and intimates,
 Now the performer launches his nerve — he has
 passed his prelude on the reeds within.
279. Easily written, loose-fingered chords! I feel the
 thrum of their climax and close.
280. My head slues round on my neck,
 Music rolls, but not from the organ,
 Folks are around me, but they are no household of
 mine.
281. Ever the hard unsunk ground,
 Ever the eaters and drinkers — Ever the upward
 and downward sun — Ever the air and the
 ceaseless tides,
 Ever myself and my neighbors, refreshing, wicked,
 real,
 Ever the old inexplicable query — Ever that thorned
 thumb — that breath of itches and thirsts,
 Ever the vexer's *hoot! hoot!* till we find where
 the sly one hides, and bring him forth;
 Ever love — Ever the sobbing liquid of life,
 Ever the bandage under the chin — Ever the tressels
 of death.

282. Here and there, with dimes on the eyes walking,
To feed the greed of the belly, the brains liberally
 spooning,
Tickets buying, taking, selling, but in to the feast
 never once going,
Many sweating, ploughing, thrashing, and then the
 chaff for payment receiving,
A few idly owning, and they the wheat continually
 claiming.
283. This is the city, and I am one of the citizens,
Whatever interests the rest interests me — politics,
 markets, newspapers, schools,
Benevolent societies, improvements, banks, tariffs,
 steamships, factories, stocks, stores, real estate,
 and personal estate.
284. They who piddle and patter here in collars and
 tailed coats — I am aware who they are — they
 are not worms or fleas.
285. I acknowledge the duplicates of myself — the weak-
 est and shallowest is deathless with me,
What I do and say, the same waits for them,
Every thought that flounders in me, the same floun-
 ders in them.
286. I know perfectly well my own egotism,
I know my omnivorous words, and cannot say any
 less,
And would fetch you, whoever you are, flush with
 myself.
287. My words are words of a questioning, and to indi-
 cate reality and motive power:
This printed and bound book — but the printer, and
 the printing-office boy?
The well-taken photographs — but your wife or
 friend close and solid in your arms?
The fleet of ships of the line, and all the modern
 improvements — but the craft and pluck of the
 admiral?
The dishes and fare and furniture — but the host
 and hostess, and the look out of their eyes?

The sky up there — yet here, or next door, or across the way ?

The saints and sages in history — but you yourself ?
Sermons, creeds, theology — but the human brain,
and what is reason ? and what is love ? and
what is life ?

288. I do not despise you, priests,
My faith is the greatest of faiths, and the least of
faiths,
Enclosing all worship ancient and modern, and all
between ancient and modern,
Believing I shall come again upon the earth after
five thousand years,
Waiting responses from oracles, honoring the Gods,
saluting the sun,
Making a fetish of the first rock or stump, powwow-
ing with sticks in the circle of obis,
Helping the lama or brahmin as he trims the lamps
of the idols,
Dancing yet through the streets in a phallic pro-
cession — rapt and austere in the woods, a
gymnosophist,
Drinking mead from the skull-cup — to Shastas and
Vedas admirant — minding the Koran,
Walking the teokallis, spotted with gore from the
stone and knife, beating the serpent-skin drum,
Accepting the Gospels — accepting him that was
crucified, knowing assuredly that he is divine,
To the mass kneeling, or the puritan's prayer rising,
or sitting patiently in a pew,
Ranting and frothing in my insane crisis, or waiting
dead-like till my spirit arouses me,
Looking forth on pavement and land, or outside of
pavement and land,
Belonging to the winders of the circuit of circuits.
289. One of that centripetal and centrifugal gang, I turn
and talk like a man leaving charges before a
journey.
290. Down-hearted doubters, dull and excluded,
Frivolous, sullen, moping, angry, affected, disheart-
ened, atheistical,

I know every one of you — I know the unspoken
interrogatories,
By experience I know them.

291. How the flukes splash !
How they contort, rapid as lightning, with spasms,
and spouts of blood !
292. Be at peace, bloody flukes of doubters and sullen
mopers,
I take my place among you as much as among any,
The past is the push of you, me, all, precisely the
same,
Day and night are for you, me, all,
And what is yet untried and afterward is for you,
me, all, precisely the same.
293. I do not know what is untried and afterward,
But I know it is sure, alive, sufficient.
294. Each who passes is considered — Each who stops is
considered — Not a single one can it fail.
295. It cannot fail the young man who died and was
buried,
Nor the young woman who died and was put by his
side,
Nor the little child that peeped in at the door, and
then drew back, and was never seen again,
Nor the old man who has lived without purpose,
and feels it with bitterness worse than gall,
Nor him in the poor-house, tubercled by rum and
the bad disorder,
Nor the numberless slaughtered and wrecked — nor
the brutish koboo called the ordure of humanity,
Nor the sacs merely floating with open mouths for
food to slip in,
Nor anything in the earth, or down in the oldest
graves of the earth,
Nor anything in the myriads of spheres — nor one
of the myriads of myriads that inhabit them,
Nor the present — nor the least wisp that is known.
296. It is time to explain myself — Let us stand up.

297. What is known I strip away,
I launch all men and women forward with me into
THE UNKNOWN.
298. The clock indicates the moment—but what does
eternity indicate?
299. We have thus far exhausted trillions of winters and
summers,
There are trillions ahead, and trillions ahead of
them.
300. Births have brought us richness and variety,
And other births will bring us richness and variety.
301. I do not call one greater and one smaller,
That which fills its period and place is equal to any.
302. Were mankind murderous or jealous upon you, my
brother, my sister?
I am sorry for you—they are not murderous or
jealous upon me,
All has been gentle with me—I keep no account
with lamentation,
(What have I to do with lamentation?)
303. I am an acme of things accomplished, and I an
encloser of things to be.
304. My feet strike an apex of the apices of the stairs,
On every step bunches of ages, and larger bunches
between the steps,
All below duly travelled, and still I mount and
mount.
305. Rise after rise bow the phantoms behind me,
Afar down I see the huge first Nothing—I know I
was even there,
I waited unseen and always, and slept through the
lethargic mist,
And took my time, and took no hurt from the fetid
carbon.

306. Long I was hugged close — long and long.
307. Immense have been the preparations for me,
Faithful and friendly the arms that have helped me.
308. Cycles ferried my cradle, rowing and rowing like
cheerful boatmen,
For room to me stars kept aside in their own rings,
They sent influences to look after what was to hold
me.
309. Before I was born out of my mother, generations
guided me,
My embryo has never been torpid — nothing could
overlay it.
310. For it the nebula cohered to an orb,
The long slow strata piled to rest it on,
Vast vegetables gave it sustenance,
Monstrous sauroids transported it in their mouths,
and deposited it with care.
311. All forces have been steadily employed to complete
and delight me,
Now I stand on this spot with my Soul.
312. O span of youth! Ever-pushed elasticity!
O manhood, balanced, florid, and full.
313. My lovers suffocate me!
Crowding my lips, thick in the pores of my skin,
Jostling me through streets and public halls — com-
ing naked to me at night,
Crying by day *Ahoy!* from the rocks of the river —
swinging and chirping over my head,
Calling my name from flower-beds, vines, tangled
under-brush,
Or while I swim in the bath, or drink from the
pump at the corner — or the curtain is down at
the opera, or I glimpse at a woman's face in the
railroad car,
Lighting on every moment of my life,
Bussing my body with soft balsamic busses,

Noiselessly passing handfuls out of their hearts,
and giving them to be mine.

314. Old age superbly rising ! O welcome, ineffable grace
of dying days !

315. Every condition promulges not only itself — it pro-
mulges what grows after and out of itself,
And the dark hush promulges as much as any.

316. I open my scuttle at night and see the far-sprinkled
systems,
And all I see, multiplied as high as I can cipher,
edge but the rim of the farther systems.

317. Wider and wider they spread, expanding, always
expanding,
Outward, outward, and forever outward.

318. My sun has his sun, and round him obediently
wheels,
He joins with his partners a group of superior cir-
cuit,
And greater sets follow, making specks of the great-
est inside them.

319. There is no stoppage, and never can be stoppage,
If I, you, the worlds, all beneath or upon their sur-
faces, and all the palpable life, were this mo-
ment reduced back to a pallid float, it would
not avail in the long run,
We should surely bring up again where we now
stand,
And as surely go as much farther — and then far-
ther and farther.

320. A few quadrillions of eras, a few octillions of cubic
leagues, do not hazard the span, or make it im-
patient,
They are but parts — anything is but a part.

321. See ever so far, there is limitless space outside of
that,

- Count ever so much, there is limitless time around that.
322. My rendezvous is appointed,
The Lord will be there, and wait till I come on perfect terms.
323. I know I have the best of time and space, and was never measured, and never will be measured.
324. I tramp a perpetual journey,
My signs are a rain-proof coat, good shoes, and a staff cut from the woods,
No friend of mine takes his ease in my chair,
I have no chair, no church, no philosophy,
I lead no man to a dinner-table, library, or exchange,
But each man and each woman of you I lead upon a knoll,
My left hand hooking you round the waist,
My right hand pointing to landscapes of continents, and a plain public road.
325. Not I — not any one else, can travel that road for you,
You must travel it for yourself.
326. It is not far — it is within reach,
Perhaps you have been on it since you were born, and did not know,
Perhaps it is everywhere on water and on land.
327. Shoulder your duds, and I will mine, and let us hasten forth,
Wonderful cities and free nations we shall fetch as we go.
328. If you tire, give me both burdens, and rest the chuff of your hand on my hip,
And in due time you shall repay the same service to me,
For after we start we never lie by again.
329. This day before dawn I ascended a hill, and looked at the crowded heaven,

And I said to my Spirit, *When we become the enfolders of those orbs, and the pleasure and knowledge of everything in them, shall we be filled and satisfied then ?*

And my Spirit said, *No, we level that lift, to pass and continue beyond.*

330. You are also asking me questions, and I hear you,
I answer that I cannot answer — you must find out
for yourself.
331. Sit a while, wayfarer,
Here are biscuits to eat, and here is milk to drink,
But as soon as you sleep, and renew yourself in
sweet clothes, I will certainly kiss you with my
good-bye kiss, and open the gate for your egress
hence.
332. Long enough have you dreamed contemptible dreams,
Now I wash the gum from your eyes,
You must habit yourself to the dazzle of the light,
and of every moment of your life.
333. Long have you timidly waded, holding a plank by
the shore,
Now I will you to be a bold swimmer,
To jump off in the midst of the sea, rise again, nod
to me, shout, and laughingly dash with your
hair.
334. I am the teacher of athletes,
He that by me spreads a wider breast than my own,
proves the width of my own,
He most honors my style who learns under it to
destroy the teacher.
335. The boy I love, the same becomes a man, not through
derived power, but in his own right,
Wicked, rather than virtuous out of conformity or
fear,
Fond of his sweetheart, relishing well his steak,
Unrequited love, or a slight, cutting him worse than
a wound cuts,

First rate to ride, to fight, to hit the bull's-eye, to
sail a skiff, to sing a song, or play on the banjo,
Preferring scars, and faces pitted with small-pox,
over all latherers, and those that keep out of
the sun.

336. I teach straying from me—yet who can stray
from me?

I follow you, whoever you are, from the present
hour,

My words itch at your ears till you understand
them.

337. I do not say these things for a dollar, or to fill up
the time while I wait for a boat,

It is you talking just as much as myself—I act as
the tongue of you,

Tied in your mouth, in mine it begins to be loosened.

338. I swear I will never again mention love or death
inside a house,

And I swear I will never translate myself at all,
only to him or her who privately stays with me
in the open air.

339. If you would understand me, go to the heights or
water-shore,

The nearest gnat is an explanation, and a drop or
motion of waves a key,

The maul, the oar, the hand-saw, second my words.

340. No shuttered room or school can commune with me,
But roughs and little children better than they.

341. The young mechanic is closest to me—he knows
me pretty well,

The woodman, that takes his axe and jug with him,
shall take me with him all day,

The farm-boy, ploughing in the field, feels good at
the sound of my voice,

In vessels that sail, my words sail—I go with fish-
ermen and seamen, and love them.

342. My face rubs to the hunter's face, when he lies down
alone in his blanket,

The driver, thinking of me, does not mind the jolt
of his wagon,
The young mother and old mother comprehend me,
The girl and the wife rest the needle a moment, and
forget where they are,
They and all would resume what I have told them.

343. I have said that the Soul is not more than the body,
And I have said that the body is not more than the
Soul,
And nothing, not God, is greater to one than one's
self is,
And whoever walks a furlong without sympathy,
walks to his own funeral, dressed in his shroud,
And I or you, pocketless of a dime, may purchase
the pick of the earth,
And to glance with an eye, or show a bean in its
pod, confounds the learning of all times,
And there is no trade or employment but the young
man following it may become a hero,
And there is no object so soft but it makes a hub
for the wheeled universe,
And any man or woman shall stand cool and super-
cilious before a million universes.
344. And I call to mankind, Be not curious about God,
For I, who am curious about each, am not curious
about God,
No array of terms can say how much I am at peace
about God, and about death.
345. I hear and behold God in every object, yet under-
stand God not in the least,
Nor do I understand who there can be more won-
derful than myself.
346. Why should I wish to see God better than this day ?
I see something of God each hour of the twenty-
four, and each moment then,
In the faces of men and women I see God, and in
my own face in the glass,
I find letters from God dropped in the street — and
every one is signed by God's name,

- And I leave them where, they are, for I know that
others will punctually come forever and ever.
347. And as to you Death, and you bitter hug of mortality,
it is idle to try to alarm me.
348. To his work without flinching the accoucheur comes,
I see the elder-hand, pressing, receiving, supporting,
I recline by the sills of the exquisite flexible doors,
and mark the outlet, and mark the relief and
escape.
349. And as to you corpse, I think you are good manure,
but that does not offend me,
I smell the white roses sweet-scented and growing,
I reach to the leafy lips — I reach to the polished
breasts of melons.
350. And as to you life, I reckon you are the leavings of
many deaths,
No doubt I have died myself ten thousand times
before.
351. I hear you whispering there, O stars of heaven,
O suns! O grass of graves! O perpetual transfers
and promotions!
If you do not say anything, how can I say any-
thing?
352. Of the turbid pool that lies in the autumn forest,
Of the moon that descends the steeps of the soughing
twilight,
Toss, sparkles of day and dusk! toss on the black
stems that decay in the muck!
Toss to the moaning gibberish of the dry limbs.
353. I ascend from the moon, I ascend from the night,
I perceive of the ghastly glimmer the sunbeams
reflected,
And debouch to the steady and central from the
offspring great or small.
354. There is that in me — I do not know what it is —
but I know it is in me.

355. Wrenched and sweaty — calm and cool then my
body becomes,
I sleep — I sleep long.
356. I do not know it — it is without name — it is a word
unsaid,
It is not in any dictionary, utterance, symbol.
357. Something it swings on more than the earth I swing
on,
To it the creation is the friend whose embracing
awakes me.
358. Perhaps I might tell more. Outlines! I plead for
my brothers and sisters.
359. Do you see, O my brothers and sisters?
It is not chaos or death — it is form, union, plan —
it is eternal life — it is HAPPINESS.
360. The past and present wilt — I have filled them,
emptied them,
And proceed to fill my next fold of the future.
361. Listener up there! Here you! What have you to
confide to me?
Look in my face, while I snuff the sidle of evening,
Talk honestly — no one else hears you, and I stay
only a minute longer.
362. Do I contradict myself?
Very well, then, I contradict myself,
I am large — I contain multitudes.
363. I concentrate toward them that are nigh — I wait
on the door-slab.
364. Who has done his day's work? Who will soonest
be through with his supper?
Who wishes to walk with me?
365. Will you speak before I am gone? Will you prove
already too late?

366. The spotted hawk swoops by and accuses me — he
complains of my gab and my loitering.
367. I too am not a bit tamed — I too am untranslatable,
I sound my barbaric yawp over the roofs of the
world.
368. The last scud of day holds back for me,
It flings my likeness, after the rest, and true as any,
on the shadowed wilds,
It coaxes me to the vapor and the dusk.
369. I depart as air — I shake my white locks at the
run-away sun,
I effuse my flesh in eddies, and drift it in lacy jags.
370. I bequeath myself to the dirt, to grow from the
grass I love,
If you want me again, look for me under your boot-
soles.
371. You will hardly know who I am, or what I mean,
But I shall be good health to you nevertheless,
And filter and fibre your blood.
372. Failing to fetch me at first, keep encouraged,
Missing me one place, search another,
I stop somewhere waiting for you.

CHANTS DEMOCRATIC AND NATIVE AMERICAN.

APOSTROPH.

O mater! O fils!
O brood continental!
O flowers of the prairies!
O space boundless! O hum of mighty products!
O you teeming cities! O so invincible, turbulent,
proud!
O race of the future! O women!
O fathers! O you men of passion and the storm!
O native power only! O beauty!
O yourself! O God! O divine average!
O you bearded roughs! O bards! O all those slum-
berers!
O arouse! the dawn-bird's throat sounds shrill! Do
you not hear the cock crowing?
O, as I walk'd the beach, I heard the mournful notes
foreboding a tempest — the low, oft-repeated
shriek of the diver, the long-lived loon;
O I heard, and yet hear, angry thunder; — O you
sailors! O ships! make quick preparation!
O from his masterful sweep, the warning cry of the
eagle!
(Give way there, all! It is useless! Give up your
spoils;)
O sarcasms! Propositions! (O if the whole world
should prove indeed a sham, a sell!)
O I believe there is nothing real but America and
freedom!
O to sternly reject all except Democracy!
O imperator! O who dare confront you and me?
O to promulgate our own! O to build for that which
builds for mankind!
O feuillage! O North! O the slope drained by the
Mexican sea!

O all, all inseparable — ages, ages, ages!
O a curse on him that would dissever this Union for
any reason whatever!
O climates, labors! O good and evil! O death!
O you strong with iron and wood! O Personality!
O the village or place which has the greatest man or
woman! even if it be only a few ragged huts;
O the city where women walk in public processions
in the streets, the same as the men;
O a wan and terrible emblem, by me adopted!
O shapes arising! shapes of the future centuries!
O muscle and pluck forever for me!
O workmen and workwomen forever for me!
O farmers and sailors! O drivers of horses forever
for me!
O I will make the new bardic list of trades and tools!
O you coarse and wilful! I love you!
O South! O longings for my dear home! O soft
and sunny airs!
O pensive! O I must return where the palm grows
and the mocking-bird sings, or else I die!
O equality! O organic compacts! I am come to be
your born poet!
O whirl, contest, sounding and resounding! I am
your poet, because I am part of you;
O days by-gone! Enthusiasts! Antecedents!
O vast preparation for These States! O years!
O what is now being sent forward thousands of
years to come!
O mediums! O to teach! to convey the invisible
faith!
To promulge real things! to journey through all The
States!
O creation! O to-day! O laws! O unmitigated
adoration!
O for mightier broods of orators, artists, and singers!
O for native songs! carpenter's, boatman's, plough-
man's songs! shoemaker's songs!
O haughtiest growth of time! O free and extatic!
O what I, here, preparing, warble for!
O you hastening light! O the sun of the world will
ascend, dazzling, and take his height — and you
too will ascend;

O so amazing and so broad! up there resplendent,
 darting and burning;
 O prophetic! O vision staggered with weight of
 light! with pouring glories!
 O copious! O hitherto unequalled!
 O Libertad! O compact! O union impossible to
 dissever!
 O my soul! O lips becoming tremulous, powerless!
 O centuries, centuries yet ahead!
 O voices of greater orators! I pause — I listen for
 you!
 O you States! Cities! defiant of all outside authority!
 I spring at once into your arms! you I most
 love!
 O you grand Presidentiads! I wait for you!
 New history! New heroes! I project you!
 Visions of poets! only you really last! O sweep on!
 sweep on!
 O Death! O you striding there! O I cannot yet!
 O heights! O infinitely too swift and dizzy yet!
 O purged lumine! you threaten me more than I can
 stand!
 O present! I return while yet I may to you!
 O poets to come, I depend upon you!

1.

1. A NATION announcing itself, (many in one,)

I myself make the only growth by which I can be
 appreciated,
 I reject none, accept all, reproduce all in my own
 forms.
2. A breed whose testimony is behavior,

What we are WE ARE — nativity is answer enough
 to objections;
 We wield ourselves as a weapon is wielded,
 We are powerful and tremendous in ourselves,
 We are executive in ourselves — We are sufficient
 in the variety of ourselves,
 We are the most beautiful to ourselves, and in our-
 selves,

Nothing is sinful to us outside of ourselves,
 Whatever appears, whatever does not appear, we are
 beautiful or sinful in ourselves only.

3. Have you thought there could be but a single Supreme?
 There can be any number of Supremes — One does not countervail another, any more than one eyesight countervails another, or one life countervails another.
4. All is eligible to all,
 All is for individuals — All is for you,
 No condition is prohibited, not God's or any,
 If one is lost, you are inevitably lost.
5. All comes by the body — only health puts you rapport with the universe.
6. Produce great persons, the rest follows.
7. How dare a sick man, or an obedient man, write poems for These States?
 Which is the theory or book that, for our purposes, is not diseased?
8. Piety and conformity to them that like!
 Peace, obesity, allegiance, to them that like!
 I am he who tauntingly compels men, women, nations, to leap from their seats and contend for their lives.
9. I am he who goes through the streets with a barbed tongue, questioning every one I meet — questioning you up there now:
 Who are you, that wanted only to be told what you knew before?
 Who are you, that wanted only a book to join you in your nonsense?
10. Are you, or would you be, better than all that has ever been before?
 If you would be better than all that has ever been before, come listen to me, and not otherwise.

11. Fear grace — Fear delicatessen,
Fear the mellow sweet, the sucking of honey-juice,
Beware the advancing mortal ripening of nature,
Beware what precedes the decay of the ruggedness of
states and men.
12. Ages, precedents, poems, have long been accumu-
lating undirected materials,
America brings builders, and brings its own styles.
13. Mighty bards have done their work, and passed to
other spheres,
One work forever remains, the work of surpassing
all they have done.
14. America, curious toward foreign characters, stands
by its own at all hazards,
Stands removed, spacious, composite, sound,
Sees itself promulger of men and women, initiates
the true use of precedents,
Does not repel them or the past, or what they have
produced under their forms, or amid other pol-
itics, or amid the idea of castes, or the old
religions,
Takes the lesson with calmness, perceives the corpse
slowly borne from the eating and sleeping rooms
of the house,
Perceives that it waits a little while in the door —
that it was fittest for its days,
That its life has descended to the stalwart and well-
shaped heir who approaches,
And that he shall be fittest for his days.
15. Any period, one nation must lead,
One land must be the promise and reliance of the
future.
16. These States are the amplest poem,
Here is not merely a nation, but a teeming nation of
nations,
Here the doings of men correspond with the broad-
cast doings of the day and night,
Here is what moves in magnificent masses, carelessly
faithful of particulars,

Here are the roughs, beards, friendliness, combativeness, the Soul loves,
 Here the flowing trains — here the crowds, equality, diversity, the Soul loves.

17. Race of races, and bards to corroborate!
 Of them, standing among them, one lifts to the light
 his west-bred face,
 To him the hereditary countenance bequeathed, both
 mother's and father's,
 His first parts substances, earth, water, animals,
 trees,
 Built of the common stock, having room for far and
 near,
 Used to dispense with other lands, incarnating this
 land,
 Attracting it body and Soul to himself, hanging on
 its neck with incomparable love,
 Plunging his semitic muscle into its merits and
 demerits,
 Making its geography, cities, beginnings, events,
 glories, defections, diversities, vocal in him,
 Making its rivers, lakes, bays, embouchure in him,
 Mississippi with yearly freshets and changing chutes
 — Missouri, Columbia, Ohio, Niagara, Hudson,
 spending themselves lovingly in him,
 If the Atlantic coast stretch, or the Pacific coast
 stretch, he stretching with them north or south,
 Spanning between them east and west, and touching
 whatever is between them,
 Growths growing from him to offset the growth of
 pine, cedar, hemlock, live-oak, locust, chest-
 nut, cypress, hickory, lime-tree, cotton-wood,
 tulip-tree, cactus, tamarind, orange, magnolia,
 persimmon,
 Tangles as tangled in him as any cane-brake or
 swamp,
 He likening sides and peaks of mountains, forests
 coated with transparent ice, and icicles hanging
 from the boughs,
 Off him pasturage sweet and natural as savanna,
 upland, prairie,
 Through him flights, songs, screams, answering those

of the wild-pigeon, coot, fish-hawk, qua-bird,
mocking-bird, condor, night-heron, eagle;
His spirit surrounding his country's spirit, unclosed
to good and evil,
Surrounding the essences of real things, old times
and present times,
Surrounding just found shores, islands, tribes of red
aborigines,
Weather-beaten vessels, landings, settlements, the
rapid stature and muscle,
The haughty defiance of the Year 1 — war, peace,
the formation of the Constitution,
The separate States, the simple, elastic scheme, the
immigrants,
The Union, always swarming with blatherers, and
always calm and impregnable,
The unsurveyed interior, log-houses, clearings, wild
animals, hunters, trappers;
Surrounding the multiform agriculture, mines, tem-
perature, the gestation of new States,
Congress convening every Twelfth Month, the mem-
bers duly coming up from the uttermost parts;
Surrounding the noble character of mechanics and
farmers, especially the young men,
Responding their manners, speech, dress, friendships
— the gait they have of persons who never knew
how it felt to stand in the presence of superiors,
The freshness and candor of their physiognomy, the
copiousness and decision of their phrenology,
The picturesque looseness of their carriage, their
deathless attachment to freedom, their fierceness
when wronged,
The fluency of their speech, their delight in music,
their curiosity, good temper, and open-handed-
ness — the whole composite make,
The prevailing ardor and enterprise, the large ama-
tiveness,
The perfect equality of the female with the male, the
fluid movement of the population,
The superior marine, free commerce, fisheries, whal-
ing, gold-digging,
Wharf-hemmed cities, railroad and steamboat lines,
intersecting all points,

Factories, mercantile life, labor-saving machinery,
 the north-east, north-west, south-west,
 Manhattan firemen, the Yankee swap, southern plan-
 tation life,
 Slavery, the tremulous spreading of hands to shelter
 it — the stern opposition to it, which ceases only
 when it ceases.

18. For these and the like, their own voices! For these,
 space ahead!
 Others take finish, but the Republic is ever construc-
 tive, and ever keeps vista;
 Others adorn the past—but you, O, days of the
 present, I adorn you!
 O days of the future, I believe in you!
 O America, because you build for mankind, I build
 for you!
 O well-beloved stone-cutters! I lead them who plan
 with decision and science,
 I lead the present with friendly hand toward the
 future.
19. Bravas to States whose semitic impulses send whole-
 some children to the next age!
 But damn that which spends itself on flaunters and
 dalliers, with no thought of the stain, pains,
 dismay, feebleness, it is bequeathing.
20. By great bards only can series of peoples and States
 be fused into the compact organism of one
 nation.
21. To hold men together by paper and seal, or by com-
 pulsion, is no account,
 That only holds men together which is living prin-
 ciples, as the hold of the limbs of the body, or
 the fibres of plants.
22. Of all races and eras, These States, with veins full
 of poetical stuff, most need poets, and are to
 have the greatest, and use them the great-
 est,

Their Presidents shall not be their common referee
so much as their poets shall.

23. Of mankind, the poet is the equable man,
Not in him, but off from him, things are grotesque,
eccentric, fail of their full returns,
Nothing out of its place is good, nothing in its place
is bad,
He bestows on every object or quality its fit proportions,
neither more nor less,
He is the arbiter of the diverse, he is the key,
He is the equalizer of his age and land,
He supplies what wants supplying — he checks what
wants checking,
In peace, out of him speaks the spirit of peace, large,
rich, thrifty, building populous towns, encouraging
agriculture, arts, commerce, lighting the
study of man, the Soul, health, immortality,
government,
In war, he is the best backer of the war — he fetches
artillery as good as the engineer's — he can make
every word he speaks draw blood;
The years straying toward infidelity, he withholds
by his steady faith,
He is no arguer, he is judgment,
He judges not as the judge judges, but as the sun
falling round a helpless thing;
As he sees the farthest he has the most faith,
His thoughts are the hymns of the praise of things,
In the dispute on God and eternity he is silent,
He sees eternity less like a play with a prologue and
denouement,
He sees eternity in men and women — he does not
see men and women as dreams or dots.
24. Of the idea of perfect and free individuals, the idea
of These States, the bard walks in advance,
leader of leaders,
The attitude of him cheers up slaves, and horrifies
foreign despots.
25. Without extinction is Liberty! Without retrograde
is Equality!

They live in the feelings of young men, and the best
 women,
 Not for nothing have the indomitable heads of the
 earth been always ready to fall for Liberty!

26. Are you indeed for Liberty?
 Are you a man who would assume a place to teach
 here, or lead here, or be a poet here?
 The place is august — the terms obdurate.
27. Who would assume to teach here, may well prepare
 himself, body and mind,
 He may well survey, ponder, arm, fortify, harden,
 make lithe, himself,
 He shall surely be questioned beforehand by me with
 many and stern questions.
28. Who are you, indeed, who would talk or sing in
 America?
 Have you studied out MY LAND, its idioms and men?
 Have you learned the physiology, phrenology, poli-
 tics, geography, pride, freedom, friendship, of
 my land? its substratums and objects?
 Have you considered the organic compact of the first
 day of the first year of the independence of The
 States, signed by the Commissioners, ratified by
 The States, and read by Washington at the head
 of the army?
 Have you possessed yourself of the Federal Consti-
 tution?
 Do you acknowledge Liberty with audible and abso-
 lute acknowledgment, and set slavery at nought
 for life and death?
 Do you see who have left described processes and
 poems behind them, and assumed new ones?
 Are you faithful to things? Do you teach whatever
 the land and sea, the bodies of men, woman-
 hood, amativeness, angers, excesses, crimes,
 teach?
 Have you sped through customs, laws, popularities?
 Can you hold your hand against all seductions,
 follies, whirls, fierce contentions? Are you very
 strong? Are you of the whole people?

Are you not of some coterie ? some school or religion ?
 Are you done with reviews and criticisms of life ?
 animating to life itself ?
 Have you vivified yourself from the maternity of
 These States ?
 Have you sucked the nipples of the breasts of the
 mother of many children ?
 Have you too the old, ever-fresh, forbearance and
 impartiality ?
 Do you hold the like love for those hardening to
 maturity ? for the last-born ? little and big ?
 and for the errant ?

29. What is this you bring my America ?
 Is it uniform with my country ?
 Is it not something that has been better told or done
 before ?
 Have you not imported this, or the spirit of it, in
 some ship ?
 Is it a mere tale ? a rhyme ? a prettiness ?
 Has it never dangled at the heels of the poets, poli-
 ticians, literats, of enemies' lands ?
 Does it not assume that what is notoriously gone is
 still here ?
 Does it answer universal needs ? Will it improve
 manners ?
 Can your performance face the open fields and the
 sea-side ?
 Will it absorb into me as I absorb food, air, nobility,
 meanness — to appear again in my strength,
 gait, face ?
 Have real employments contributed to it ? original
 makers — not amanuenses ?
 Does it meet modern discoveries, calibers, facts, face
 to face ?
 Does it respect me ? Democracy ? the Soul ? to-day ?
 What does it mean to me ? to American persons,
 progresses, cities ? Chicago, Kanada, Arkansas ?
 the planter, Yankee, Georgian, native, immi-
 grant, sailors, squatters, old States, new States ?
 Does it encompass all The States, and the unexcep-
 tional rights of all the men and women of the
 earth, the genital impulse of These States ?

Does it see behind the apparent custodians, the real custodians, standing, menacing, silent, the mechanics, Manhattanese, western men, southerners, significant alike in their apathy and in the promptness of their love?

Does it see what befalls and has always befallen each temporizer, patcher, outsider, partialist, alarmist, infidel, who has ever asked anything of America?

What mocking and scornful negligence?

The track strewn with the dust of skeletons?

By the roadside others disdainfully tossed?

30. Rhymes and rhymers pass away — poems distilled from other poems pass away,
The swarms of reflectors and the polite pass, and leave ashes;
Admirers, importers, obedient persons, make the soil of literature;
America justifies itself, give it time — no disguise can deceive it, or conceal from it — it is impassive enough,
Only toward the likes of itself will it advance to meet them,
If its poets appear, it will advance to meet them — there is no fear of mistake,
The proof of a poet shall be sternly deferred, till his country absorbs him as affectionately as he has absorbed it.
31. He masters whose spirit masters — he tastes sweetest who results sweetest in the long run,
The blood of the brawn beloved of time is unconstrained,
In the need of poems, philosophy, politics, manners, engineering, an appropriate native grand-opera, shipcraft, any craft, he or she is greatest who contributes the greatest original practical example.
32. Already a nonchalant breed, silently emerging, fills the houses and streets,
People's lips salute only doers, lovers, satisfiers, positive knowers;

There will shortly be no more priests — I say their
 work is done,
 Death is without emergencies here, but life is per-
 petual emergencies here,
 Are your body, days, manners, superb? after death
 you shall be superb;
 Friendship, self-esteem, justice, health, clear the way
 with irresistible power;
 How dare you place anything before a man?

33. Fall behind me, States!

A man, before all — myself, typical, before all.

34. Give me the pay I have served for!

Give me to speak beautiful words! take all the rest;
 I have loved the earth, sun, animals — I have de-
 spised riches,

I have given alms to every one that asked, stood up
 for the stupid and crazy, devoted my income
 and labor to others,

I have hated tyrants, argued not concerning God,
 had patience and indulgence toward the people,
 taken off my hat to nothing known or unknown,

I have gone freely with powerful uneducated per-
 sons, and with the young, and with the mothers
 of families,

I have read these leaves to myself in the open air —
 I have tried them by trees, stars, rivers,

I have dismissed whatever insulted my own Soul or
 defiled my body,

I have claimed nothing to myself which I have not
 carefully claimed for others on the same terms,

I have studied my land, its idioms and men,

I am willing to wait to be understood by the growth
 of the taste of myself,

I reject none, I permit all,

Whom I have staid with once I have found longing
 for me ever afterward.

35. I swear I begin to see the meaning of these things!

It is not the earth, it is not America, who is so great,
 It is I who am great, or to be great — it is you, or
 any one,

It is to walk rapidly through civilizations, govern-

ments, theories, nature, poems, shows, to individuals.

35. Underneath all are individuals,
 I swear nothing is good to me now that ignores individuals!
 The American compact is altogether with individuals,
 The only government is that which makes minute of individuals,
 The whole theory of the universe is directed to one single individual — namely, to You.
36. Underneath all is nativity,
 I swear I will stand by my own nativity — pious or impious, so be it;
 I swear I am charmed with nothing except nativity,
 Men, women, cities, nations, are only beautiful from nativity.
37. Underneath all is the need of the expression of love for men and women,
 I swear I have had enough of mean and impotent modes of expressing love for men and women,
 After this day I take my own modes of expressing love for men and women.
38. I swear I will have each quality of my race in myself,
 Talk as you like, he only suits These States whose manners favor the audacity and sublime turbulence of The States.
39. Underneath the lessons of things, spirits, nature, governments, ownerships, I swear I perceive other lessons,
 Underneath all to me is myself — to you, yourself,
 (the same monotonous old song,)
 If all had not kernels for you and me, what were it to you and me?
40. O I see now, flashing, that this America is only you and me,

Its power, weapons, testimony, are you and me,
 Its roughs, beards, haughtiness, ruggedness, are you
 and me,
 Its ample geography, the sierras, the prairies, Mis-
 sissippi, Huron, Colorado, Boston, Toronto,
 Raleigh, Nashville, Havana, are you and me,
 Its settlements, wars, the organic compact, peace,
 Washington, the Federal Constitution, are you
 and me,
 Its young men's manners, speech, dress, friendships,
 are you and me,
 Its crimes, lies, thefts, defections, slavery, are you
 and me,
 Its Congress is you and me — the officers, capitol,
 armies, ships, are you and me,
 Its endless gestations of new States are you and me,
 Its inventions, science, schools, are you and me,
 Its deserts, forests, clearings, log-houses, hunters, are
 you and me,
 Natural and artificial are you and me,
 Freedom, language, poems, employments, are you
 and me,
 Failures, successes, births, deaths, are you and
 me,
 Past, present, future, are only you and me.

41. I swear I dare not shirk any part of myself,
 Not any part of America, good or bad,
 Not my body — not friendship, hospitality, pro-
 creation,
 Not my Soul, nor the last explanation of prudence,
 Not the similitude that interlocks me with all iden-
 tities that exist, or ever have existed,
 Not faith, sin, defiance, nor any disposition or duty
 of myself,
 Not the promulgation of Liberty — not to cheer up
 slaves and horrify despots,
 Not to build for that which builds for mankind,
 Not to balance ranks, complexions, creeds, and the
 sexes,
 Not to justify science, nor the march of equality,
 Nor to feed the arrogant blood of the brawn beloved
 of time.

42. I swear I am for those that have never been mastered!
For men and women whose tempers have never been mastered,
For those whom laws, theories, conventions, can never master.
43. I swear I am for those who walk abreast with the whole earth!
Who inaugurate one to inaugurate all.
44. I swear I will not be outfaced by irrational things!
I will penetrate what it is in them that is sarcastic upon me!
I will make cities and civilizations defer to me!
(This is what I have learnt from America — it is the amount — and it I teach again.)
45. I will confront these shows of the day and night!
I will know if I am to be less than they!
I will see if I am not as majestic as they!
I will see if I am not as subtle and real as they!
I will see if I am to be less generous than they!
46. I will see if I have no meaning, while the houses and ships have meaning!
I will see if the fishes and birds are to be enough for themselves, and I am not to be enough for myself.
47. I match my spirit against yours, you orbs, growths, mountains, brutes,
Copious as you are, I absorb you all in myself, and become the master myself.
48. The Many In One — what is it finally except myself?
These States — what are they except myself?
49. I have learned why the earth is gross, tantalizing, wicked — it is for my sake,
I take you to be mine, you beautiful, terrible, rude forms.

2.

1. BROAD-AXE, shapely, naked, wan!
 Head from the mother's bowels drawn!
 Wooded flesh and metal bone! limb only one and
 lip only one!
 Gray-blue leaf by red-heat grown! helve produced
 from a little seed sown!
 Resting the grass amid and upon,
 To be leaned, and to lean on.
2. Strong shapes, and attributes of strong shapes —
 masculine trades, sights and sounds,
 Long varied train of an emblem, dabs of music,
 Fingers of the organist skipping staccato over the
 keys of the great organ.
3. Welcome are all earth's lands, each for its kind,
 Welcome are lands of pine and oak,
 Welcome are lands of the lemon and fig,
 Welcome are lands of gold,
 Welcome are lands of wheat and maize — welcome
 those of the grape,
 Welcome are lands of sugar and rice,
 Welcome the cotton-lands — welcome those of the
 white potato and sweet potato,
 Welcome are mountains, flats, sands, forests, prairies,
 Welcome the rich borders of rivers, table-lands,
 openings,
 Welcome the measureless grazing lands — welcome
 the teeming soil of orchards, flax, honey, hemp,
 Welcome just as much the other more hard-faced
 lands,
 Lands rich as lands of gold, or wheat and fruit lands,
 Lands of mines, lands of the manly and rugged ores,
 Lands of coal, copper, lead, tin, zinc,
 LANDS OF IRON! lands of the make of the axe!
4. The log at the wood-pile, the axe supported by it,
 The sylvan hut, the vine over the doorway, the space
 cleared for a garden,
 The irregular tapping of rain down on the leaves,
 after the storm is lulled,

- The wailing and moaning at intervals, the thought
of the sea,
The thought of ships struck in the storm, and put
on their beam-ends, and the cutting away of
masts;
The sentiment of the huge timbers of old-fashioned
houses and barns;
The remembered print or narrative, the voyage at a
venture of men, families, goods,
The disembarkation, the founding of a new city,
The voyage of those who sought a New England and
found it — the outset anywhere,
The settlements of the Arkansas, Colorado, Ottawa,
Willamette,
The slow progress, the scant fare, the axe, rifle, sad-
dle-bags;
The beauty of all adventurous and daring persons,
The beauty of wood-boys and wood-men, with their
clear untrimmed faces,
The beauty of independence, departure, actions that
rely on themselves,
The American contempt for statutes and ceremonies,
the boundless impatience of restraint,
The loose drift of character, the inkling through
random types, the solidification;
The butcher in the slaughter-house, the hands aboard
schooners and sloops, the raftsmen, the pioneer,
Lumbermen in their winter camp, daybreak in the
woods, stripes of snow on the limbs of trees, the
occasional snapping,
The glad clear sound of one's own voice, the merry
song, the natural life of the woods, the strong
day's work,
The blazing fire at night, the sweet taste of supper,
the talk, the bed of hemlock boughs, and the
bear-skin;
The house-builder at work in cities or anywhere,
The preparatory jointing, squaring, sawing, mortis-
ing,
The hoist-up of beams, the push of them in their
places, laying them regular,
Setting the studs by their tenons in the mortises,
according as they were prepared,

The blows of mallets and hammers, the attitudes of
the men, their curved limbs,
Bending, standing, astride the beams, driving in pins,
holding on by posts and braces,
The hooked arm over the plate, the other arm wield-
ing the axe,
The floor-men forcing the planks close, to be nailed,
Their postures bringing their weapons downward on
the bearers,
The echoes resounding through the vacant building;
The huge store-house carried up in the city, well
under way,
The six framing-men, two in the middle and two at
each end, carefully bearing on their shoulders a
heavy stick for a cross-beam,
The crowded line of masons with trowels in their
right hands, rapidly laying the long side-wall,
two hundred feet from front to rear,
The flexible rise and fall of backs, the continual click
of the trowels striking the bricks,
The bricks, one after another, each laid so workman-
like in its place, and set with a knock of the
trowel-handle,
The piles of materials, the mortar on the mortar-
boards, and the steady replenishing by the hod-
men;
Spar-makers in the spar-yard, the swarming row of
well-grown apprentices,
The swing of their axes on the square-hewed log,
shaping it toward the shape of a mast,
The brisk short crackle of the steel driven slantingly
into the pine,
The butter-colored chips flying off in great flakes and
slivers,
The limber motion of brawny young arms and hips
in easy costumes;
The constructor of wharves, bridges, piers, bulk-heads,
floats, stays against the sea;
The city fireman — the fire that suddenly bursts forth
in the close-packed square,
The arriving engines, the hoarse shouts, the nimble
stepping and daring,
The strong command through the fire-trumpets, the

falling in line, the rise and fall of the arms
forcing the water,
The slender, spasmodic blue-white jets — the bringing
to bear of the hooks and ladders, and their execution,
The crash and cut away of connecting wood-work, or
through floors, if the fire smoulders under them,
The crowd with their lit faces, watching — the glare
and dense shadows;
The forger at his forge-furnace, and the user of iron
after him,
The maker of the axe large and small, and the welder
and temperer,
The chooser breathing his breath on the cold steel,
and trying the edge with his thumb,
The one who clean-shapes the handle and sets it
firmly in the socket,
The shadowy processions of the portraits of the past
users also,
The primal patient mechanics, the architects and
engineers,
The far-off Assyrian edifice and Mizra edifice,
The Roman lictors preceding the consuls,
The antique European warrior with his axe in combat,
The uplifted arm, the clatter of blows on the helmeted
head,
The death-howl, the limpsey tumbling body, the rush
of friend and foe thither,
The siege of revolted lieges determined for liberty,
The summons to surrender, the battering at castle
gates, the truce and parley,
The sack of an old city in its time,
The bursting in of mercenaries and bigots tumultuously
and disorderly,
Roar, flames, blood, drunkenness, madness,
Goods freely rifled from houses and temples, screams
of women in the gripe of brigands,
Craft and thievery of camp-followers, men running,
old persons despairing,
The hell of war, the cruelties of creeds,
The list of all executive deeds and words, just or
unjust,
The power of personality, just or unjust.

5. Muscle and pluck forever !
 What invigorates life, invigorates death,
 And the dead advance as much as the living advance,
 And the future is no more uncertain than the present,
 And the roughness of the earth and of man encloses
 as much as the delicatessen of the earth and of
 man,
 And nothing endures but personal qualities.
6. What do you think endures ?
 Do you think the greatest city endures ?
 Or a teeming manufacturing state ? or a prepared
 constitution ? or the best built steamships ?
 Or hotels of granite and iron ? or any chef-d'œuvres
 of engineering, forts, armaments ?
7. Away ! These are not to be cherished for themselves,
 They fill their hour, the dancers dance, the musicians
 play for them,
 The show passes, all does well enough of course,
 All does very well till one flash of defiance.
8. The greatest city is that which has the greatest man
 or woman,
 If it be a few ragged huts, it is still the greatest city
 in the whole world.
9. The place where the greatest city stands is not the
 place of stretched wharves, docks, manufactures,
 deposits of produce,
 Nor the place of ceaseless salutes of new comers, or
 the anchor-lifters of the departing,
 Nor the place of the tallest and costliest buildings,
 or shops selling goods from the rest of the
 earth,
 Nor the place of the best libraries and schools — nor
 the place where money is plentiest,
 Nor the place of the most numerous population.
10. Where the city stands with the brawniest breed of
 orators and bards,
 Where the city stands that is beloved by these, and
 loves them in return, and understands them;

Where these may be seen going every day in the
streets, with their arms familiar to the shoulders
of their friends,
Where no monuments exist to heroes, but in the
common words and deeds,
Where thrift is in its place, and prudence is in its
place,
Where behavior is the finest of the fine arts,
Where the men and women think lightly of the
laws,
Where the slave ceases, and the master of slaves
ceases,
Where the populace rise at once against the never-
ending audacity of elected persons,
Where fierce men and women pour forth, as the sea
to the whistle of death pours its sweeping and
unript waves,
Where outside authority enters always after the
precedence of inside authority,
Where the citizen is always the head and ideal —
and President, Mayor, Governor, and what not,
are agents for pay,
Where children are taught from the jump that they
are to be laws to themselves, and to depend
on themselves,
Where equanimity is illustrated in affairs,
Where speculations on the Soul are encouraged,
Where women walk in public processions in the
streets, the same as the men,
Where they enter the public assembly and take
places the same as the men, and are appealed
to by the orators, the same as the men,
Where the city of the faithfulest friends stands,
Where the city of the cleanliness of the sexes
stands,
Where the city of the healthiest fathers stands,
Where the city of the best-bodied mothers stands,
There the greatest city stands.

11. How beggarly appear poems, arguments, orations, be-
fore an electric deed!
How the floridness of the materials of cities shrivels
before a man's or woman's look!

12. All waits, or goes by default, till a strong being appears;
A strong being is the proof of the race, and of the ability of the universe,
When he or she appears, materials are overawed,
The dispute on the Soul stops,
The old customs and phrases are confronted, turned back, or laid away.
13. What is your money-making now? What can it do now?
What is your respectability now?
What are your theology, tuition, society, traditions, statute-books now?
Where are your jibes of being now?
Where are your cavils about the Soul now?
14. Was that your best? Were those your vast and solid?
Riches, opinions, politics, institutions, to part obediently from the path of one man or woman!
The centuries, and all authority, to be trod under the foot-soles of one man or woman!
15. — A sterile landscape covers the ore — there is as good as the best, for all the forbidding appearance,
There is the mine, there are the miners,
The forge-furnace is there, the melt is accomplished, the hammers-men are at hand with their tongs and hammers,
What always served and always serves, is at hand.
16. Than this nothing has better served — it has served all,
Served the fluent-tongued and subtle-sensed Greek, and long ere the Greek,
Served in building the buildings that last longer than any,
Served the Hebrew, the Persian, the most ancient Hindostanee,
Served the mound-raiser on the Mississippi — served those whose relics remain in Central America,

Served Albic temples in woods or on plains, with
 unhewn pillars, and the druids, and the bloody
 body laid in the hollow of the great stone,
 Served the artificial clefts, vast, high, silent, on the
 snow-covered hills of Scandinavia,
 Served those who, time out of mind, made on the
 granite walls rough sketches of the sun, moon,
 stars, ships, ocean-waves,
 Served the paths of the irruptions of the Goths —
 served the pastoral tribes and nomads,
 Served the incalculably distant Kelt — served the
 hardy pirates of the Baltic,
 Served before any of those, the venerable and harm-
 less men of Ethiopia,
 Served the making of helms for the galleys of
 pleasure, and the making of those for war,
 Served all great works on land, and all great works
 on the sea,
 For the mediæval ages, and before the mediæval
 ages,
 Served not the living only, then as now, but served
 the dead.

17. I see the European headsman,
 He stands masked, clothed in red, with huge legs,
 and strong naked arms,
 And leans on a ponderous axe.
18. Whom have you slaughtered lately, European heads-
 man?
 Whose is that blood upon you, so wet and sticky?
19. I see the clear sunsets of the martyrs,
 I see from the scaffolds the descending ghosts,
 Ghosts of dead lords, uncrowned ladies, impeached
 ministers, rejected kings,
 Rivals, traitors, poisoners, disgraced chieftains, and
 the rest.
20. I see those who in any land have died for the good
 cause,
 The seed is spare, nevertheless the crop shall never
 run out,

(Mind you, O foreign kings, O priests, the crop shall never run out.)

21. I see the blood washed entirely away from the axe,
Both blade and helve are clean,
They spirt no more the blood of European nobles —
they clasp no more the necks of queens.

I see the headsman withdraw and become useless,
I see the scaffold untrodden and mouldy — I see no
longer any axe upon it,
I see the mighty and friendly emblem of the power
of my own race, the newest largest race.

23. America! I do not vaunt my love for you,
I have what I have.

24. The axe leaps!
The solid forest gives fluid utterances,
They tumble forth, they rise and form,
Hut, tent, landing, survey,
Flail, plough, pick, crowbar, spade,
Shingle, rail, prop, wainscot, jamb, lath, panel, gable,
Citadel, ceiling, saloon, academy, organ, exhibition-
house, library,
Cornice, trellis, pilaster, balcony, window, shutter,
turret, porch,
Hoe, rake, pitch-fork, pencil, wagon, staff, saw, jack-
plane, mallet, wedge, rounce,
Chair, tub, hoop, table, wicket, vane, sash, floor,
Work-box, chest, stringed instrument, boat, frame,
and what not,
Capitols of States, and capitol of the nation of States,
Long stately rows in avenues, hospitals for orphans
or for the poor or sick,
Manhattan steamboats and clippers, taking the meas-
ure of all seas.

25. The shapes arise!
Shapes of the using of axes anyhow, and the users,
and all that neighbors them,
Cutters down of wood, and haulers of it to the
Penobscot, or Kennebec,

Dwellers in cabins among the Californian mountains,
or by the little lakes, or on the Columbia,
Dwellers south on the banks of the Gila or Rio
Grande—friendly gatherings, the characters
and fun,
Dwellers up north in Minnesota and by the Yellow-
stone river—dwellers on coasts and off coasts,
Seal-fishers, whalers, arctic seamen breaking passages
through the ice.

26. The shapes arise!

Shapes of factories, arsenals, foundries, markets,
Shapes of the two-threaded tracks of railroads,
Shapes of the sleepers of bridges, vast frameworks,
girders, arches,
Shapes of the fleets of barges, tows, lake craft, river
craft.

27. The shapes arise!

Ship-yards and dry-docks along the Eastern and
Western Seas, and in many a bay and by-
place,
The live-oak kelsons, the pine planks, the spars, the
hackmatack-roots for knees,
The ships themselves on their ways, the tiers of
scaffolds, the workmen busy outside and inside,
The tools lying around, the great auger and little
auger, the adze, bolt, line, square, gouge, and
bead-plane.

28. The shapes arise!

The shape measured, sawed, jacked, joined, stained,
The coffin-shape for the dead to lie within in his
shroud;
The shape got out in posts, in the bedstead posts, in
the posts of the bride's bed,
The shape of the little trough, the shape of the
rockers beneath, the shape of the babe's cradle,
The shape of the floor-planks, the floor-planks for
dancers' feet,
The shape of the planks of the family home, the
home of the friendly parents and children,
The shape of the roof of the home of the happy

young man and woman, the roof over the well-married young man and woman,
The roof over the supper joyously cooked by the chaste wife, and joyously eaten by the chaste husband, content after his day's work.

29. The shapes arise !

The shape of the prisoner's place in the court-room,
and of him or her seated in the place,
The shape of the pill-box, the disgraceful ointment-box, the nauseous application, and him or her applying it,
The shape of the liquor-bar leaned against by the young rum-drinker and the old rum-drinker,
The shape of the shamed and angry stairs, trod by sneaking footsteps,
The shape of the sly settee, and the adulterous unwholesome couple,
The shape of the gambling-board with its devilish winnings and losings,
The shape of the slats of the bed of a corrupted body, the bed of the corruption of gluttony or alcoholic drinks,
The shape of the step-ladder for the convicted and sentenced murderer, the murderer with haggard face and pinioned arms,
The sheriff at hand with his deputies, the silent and white-lipped crowd, the sickening dangling of the rope.

30. The shapes arise !

Shapes of doors giving so many exits and entrances,
The door passing the dissevered friend, flushed, and in haste,
The door that admits good news and bad news,
The door whence the son left home, confident and puffed up,
The door he entered again from a long and scandalous absence, diseased, broken down, without innocence, without means.

31. Their shapes arise, above all the rest — the shapes of full-sized men,

Men taciturn yet loving, used to the open air, and the
manners of the open air,
Saying their ardor in native forms, saying the old
response,
Take what I have then, (saying fain,) take the pay
you approached for,
Take the white tears of my blood, if that is what you
are after.

32. Her shape arises,
She, less guarded than ever, yet more guarded than
ever,
The gross and soiled she moves among do not make
her gross and soiled,
She knows the thoughts as she passes — nothing is
concealed from her,
She is none the less considerate or friendly therefore,
She is the best beloved — it is without exception —
she has no reason to fear, and she does not fear,
Oaths, quarrels, hiccupped songs, proposals, smutty
expressions, are idle to her as she passes,
She is silent — she is possessed of herself — they do
not offend her,
She receives them as the laws of nature receive them
— she is strong,
She too is a law of nature — there is no law stronger
than she is.

33. His shape arises,
Arrogant, masculine, naïve, rowdyish,
Laugher, weeper, worker, idler, citizen, countryman,
Saunterer of woods, stander upon hills, summer
swimmer in rivers or by the sea,
Of pure American breed, of reckless health, his body
perfect, free from taint from top to toe, free
forever from headache and dyspepsia, clean-
breathed,
Ample-limbed, a good feeder, weight a hundred and
eighty pounds, full-blooded, six feet high, forty
inches round the breast and back,
Countenance sun-burnt, bearded, calm, unrefined,
Reminder of animals, meeter of savage and gentleman
on equal terms,

Attitudes lithe and erect, costume free, neck gray
 and open, of slow movement on foot,
 Passer of his right arm round the shoulders of his
 friends, companion of the street,
 Persuader always of people to give him their sweetest
 touches, and never their meanest,
 A Manhattanese bred, fond of Brooklyn, fond of
 Broadway, fond of the life of the wharves and
 the great ferries,
 Enterer everywhere, welcomed everywhere, easily
 understood after all,
 Never offering others, always offering himself, corrobor-
 ating his phrenology,
 Voluptuous, inhabitive, combative, conscientious,
 alimentive, intuitive, of copious friendship,
 sublimity, firmness, self-esteem, comparison,
 individuality, form, locality, eventuality,
 Avowing by life, manners, works, to contribute illus-
 trations of results of The States,
 Teacher of the unquenchable creed, namely, egotism,
 Inviter of others continually henceforth to try their
 strength against his.

34. The main shapes arise !

Shapes of Democracy, final — result of centuries,
 Shapes of those that do not joke with life, but are
 in earnest with life,
 Shapes, ever projecting other shapes,
 Shapes of a hundred Free States, begetting another
 hundred north and south,
 Shapes of turbulent manly cities,
 Shapes of an untamed breed of young men, and
 natural persons,
 Shapes of the women fit for These States,
 Shapes of the composition of all the varieties of the
 earth,
 Shapes of the friends and home-givers of the whole
 earth,
 Shapes bracing the whole earth, and braced with the
 whole earth.

3.

1. COME closer to me,
Push closer, my lovers, and take the best I possess,
Yield closer and closer, and give me the best you
possess.
2. This is unfinished business with me — How is it with
you?
I was chilled with the cold types, cylinder, wet paper
between us.
3. Male and Female!
I pass so poorly with paper and types, I must pass
with the contact of bodies and souls.
4. American masses!
I do not thank you for liking me as I am, and liking
the touch of me — I know that it is good for you
to do so.
5. Workmen and Workwomen!
Were all educations, practical and ornamental, well
displayed out of me, what would it amount to?
Were I as the head teacher, charitable proprietor,
wise statesman, what would it amount to?
Were I to you as the boss employing and paying
you, would that satisfy you?
6. The learned, virtuous, benevolent, and the usual
terms,
A man like me, and never the usual terms.
7. Neither a servant nor a master am I,
I take no sooner a large price than a small price —
I will have my own, whoever enjoys me,
I will be even with you, and you shall be even
with me.
8. If you stand at work in a shop, I stand as nigh as
the nighest in the same shop,
If you bestow gifts on your brother or dearest friend,

I demand as good as your brother or dearest friend,

If your lover, husband, wife, is welcomed by day or night, I must be personally as welcome,

If you become degraded, criminal, ill, then I become so for your sake,

If you remember your foolish and outlawed deeds, do you think I cannot remember my own foolish and outlawed deeds? plenty of them;

If you carouse at the table, I carouse at the opposite side of the table,

If you meet some stranger in the streets, and love him or her, do I not often meet strangers in the street, and love them?

If you see a good deal remarkable in me, I see just as much, perhaps more, in you.

9. Why, what have you thought of yourself?

Is it you then that thought yourself less?

Is it you that thought the President greater than you?

Or the rich better off than you? or the educated wiser than you?

10. Because you are greasy or pimpled, or that you was once drunk, or a thief, or diseased, or rheumatic, or a prostitute, or are so now, or from frivolity or impotence, or that you are no scholar, and never saw your name in print, do you give in that you are any less immortal?

11. Souls of men and women! it is not you I call unseen, unheard, untouchable, and untouching,

It is not you I go argue pro and con about, and to settle whether you are alive or no,

I own publicly who you are, if nobody else owns—

I see and hear you, and what you give and take,

What is there you cannot give and take?

12. I see not merely that you are polite or white-faced, married, single, citizens of old States, citizens of new States,

Eminent in some profession, a lady or gentleman in

- a parlor, or dressed in the jail uniform or pulpit uniform;
Grown, half-grown, and babe, of this country and every country, indoors and outdoors, one just as much as the other, I see,
And all else is behind or through them.
13. The wife—and she is not one jot less than the husband,
The daughter—and she is just as good as the son,
The mother—and she is every bit as much as the father.
14. Offspring of those not rich, boys apprenticed to trades,
Young fellows working on farms, and old fellows working on farms,
The naïve, the simple and hardy, he going to the polls to vote, he who has a good time, and he who has a bad time,
Mechanics, southerners, new arrivals, laborers, sailors, man-o'-wars-men, merchantmen, coasters,
All these I see—but nigher and farther the same I see,
None shall escape me, and none shall wish to escape me.
15. I bring what you much need, yet always have,
Not money, amours, dress, eating, but as good;
I send no agent or medium, offer no representative of value, but offer the value itself.
16. There is something that comes home to one now and perpetually,
It is not what is printed, preached, discussed—it eludes discussion and print,
It is not to be put in a book—it is not in this book,
It is for you, whoever you are—it is no farther from you than your hearing and sight are from you,
It is hinted by nearest, commonest, readiest—it is not them, though it is endlessly provoked by them, (what is there ready and near you now?)

17. You may read in many languages, yet read nothing about it,
You may read the President's Message, and read nothing about it there,
Nothing in the reports from the State department or Treasury department, or in the daily papers or the weekly papers,
Or in the census returns, assessors' returns, prices current, or any accounts of stock.
18. The sun and stars that float in the open air — the apple-shaped earth, and we upon it — surely the drift of them is something grand!
I do not know what it is, except that it is grand, and that it is happiness,
And that the enclosing purport of us here is not a speculation, or bon-mot, or reconnoissance,
And that it is not something which by luck may turn out well for us, and without luck must be a failure for us,
And not something which may yet be retracted in a certain contingency.
19. The light and shade, the curious sense of body and identity, the greed that with perfect complaisance devours all things, the endless pride and out-stretching of man, unspeakable joys and sorrows,
The wonder every one sees in every one else he sees, and the wonders that fill each minute of time forever, and each acre of surface and space forever,
Have you reckoned them for a trade, or farm-work? or for the profits of a store? or to achieve yourself a position? or to fill a gentleman's leisure, or a lady's leisure?
20. Have you reckoned the landscape took substance and form that it might be painted in a picture? Or men and women that they might be written of, and songs sung?
Or the attraction of gravity, and the great laws and harmonious combinations, and the fluids of the air, as subjects for the savans?

- Or the brown land and the blue sea for maps and charts?
Or the stars to be put in constellations and named fancy names?
Or that the growth of seeds is for agricultural tables, or agriculture itself?
21. Old institutions — these arts, libraries, legends, collections, and the practice handed along in manufactures — will we rate them so high?
Will we rate our cash and business high? I have no objection,
I rate them high as the highest — then a child born of a woman and man I rate beyond all rate.
22. We thought our Union grand, and our Constitution grand,
I do not say they are not grand and good, for they are,
I am this day just as much in love with them as you,
Then I am in love with you, and with all my fellows upon the earth.
23. We consider bibles and religions divine — I do not say they are not divine,
I say they have all grown out of you, and may grow out of you still,
It is not they who give the life — it is you who give the life,
Leaves are not more shed from the trees, or trees from the earth, than they are shed out of you.
24. The sum of all known reverence I add up in you, whoever you are,
The President is there in the White House for you — it is not you who are here for him,
The Secretaries act in their bureaus for you — not you here for them,
The Congress convenes every Twelfth Month for you,
Laws, courts, the forming of States, the charters of cities, the going and coming of commerce and mails, are all for you.

25. All doctrines, all politics and civilization, exurge from
you,
All sculpture and monuments, and anything inscribed
anywhere, are tallied in you,
The gist of histories and statistics as far back as the
records reach, is in you this hour, and myths
and tales the same,
If you were not breathing and walking here, where
would they all be ?
The most renowned poems would be ashes, orations
and plays would be vacuums.
26. All architecture is what you do to it when you look
upon it,
Did you think it was in the white or gray stone ?
or the lines of the arches and cornices ?
27. All music is what awakes from you, when you are
reminded by the instruments,
It is not the violins and the cornets — it is not the
oboe nor the beating drums, nor the score of the
baritone singer singing his sweet romanza — nor
that of the men's chorus, nor that of the women's
chorus,
It is nearer and farther than they.
28. Will the whole come back then ?
Can each see signs of the best by a look in the
looking-glass ? is there nothing greater or more ?
Does all sit there with you, and here with me ?
29. The old, forever-new things — you foolish child ! the
closest, simplest things, this moment with you,
Your person, and every particle that relates to your
person,
The pulses of your brain, waiting their chance and
encouragement at every deed or sight,
Anything you do in public by day, and anything you
do in secret between-days,
What is called right and what is called wrong —
what you behold or touch, or what causes your
anger or wonder,
The ankle-chain of the slave, the bed of the bed-

house, the cards of the gambler, the plates of
the forger,
What is seen or learnt in the street, or intuitively
learnt,
What is learnt in the public school, spelling, reading,
writing, ciphering, the black-board, the teacher's
diagrams,
The panes of the windows, all that appears through
them, the going forth in the morning, the aimless
spending of the day,
(What is it that you made money? What is it that
you got what you wanted?)
The usual routine, the work-shop, factory, yard, office,
store, desk,
The jaunt of hunting or fishing, and the life of hunt-
ing or fishing,
Pasture-life, foddering, milking, herding, and all the
personnel and usages,
The plum-orchard, apple-orchard, gardening, seed-
lings, cuttings, flowers, vines,
Grains, manures, marl, clay, loam, the subsoil
plough, the shovel, pick, rake, hoe, irrigation,
draining,
The curry-comb, the horse-cloth, the halter, bridle,
bits, the very wisps of straw,
The barn and barn-yard, the bins, mangers, mows,
racks,
Manufactures, commerce, engineering, the building
of cities, every trade carried on there, and the
implements of every trade,
The anvil, tongs, hammer, the axe and wedge, the
square, mitre, jointer, smoothing-plane,
The plumbob, trowel, level, the wall-scaffold, the
work of walls and ceilings, or any mason-work,
The steam-engine, lever, crank, axle, piston, shaft, air-
pump, boiler, beam, pulley, hinge, flange, band,
bolt, throttle, governors, up and down rods,
The ship's compass, the sailor's tarpaulin, the stays
and lanyards, the ground tackle for anchoring
or mooring, the life-boat for wrecks,
The sloop's tiller, the pilot's wheel and bell, the yacht
or fish-smack — the great gay-pennanted three-
hundred-foot steamboat, under full headway,

with her proud fat breasts, and her delicate
 swift-flashing paddles,
 The trail, line, hooks, sinkers, and the seine, and
 hauling the seine,
 The arsenal, small-arms, rifles, gunpowder, shot, caps,
 wadding, ordnance for war, and carriages;
 Every-day objects, house-chairs, carpet, bed, coun-
 terpane of the bed, him or her sleeping at night,
 wind blowing, indefinite noises,
 The snow-storm or rain-storm, the tow-trowsers, the
 lodge-hut in the woods, the still-hunt,
 City and country, fire-place, candle, gas-light, heater,
 aqueduct,
 The message of the Governor, Mayor, Chief of Police
 — the dishes of breakfast, dinner, supper,
 The bunk-room, the fire-engine, the string-team, the
 car or truck behind,
 The paper I write on or you write on, every word we
 write, every cross and twirl of the pen, and the
 curious way we write what we think, yet very
 faintly,
 The directory, the detector, the ledger, the books in
 ranks on the book-shelves, the clock attached to
 the wall,
 The ring on your finger, the lady's wristlet, the
 scent-powder, the druggist's vials and jars, the
 draught of lager-beer,
 The étui of surgical instruments, the étui of oculist's
 or aurist's instruments, or dentist's instruments,
 The permutating lock that can be turned and locked
 as many different ways as there are minutes in
 a year,
 Glass-blowing, nail-making, salt-making, tin-roofing,
 shingle-dressing, candle-making, lock-making and
 hanging,
 Ship-carpentering, dock-building, fish-curing, ferry-
 ing, stone-breaking, flagging of side-walks by
 flaggers,
 The pump, the pile-driver, the great derrick, the
 coal-kiln and brick-kiln,
 Coal-mines, all that is down there, the lamps in the dark-
 ness, echoes, songs, what meditations, what vast
 native thoughts looking through smutch'd faces,

- Iron-works, forge-fires in the mountains, or by river-banks, men around feeling the melt with huge crowbars — lumps of ore, the due combining of ore, limestone, coal — the blast-furnace and the puddling-furnace, the loup-lump at the bottom of the melt at last — the rolling-mill, the stumpy bars of pig-iron, the strong clean-shaped T rail for railroads,
- Oil-works, silk-works, white-lead-works, the sugar-house, steam-saws, the great mills and factories,
- Lead-mines, and all that is done in lead-mines, or with the lead afterward,
- Copper-mines, the sheets of copper, and what is formed out of the sheets, and all the work in forming it,
- Stone-cutting, shapely trimmings for façades, or window or door lintels — the mallet, the tooth-chisel, the jib to protect the thumb,
- Oakum, the oakum-chisel, the caulking-iron — the kettle of boiling vault-cement, and the fire under the kettle,
- The cotton-bale, the stevedore's hook, the saw and buck of the sawyer, the screen of the coal-screener, the mould of the moulder, the working-knife of the butcher, the ice-saw, and all the work with ice,
- The four-double cylinder press, the hand-press, the frisket and tympan, the compositor's stick and rule, type-setting, making up the forms, all the work of newspaper counters, folders, carriers, news-men,
- The implements for daguerreotyping — the tools of the rigger, grappler, sail-maker, block-maker,
- Goods of gutta-percha, papier-mâché, colors, brushes, brush-making, glazier's implements,
- The veneer and glue-pot, the confectioner's ornaments, the decanter and glasses, the shears and flat-iron,
- The awl and knee-strap, the pint measure and quart measure, the counter and stool, the writing-pen of quill or metal — the making of all sorts of edged tools,
- The ladders and hanging-ropes of the gymnasium,

- manly exercises, the game of base-ball, running, leaping, pitching quoits,
- The designs for wall-papers, oil-cloths, carpets, the fancies for goods for women, the book-binder's stamps,
- The brewery, brewing, the malt, the vats, every thing that is done by brewers, also by wine-makers, also vinegar-makers,
- Leather-dressing, coach-making, boiler-making, rope-twisting, distilling, sign-painting, lime-burning, coopering, cotton-picking — electro-plating, electrotyping, stereotyping,
- Stave-machines, planing-machines, reaping-machines, ploughing-machines, thrashing-machines, steam-wagons,
- The cart of the carman, the omnibus, the ponderous dray,
- The wires of the electric telegraph stretched on land, or laid at the bottom of the sea, and then the message in an instant from a thousand miles off,
- The snow-plough, and two engines pushing it — the ride in the express-train of only one car, the swift go through a howling storm — the locomotive, and all that is done about a locomotive,
- The bear-hunt or coon-hunt — the bonfire of shavings in the open lot in the city, and the crowd of children watching,
- The blows of the fighting-man, the upper-cut, and one-two-three,
- Pyrotechny, letting off colored fire-works at night, fancy figures and jets,
- Shop-windows, coffins in the sexton's ware-room, fruit on the fruit-stand — beef in the butcher's stall, the slaughter-house of the butcher, the butcher in his killing-clothes,
- The area of pens of live pork, the killing-hammer, the hog-hook, the scalding-tub, gutting, the cutter's cleaver, the packer's maul, and the plentiful winter-work of pork-packing,
- Flour-works, grinding of wheat, rye, maize, rice — the barrels and the half and quarter barrels, the loaded barges, the high piles on wharves and levees,

Bread and cakes in the bakery, the milliner's ribbons,
 the dress-maker's patterns, the tea-table,
 the home-made sweetmeats;
 Cheap literature, maps, charts, lithographs, daily and
 weekly newspapers,
 The column of wants in the one-cent paper, the news
 by telegraph, amusements, operas, shows,
 The business parts of a city, the trottoirs of a city
 when thousands of well-dressed people walk up
 and down,
 The cotton, woollen, linen you wear, the money you
 make and spend,
 Your room and bed-room, your piano-forte, the stove
 and cook-pans,
 The house you live in, the rent, the other tenants, the
 deposit in the savings-bank, the trade at the
 grocery,
 The pay on Seventh Day night, the going home, and
 the purchases;
 In them the heft of the heaviest — in them far more
 than you estimated, and far less also,
 In them realities for you and me — in them poems
 for you and me,
 In them, not yourself — you and your soul enclose
 all things, regardless of estimation,
 In them themes, hints, provokers — if not, the whole
 earth has no themes, hints, provokers, and never
 had.

30. I do not affirm what you see beyond is futile — I do
 not advise you to stop,
 I do not say leadings you thought great are not great,
 But I say that none lead to greater, sadder, happier,
 than those lead to.
31. Will you seek afar off? You surely come back at last,
 In things best known to you, finding the best, or as
 good as the best,
 In folks nearest to you finding also the sweetest,
 strongest, lovingest,
 Happiness, knowledge, not in another place, but this
 place — not for another hour, but this hour,
 Man in the first you see or touch — always in your

friend, brother, nighest neighbor — Woman in
 your mother, lover, wife,
 The popular tastes and occupations taking precedence
 in poems or any where,
 You workwomen and workmen of These States having
 your own divine and strong life,
 Looking the President always sternly in the face,
 unbending, nonchalant,
 Understanding that he is to be kept by you to short
 and sharp account of himself,
 And all else thus far giving place to men and women
 like you.

32. O you robust, sacred !
 I cannot tell you how I love you ;
 All I love America for, is contained in men and
 women like you.
33. When the psalm sings instead of the singer,
 When the script preaches instead of the preacher,
 When the pulpit descends and goes instead of the
 carver that carved the supporting-desk,
 When I can touch the body of books, by night or by
 day, and when they touch my body back again,
 When the holy vessels, or the bits of the eucharist,
 or the lath and plast, procreate as effectually as
 the young silver-smiths or bakers, or the masons
 in their over-alls,
 When a university course convinces like a slumbering
 woman and child convince,
 When the minted gold in the vault smiles like the
 night-watchman's daughter,
 When warrantee deeds loafe in chairs opposite, and
 are my friendly companions,
 I intend to reach them my hand, and make as much
 of them as I do of men and women like you.

4.

AMERICA always!

Always me joined with you, whoever you are!

Always our own feuillage!

Always Florida's green peninsula! Always the priceless delta of Louisiana! Always the cotton-fields of Alabama and Texas!

Always California's golden hills and hollows — and the silver mountains of New Mexico! Always soft-breath'd Cuba!

Always the vast slope drained by the Southern Sea — inseparable with the slopes drained by the Eastern and Western Seas,

The area the Eighty-third year of These States — the three and a half millions of square miles,

The eighteen thousand miles of sea-coast and bay-coast on the main — the thirty thousand miles of river navigation,

The seven millions of distinct families, and the same number of dwellings — Always these and more, branching forth into numberless branches;

Always the free range and diversity! Always the continent of Democracy!

Always the prairies, pastures, forests, vast cities, travellers, Kanada, the snows;

Always these compact lands — lands tied at the hips with the belt stringing the huge oval lakes;

Always the West, with strong native persons — the increasing density there — the habitants, friendly, threatening, ironical, scorning invaders;

All sights, South, North, East — all deeds, promiscuously done at all times,

All characters, movements, growths — a few noticed, myriads unnoticed,

Through Mannahatta's streets I walking, these things gathering;

On interior rivers, by night, in the glare of pine knots, steamboats wooding up;

Sunlight by day on the valley of the Susquehanna,

and on the valleys of the Potomac and Rappahannock, and the valleys of the Roanoke and Delaware ;

In their northerly wilds beasts of prey haunting the Adirondacks, the hills — or lapping the Saginaw waters to drink ;

In a lonesome inlet, a sheldrake, lost from the flock, sitting on the water, rocking silently ;

In farmers' barns, oxen in the stable, their harvest labor done — they rest standing — they are too tired ;

Afar on arctic ice, the she-walrus lying drowsily, while her cubs play around ;

The hawk sailing where men have not yet sailed — the farthest polar sea, ripply, crystalline, open, beyond the floes ;

White drift spooning ahead, where the ship in the tempest dashes ;

On solid land, what is done in cities, as the bells all strike midnight together ;

In primitive woods, the sounds there also sounding — the howl of the wolf, the scream of the panther, and the hoarse bellow of the elk ;

In winter beneath the hard blue ice of Moosehead Lake — in summer visible through the clear waters, the great trout swimming ;

In lower latitudes, in warmer air, in the Carolinas, the large black buzzard floating slowly high beyond the tree-tops,

Below, the red cedar, festooned with tylandria — the pines and cypresses, growing out of the white sand that spreads far and flat ;

Rude boats descending the big Pedee — climbing plants, parasites, with colored flowers and berries, enveloping huge trees,

The waving drapery on the live oak, trailing long and low, noiselessly waved by the wind ;

The camp of Georgia wagoners, just after dark — the supper-fires, and the cooking and eating by whites and negroes,

Thirty or forty great wagons — the mules, cattle, horses, feeding from troughs,

The shadows, gleams, up under the leaves of the old

- sycamore-trees — the flames — also the black smoke from the pitch-pine, curling and rising ;
- Southern fishermen fishing — the sounds and inlets of North Carolina's coast — the shad-fishery and the herring-fishery — the large sweep-seines — the windlasses on shore worked by horses — the clearing, curing, and packing houses ;
- Deep in the forest, in the piney woods, turpentine and tar dropping from the incisions in the trees — There is the turpentine distillery,
- There are the negroes at work, in good health — the ground in all directions is covered with pine straw ;
- In Tennessee and Kentucky, slaves busy in the coal-ings, at the forge, by the furnace-blaze, or at the corn-shucking ;
- In Virginia, the planter's son returning after a long absence, joyfully welcomed and kissed by the aged mulatto nurse ;
- On rivers, boatmen safely moored at night-fall, in their boats, under the shelter of high banks,
- Some of the younger men dance to the sound of the banjo or fiddle — others sit on the gunwale, smoking and talking ;
- Late in the afternoon, the mocking-bird, the American mimic, singing in the Great Dismal Swamp — there are the greenish waters, the resinous odor, the plenteous moss, the cypress tree, and the juniper tree ;
- Northward, young men of Mannahatta — the target company from an excursion returning home at evening — the musket-muzzles all bear bunches of flowers presented by women ;
- Children at play — or on his father's lap a young boy fallen asleep, (how his lips move ! how he smiles in his sleep !)
- The scout riding on horseback over the plains west of the Mississippi — he ascends a knoll and sweeps his eye around ;
- California life — the miner, bearded, dressed in his rude costume — the stanch California friendship — the sweet air — the graves one, in passing, meets, solitary, just aside the horse-path ;

Down in Texas, the cotton-field, the negro-cabins —
 drivers driving mules or oxen before rude carts
 — cotton-bales piled on banks and wharves;
 Encircling all, vast-darting, up and wide, the American
 Soul, with equal hemispheres — one Love,
 one Dilation or Pride;
 In arriere, the peace-talk with the Iroquois, the
 aborigines — the calumet, the pipe of good-will
 arbitration, and indorsement,
 The sachem blowing the smoke first toward the sun
 and then toward the earth,
 The drama of the scalp-dance enacted with painted
 faces and guttural exclamations,
 The setting out of the war-party — the long and
 stealthy march,
 The single file — the swinging hatchets — the surprise
 and slaughter of enemies;
 All the acts, scenes, ways, persons, attitudes of These
 States — reminiscences, all institutions,
 All These States, compact — Every square mile of
 These States, without excepting a particle — you
 also — me also,
 Me pleased, rambling in lanes and country fields,
 Paumanok's fields,
 Me, observing the spiral flight of two little yellow
 butterflies, shuffling between each other, ascending
 high in the air;
 The darting swallow, the destroyer of insects — the
 fall traveller southward, but returning northward
 early in the spring;
 The country boy at the close of the day, driving the
 herd of cows, and shouting to them as they loiter
 to browse by the road-side;
 The city wharf — Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore,
 Charleston, New Orleans, San Francisco,
 The departing ships, when the sailors heave at the
 capstan;
 Evening — me in my room — the setting sun,
 The setting summer sun shining in my open window,
 showing me flies, suspended, balancing in the
 air in the centre of the room, darting athwart,
 up and down, casting swift shadows in specks on
 the opposite wall, where the shine is;

The athletic American matron speaking in public to
crowds of listeners;

Males, females, immigrants, combinations — the co-
piousness — the individuality and sovereignty of
The States, each for itself — the money-makers;

Factories, machinery, the mechanical forces — the
windlass, lever, pulley — All certainties,

The certainty of space, increase, freedom, futurity,

In space, the sporades, the scattered islands, the stars
— on the firm earth, the lands, my lands,

O lands! all so dear to me — what you are, (what-
ever it is,) I become a part of that, whatever
it is,

Southward there, I screaming, with wings slow flap-
ping, with the myriads of gulls wintering along
the coasts of Florida — or in Louisiana, with
pelicans breeding,

Otherways, there, atwixt the banks of the Arkansaw,
the Rio Grande, the Nueces, the Brazos, the
Tombigbee, the Red River, the Saskatchewan, or
the Osage, I with the spring waters laughing and
skipping and running;

Northward, on the sands, on some shallow bay of
Paumanok, I, with parties of snowy herons
wading in the wet to seek worms and aquatic
plants;

Retreating, triumphantly twittering, the king-bird,
from piercing the crow with its bill, for amuse-
ment — And I triumphantly twittering;

The migrating flock of wild geese alighting in autumn
to refresh themselves — the body of the flock feed
— the sentinels outside move around with erect
heads watching, and are from time to time re-
lieved by other sentinels — And I feeding and
taking turns with the rest;

In Kanadian forests, the moose, large as an ox, cor-
nered by hunters, rising desperately on his hind-
feet, and plunging with his fore-feet, the hoofs
as sharp as knives — And I, plunging at the
hunters, cornered and desperate;

In the Mannahatta, streets, piers, shipping, store-
houses, and the countless workmen working in
the shops,

And I too of the Mannahatta, singing thereof — and
no less in myself than the whole of the Manna-
hatta in itself,

Singing the song of These, my ever united lands
— my body no more inevitably united, part to
part, and made one identity, any more than
my lands are inevitably united, and made ONE
IDENTITY,

Nativities, climates, the grass of the great Pastoral
Plains,

Cities, labors, death, animals, products, good and evil
— these me,

These affording, in all their particulars, endless
feuillage to me and to America, how can I do
less than pass the clew of the union of them, to
afford the like to you?

Whoever you are! how can I but offer you divine
leaves, that you also be eligible as I am?

How can I but, as here, chanting, invite you for
yourself to collect bouquets of the incomparable
feuillage of These States?

5.

RESPONDEZ! Respondez!

Let every one answer! Let those who sleep be
waked! Let none evade — not you, any more
than others!

(If it really be as is pretended, how much longer must
we go on with our affectations and sneaking?

Let me bring this to a close — I pronounce openly for
a new distribution of roles,)

Let that which stood in front go behind! and let
that which was behind advance to the front and
speak!

Let murderers, thieves, bigots, fools, unclean persons,
offer new propositions!

Let the old propositions be postponed!

Let faces and theories be turned inside out! Let
meanings be freely criminal, as well as results!

Let there be no suggestion above the suggestion of
drudgery!

- Let none be pointed toward his destination! (Say!
do you know your destination?)
- Let trillions of men and women be mocked with
bodies and mocked with Souls!
- Let the love that waits in them, wait! Let it die,
or pass still-born to other spheres!
- Let the sympathy that waits in every man, wait!
or let it also pass, a dwarf, to other spheres!
- Let contradictions prevail! Let one thing contra-
dict another! and let one line of my poems con-
tradict another!
- Let the people sprawl with yearning aimless hands!
Let their tongues be broken! Let their eyes be
discouraged! Let none descend into their hearts
with the fresh lusciousness of love!
- Let the theory of America be management, caste,
comparison! (Say! what other theory would
you?)
- Let them that distrust birth and death lead the rest!
(Say! why shall they not lead you?)
- Let the crust of hell be neared and trod on! Let
the days be darker than the nights! Let slum-
ber bring less slumber than waking-time brings!
- Let the world never appear to him or her for whom
it was all made!
- Let the heart of the young man exile itself from the
heart of the old man! and let the heart of the
old man be exiled from that of the young man!
- Let the sun and moon go! Let scenery take the
applause of the audience! Let there be apathy
under the stars!
- Let freedom prove no man's inalienable right! Every
one who can tyrannize, let him tyrannize to his
satisfaction!
- Let none but infidels be countenanced!
- Let the eminence of meanness, treachery, sarcasm,
hate, greed, indecency, impotence, lust, be taken
for granted above all! Let writers, judges, gov-
ernments, households, religions, philosophies,
take such for granted above all!
- Let the worst men beget children out of the worst
women!
- Let priests still play at immortality!

Let Death be inaugurated !

Let nothing remain upon the earth except the ashes of teachers, artists, moralists, lawyers, and learned and polite persons !

Let him who is without my poems be assassinated !

Let the cow, the horse, the camel, the garden-bee — Let the mud-fish, the lobster, the mussel, eel, the sting-ray, and the grunting pig-fish — Let these, and the like of these, be put on a perfect equality with man and woman !

Let churches accommodate serpents, vermin, and the corpses of those who have died of the most filthy of diseases !

Let marriage slip down among fools, and be for none but fools !

Let men among themselves talk and think obscenely of women ! and let women among themselves talk and think obscenely of men !

Let every man doubt every woman ! and let every woman trick every man !

Let us all, without missing one, be exposed in public, naked, monthly, at the peril of our lives ! Let our bodies be freely handled and examined by whoever chooses !

Let nothing but copies, pictures, statues, reminiscences, elegant works, be permitted to exist upon the earth !

Let the earth desert God, nor let there ever henceforth be mentioned the name of God !

Let there be no God !

Let there be money, business, imports, exports, custom, authority, precedents, pallor, dyspepsia, smut, ignorance, unbelief !

Let judges and criminals be transposed ! Let the prison-keepers be put in prison ! Let those that were prisoners take the keys ! (Say ! why might they not just as well be transposed ?)

Let the slaves be masters ! Let the masters become slaves !

Let the reformers descend from the stands where they are forever bawling ! Let an idiot or insane person appear on each of the stands !

Let the Asiatic, the African, the European, the

- American, and the Australian, go armed against the murderous stealthiness of each other! Let them sleep armed! Let none believe in good-will!
- Let there be no unfashionable wisdom! Let such be scorned and derided off from the earth!
- Let a floating cloud in the sky — Let a wave of the sea — Let one glimpse of your eye-sight upon the landscape or grass — Let growing mint, spinach, onions, tomatoes — Let these be exhibited as shows at a great price for admission!
- Let all the men of These States stand aside for a few smouchers! Let the few seize on what they choose! Let the rest gawk, giggle, starve, obey!
- Let shadows be furnished with genitals! Let substances be deprived of their genitals!
- Let there be wealthy and immense cities — but through any of them, not a single poet, saviour, knower, lover!
- Let the infidels of These States laugh all faith away! If one man be found who has faith, let the rest set upon him! Let them affright faith! Let them destroy the power of breeding faith!
- Let the she-harlots and the he-harlots be prudent! Let them dance on, while seeming lasts! (O seeming! seeming! seeming!)
- Let the preachers recite creeds! Let them teach only what they have been taught!
- Let the preachers of creeds never dare to go meditate candidly upon the hills, alone, by day or by night! (If one ever once dare, he is lost!)
- Let insanity have charge of sanity!
- Let books take the place of trees, animals, rivers, clouds!
- Let the daubed portraits of heroes supersede heroes!
- Let the manhood of man never take steps after itself! Let it take steps after eunuchs, and after consumptive and genteel persons!
- Let the white person tread the black person under his heel! (Say! which is trodden under heel, after all?)
- Let the reflections of the things of the world be studied in mirrors! Let the things themselves continue unstudied!

Let a man seek pleasure everywhere except in himself! Let a woman seek happiness everywhere except in herself! (Say! what real happiness have you had one single time through your whole life?)

Let the limited years of life do nothing for the limitless years of death! (Say! what do you suppose death will do, then?)

6.

1. You just maturing youth! You male or female!
Remember the organic compact of These States,
Remember the pledge of the Old Thirteen thenceforward to the rights, life, liberty, equality of man,
Remember what was promulged by the founders,
ratified by The States, signed in black and white by the Commissioners, and read by Washington at the head of the army,
Remember the purposes of the founders, — Remember Washington;
Remember the copious humanity streaming from every direction toward America;
Remember the hospitality that belongs to nations and men; (Cursed be nation, woman, man, without hospitality!)
Remember, government is to subserve individuals,
Not any, not the President, is to have one jot more than you or me,
Not any habitan of America is to have one jot less than you or me.
2. Anticipate when the thirty or fifty millions, are to become the hundred, or two hundred millions, of equal freemen and freewomen, amicably joined.
3. Recall ages — One age is but a part — ages are but a part;
Recall the angers, bickerings, delusions, superstitions, of the idea of caste,
Recall the bloody cruelties and crimes.

4. Anticipate the best women ;
I say an unnumbered new race of hardy and well-defined women are to spread through all These States,
I say a girl fit for These States must be free, capable, dauntless, just the same as a boy.
5. Anticipate your own life — retract with merciless power,
Shirk nothing — retract in time — Do you see those errors, diseases, weaknesses, lies, thefts ?
Do you see that lost character ? — Do you see decay, consumption, rum-drinking, dropsy, fever, mortal cancer or inflammation ?
Do you see death, and the approach of death ?
6. Think of the Soul ;
I swear to you that body of yours gives proportions to your Soul somehow to live in other spheres,
I do not know how, but I know it is so.
7. Think of loving and being loved ;
I swear to you, whoever you are, you can interfuse yourself with such things that everybody that sees you shall look longingly upon you.
8. Think of the past ;
I warn you that in a little while, others will find their past in you and your times.
9. The race is never separated — nor man nor woman escapes,
All is inextricable — things, spirits, nature, nations, you too — from precedents you come.
10. Recall the ever-welcome defiers, (The mothers precede them ;)
Recall the sages, poets, saviours, inventors, law-givers, of the earth,
Recall Christ, brother of rejected persons — brother of slaves, felons, idiots, and of insane and diseased persons.

11. Think of the time when you was not yet born,
Think of times you stood at the side of the dying,
Think of the time when your own body will be
dying.
12. Think of spiritual results,
Sure as the earth swims through the heavens, does
every one of its objects pass into spiritual results.
13. Think of manhood, and you to be a man;
Do you count manhood, and the sweet of manhood,
nothing?
14. Think of womanhood, and you to be a woman;
The creation is womanhood,
Have I not said that womanhood involves all?
Have I not told how the universe has nothing better
than the best womanhood?

7.

1. WITH antecedents,
With my fathers and mothers, and the accumulations
of past ages,
With all which, had it not been, I would not now be
here, as I am,
With Egypt, India, Phenicia, Greece, and Rome,
With the Celt, the Scandinavian, the Alb, and the
Saxon,
With antique maritime ventures — with laws, arti-
sanship, wars, and journeys,
With the poet, the skald, the saga, the myth, and
the oracle,
With the sale of slaves — with enthusiasts — with
the troubadour, the crusader, and the monk,
With those old continents whence we have come to
this new continent,
With the fading kingdoms and kings over there,
With the fading religions and priests,
With the small shores we look back to, from our own
large and present shores,
With countless years drawing themselves onward,
and arrived at these years,

You and Me arrived — America arrived, and making
 this year,
 This year! sending itself ahead countless years to
 come.

2. O but it is not the years — it is I — it is You,
 We touch all laws, and tally all antecedents,
 We are the skald, the oracle, the monk, and the
 knight — we easily include them, and more,
 We stand amid time, beginningless and endless — we
 stand amid evil and good,
 All swings around us — there is as much darkness as
 light,
 The very sun swings itself and its system of planets
 around us,
 Its sun, and its again, all swing around us.
3. As for me,
 I have the idea of all, and am all, and believe in all;
 I believe materialism is true, and spiritualism is true
 — I reject no part.
4. Have I forgotten any part?
 Come to me, whoever and whatever, till I give you
 recognition.
5. I respect Assyria, China, Teutonia, and the Hebrews,
 I adopt each theory, myth, god, and demi-god,
 I see that the old accounts, bibles, genealogies, are
 true, without exception,
 I assert that all past days were what they should have
 been,
 And that they could no-how have been better than
 they were,
 And that to-day is what it should be — and that
 America is,
 And that to-day and America could no-how be better
 than they are.
6. In the name of These States, and in your and my
 name, the Past,
 And in the name of These States, and in your and
 my name, the Present time.

7. I know that the past was great, and the future will
be great,
And I know that both curiously conjoint in the pres-
ent time,
(For the sake of him I typify — for the common
average man's sake — your sake, if you are he;) .
And that where I am, or you are, this present day,
there is the centre of all days, all races,
And there is the meaning, to us, of all that has ever
come of races and days, or ever will come.

8.

1. SPLENDOR of falling day, floating and filling me,
Hour prophetic — hour resuming the past,
Inflating my throat — you, divine average!
You, Earth and Life, till the last ray gleams, I sing.
2. Open mouth of my Soul, uttering gladness,
Eyes of my Soul, seeing perfection,
Natural life of me, faithfully praising things,
Corroborating forever the triumph of things.
3. Illustrious every one!
Illustrious what we name space — sphere of unnum-
bered spirits,
Illustrious the mystery of motion, in all beings, even
the tiniest insect,
Illustrious the attribute of speech — the senses — the
body,
Illustrious the passing light! Illustrious the pale
reflection on the moon in the western sky!
Illustrious whatever I see, or hear, or touch, to the
last.
4. Good in all,
In the satisfaction and aplomb of animals,
In the annual return of the seasons,
In the hilarity of youth,
In the strength and flush of manhood,
In the grandeur and exquisiteness of old age,
In the superb vistas of Death.

5. Wonderful to depart!
Wonderful to be here!
The heart, to jet the all-alike and innocent blood,
To breathe the air, how delicious!
To speak! to walk! to seize something by the hand!
To prepare for sleep, for bed — to look on my rose-colored flesh,
To be conscious of my body, go amorous, so large,
To be this incredible God I am,
To have gone forth among other Gods — those men
and women I love.
6. Wonderful how I celebrate you and myself!
How my thoughts play subtly at the spectacles
around!
How the clouds pass silently overhead!
How the earth darts on and on! and how the sun,
moon, stars, dart on and on!
How the water sports and sings! (Surely it is
alive!)
How the trees rise and stand up — with strong trunks
— with branches and leaves!
(Surely there is something more in each of the trees
— some living Soul.)
7. O amazement of things! even the least particle!
O spirituality of things!
O strain musical, flowing through ages and continents
— now reaching me and America!
I take your strong chords — I intersperse them, and
cheerfully pass them forward.
8. I too carol the sun, ushered, or at noon, or setting,
I too throb to the brain and beauty of the earth, and
of all the growths of the earth,
I too have felt the resistless call of myself.
9. As I sailed down the Mississippi,
As I wandered over the prairies,
As I have lived — As I have looked through my
windows, my eyes,
As I went forth in the morning — As I beheld the
light breaking in the east,

As I bathed on the beach of the Eastern Sea, and
again on the beach on the Western Sea,
As I roamed the streets of inland Chicago — whatever
streets I have roamed,
Wherever I have been, I have charged myself with
contentment and triumph.

10. I sing the Equalities,
I sing the endless finales of things,
I say Nature continues — Glory continues,
I praise with electric voice,
For I do not see one imperfection in the universe,
And I do not see one cause or result lamentable at
last in the universe.
11. O setting sun! O when the time comes,
I still warble under you, if none else does, unmiti-
gated adoration!

9.

A THOUGHT of what I am here for,
Of these years I sing — how they pass through con-
vulsed pains, as through parturitions;
How America illustrates birth, gigantic youth, the
promise, the sure fulfilment, despite of people
— Illustrates evil as well as good;
Of how many hold despairingly yet to the models
departed, caste, myths, obedience, compulsion,
and to infidelity;
How few see the arrived models, the Athletes, The
States — or see freedom or spirituality — or hold
any faith in results,
(But I see the Athletes — and I see the results
glorious and inevitable — and they again leading
to other results;)
How the great cities appear — How the Democratic
masses, turbulent, wilful, as I love them,
How the whirl, the contest, the wrestle of evil with
good, the sounding and resounding, keep on
and on;
How society waits unformed, and is between things
ended and things begun;

How America is the continent of glories, and of the
 triumph of freedom, and of the Democracies, and
 of the fruits of society, and of all that is begun;
 And how The States are complete in themselves —
 And how all triumphs and glories are complete
 in themselves, to lead onward,
 And how these of mine, and of The States, will in
 their turn be convulsed, and serve other par-
 turitions and transitions,
 And how all people, sights, combinations, the Demo-
 cratic masses too, serve — and how every fact
 serves,
 And how now, or at any time, each serves the
 exquisite transition of Death.

10.

HISTORIAN ! you who celebrate bygoness !
 You have explored the outward, the surface of the
 races — the life that has exhibited itself,
 You have treated man as the creature of politics,
 aggregates, rulers, and priests ;
 But now I also, arriving, contribute something :
 I, an habitué of the Alleghanies, treat man as he is in
 the influences of Nature, in himself, in his own
 inalienable rights,
 Advancing, to give the spirit and the traits of new
 Democratic ages, myself, personally,
 (Let the future behold them all in me — Me, so
 puzzling and contradictory — Me, a Manhattan-
 ese, the most loving and arrogant of men ;)
 I do not tell the usual facts, proved by records and
 documents,
 What I tell, (talking to every born American,) re-
 quires no further proof than he or she who will
 hear me, will furnish, by silently meditating alone ;
 I press the pulse of the life that has hitherto seldom
 exhibited itself, but has generally sought con-
 cealment, (the great pride of man, in himself,)
 I illuminate feelings, faults, yearnings, hopes — I
 have come at last, no more ashamed nor afraid ;
 Chanter of Personality, outlining a history yet to be,
 I project the ideal man, the American of the future.

11.

THE thought of fruitage,
Of Death, (the life greater) — of seeds dropping into
the ground — of birth,
Of the steady concentration of America, inland,
upward, to impregnable and swarming places,
Of what Indiana, Kentucky, Ohio and the rest, are
to be,
Of what a few years will show there in Missouri,
Kansas, Iowa, Wisconsin, Minnesota, and the
rest,
Of what the feuillage of America is the preparation
for — and of what all the sights, North, South,
East, and West, are;
Of the temporary use of materials for identity's
sake,
Of departing — of the growth of a mightier race than
any yet,
Of myself, soon, perhaps, closing up my songs by
these shores,
Of California — of Oregon — and of me journeying
hence to live and sing there;
Of the Western Sea — of the spread inland between
it and the spinal river,
Of the great pastoral area, athletic and feminine,
Of all sloping down there where the fresh free-giver,
the mother, the Mississippi flows — and West-
ward still;
Of future men and women there — of happiness in
those high plateaus, ranging three thousand
miles, warm and cold,
Of cities yet unsurveyed and unsuspected, (as I am
also, and as it must be,)
Of the new and good names — of the strong develop-
ments — of the inalienable homesteads,
Of a free original life there — of simple diet, and
clean and sweet blood,
Of liveness, majestic faces, clear eyes, and perfect
physique there,
Of immense spiritual results, future years, inland,
spread there each side of the Anahuacs,

Of these Leaves well-understood there, (being made
for that area,)
Of the native scorn of grossness and gain there,
(O it lurks in me night and day — What is gain after
all, to savageness and freedom?)

12.

1. To oratists — to male or female,
Vocalism, breath, measure, concentration, determination,
and the divine power to use words.
2. Are you eligible?
Are you full-lung'd and limber-lipp'd from long trial?
from vigorous practice? from physique?
Do you move in these broad lands as broad as they?
Remembering inland America, the high plateaus,
stretching long?
Remembering Kanada — Remembering what edges
the vast round edge of the Mexican Sea?
Come duly to the divine power to use words?
3. For only at last, after many years — after chastity,
friendship, procreation, prudence, and nakedness,
After treading ground and breasting river and lake,
After a loosened throat — after absorbing eras, temperaments,
races — after knowledge, freedom, crimes,
After complete faith — after clarifyings, elevations,
and removing obstructions,
After these, and more, it is just possible there comes
to a man, a woman, the divine power to use words.
4. Then toward that man or that woman swiftly hasten
all — None refuse, all attend,
Armies, ships, antiquities, the dead, libraries, paintings,
machines, cities, hate, despair, amity, pain,
theft, murder, aspiration, form in close ranks,
They debouch as they are wanted to march obediently
through the mouth of that man, or that woman.

5. O now I see arise orators fit for inland America,
And I see it is as slow to become an orator as to
become a man,
And I see that power is folded in a great vocalism.
6. Of a great vocalism, when you hear it, the merciless
light shall pour, and the storm rage around,
Every flash shall be a revelation, an insult,
The glaring flame turned on depths, on heights, on
suns, on stars,
On the interior and exterior of man or woman,
On the laws of Nature — on passive materials,
On what you called death — and what to you there-
fore was death,
As far as there can be death.

13.

1. LAWS for Creations,
For strong artists and leaders — for fresh broods of
teachers, and perfect literats for America,
For diverse savans, and coming musicians.
2. There shall be no subject but it shall be treated with
reference to the ensemble of the world, and the
compact truth of the world — And no coward or
copyist shall be allowed;
There shall be no subject too pronounced — All works
shall illustrate the divine law of indirections;
There they stand — I see them already, each poised
and in its place,
Statements, models, censuses, poems, dictionaries,
biographies, essays, theories — How complete!
How relative and interfused! No one super-
sedes another;
They do not seem to me like the old specimens,
They seem to me like Nature at last, (America has
given birth to them, and I have also;)
They seem to me at last as perfect as the animals,
and as the rocks and weeds — fitted to them,
Fitted to the sky, to float with floating clouds — to
rustle among the trees with rustling leaves,

To stretch with stretched and level waters, where
ships silently sail in the distance.

3. What do you suppose Creation is?
What do you suppose will satisfy the Soul, except to
walk free and own no superior?
What do you suppose I have intimated to you in a
hundred ways, but that man or woman is as good
as God?
And that there is no God any more divine than
Yourself?
And that that is what the oldest and newest myths
finally mean?
And that you or any one must approach Creations
through such laws?

14.

1. POETS to come!
Not to-day is to justify me, and Democracy, and
what we are for,
But you, a new brood, native, athletic, continental,
greater than before known,
You must justify me.
2. Indeed, if it were not for you, what would I be?
What is the little I have done, except to arouse you?
3. I depend on being realized, long hence, where the
broad fat prairies spread, and thence to Oregon
and California inclusive,
I expect that the Texan and the Arizonian, ages
hence, will understand me,
I expect that the future Carolinian and Georgian
will understand me and love me,
I expect that Kanadians, a hundred, and perhaps
many hundred years from now, in winter, in the
splendor of the snow and woods, or on the icy
lakes, will take me with them, and permanently
enjoy themselves with me.
4. Of to-day I know I am momentary, untouched — I
am the bard of the future,
I but write one or two indicative words for the future,

I but advance a moment, only to wheel and hurry
back in the darkness.

5. I am a man who, sauntering along, without fully
stopping, turns a casual look upon you, and
then averts his face,
Leaving it to you to prove and define it,
Expecting the main things from you.

15.

Who has gone farthest? For I swear I will go
farther;
And who has been just? For I would be the most
just person of the earth;
And who most cautious? For I would be more
cautious;
And who has been happiest? O I think it is I! I
think no one was ever happier than I;
And who has lavished all? For I lavish constantly
the best I have;
And who has been firmest? For I would be
firmer;
And who proudest? For I think I have reason to
be the proudest son alive — for I am the son of
the brawny and tall-topt city;
And who has been bold and true? For I would be
the boldest and truest being of the universe;
And who benevolent? For I would show more be-
nevolence than all the rest;
And who has projected beautiful words through the
longest time? By God! I will outvie him! I
will say such words, they shall stretch through
longer time!
And who has received the love of the most friends?
For I know what it is to receive the passionate
love of many friends;
And to whom has been given the sweetest from
women, and paid them in kind? For I will
take the like sweets and pay them in kind;
And who possesses a perfect and enamoured body?
For I do not believe any one possesses a more
perfect or enamoured body than mine;

And who thinks the amplest thoughts ? For I will
 surround those thoughts ;
 And who has made hymns fit for the earth ? For I
 am mad with devouring extacy to make joyous
 hymns for the whole earth !

16.

THEY shall arise in the States — mediums shall,
 They shall report Nature, laws, physiology, and
 happiness,
 They shall illustrate Democracy and the kosmos,
 They shall be alimentive, amative, perceptive,
 They shall be complete women and men — their pose
 brawny and supple, their drink water, their blood
 clean and clear,
 They shall enjoy materialism and the sight of prod-
 ucts — they shall enjoy the sight of the beef,
 lumber, bread-stuffs, of Chicago, the great city,
 They shall train themselves to go in public to become
 oratists, (orators and oratresses,)
 Strong and sweet shall their tongues be — poems and
 materials of poems shall come from their lives —
 they shall be makers and finders,
 Of them, and of their works, shall emerge divine
 conveyers, to convey gospels,
 Characters, events, retrospections, shall be conveyed
 in gospels — Trees, animals, waters, shall be
 conveyed,
 Death, the future, the invisible faith, shall all be
 conveyed.

17.

1. Now we start hence, I with the rest, on our journeys
 through The States,
 We willing learners of all, teachers of all, and lovers
 of all.
2. I have watched the seasons dispensing themselves,
 and passing on,
 And I have said, Why should not a man or woman
 do as much as the seasons, and effuse as much ?

3. We dwell a while in every city and town,
 We pass through Kanada, the north-east, the vast
 valley of the Mississippi, and the Southern
 States,
 We confer on equal terms with each of The States,
 We make trial of ourselves, and invite men and
 women to hear,
 We say to ourselves, Remember, fear not, be candid,
 promulge the body and the Soul,
 Promulge real things — Never forget the equality of
 humankind, and never forget immortality;
 Dwell a while, and pass on — Be copious, temperate,
 chaste, magnetic,
 And what you effuse may then return as the seasons
 return,
 And may be just as much as the seasons.

18.

Me imperturbe,
 Me standing at ease in Nature,
 Master of all, or mistress of all — aplomb in the
 midst of irrational things,
 Imbued as they — passive, receptive, silent as they,
 Finding my occupation, poverty, notoriety, foibles,
 crimes, less important than I thought;
 Me private, or public, or menial, or solitary — all
 these subordinate, (I am eternally equal with
 the best — I am not subordinate;)
 Me toward the Mexican Sea, or in the Mannahatta,
 or the Tennessee, or far north, or inland,
 A river-man, or a man of the woods, or of any farm-
 life of These States, or of the coast, or the lakes,
 or Kanada,
 Me, wherever my life is to be lived, O to be self-bal-
 anced for contingencies!
 O to confront night, storms, hunger, ridicule, acci-
 dents, rebuffs, as the trees and animals do.

19.

I WAS looking a long while for the history of the
 past for myself, and for these Chants — and now
 I have found it,

It is not in those paged fables in the libraries, (them
 I neither accept nor reject,)
 It is no more in the legends than in all else,
 It is in the present — it is this earth to-day,
 It is in Democracy — in this America — the old world
 also,
 It is the life of one man or one woman to-day, the
 average man of to-day;
 It is languages, social customs, literatures, arts,
 It is the broad show of artificial things, ships, ma-
 chinery, politics, creeds, modern improvements,
 and the interchanges of nations,
 All for the average man of to-day.

20.

1. **AMERICAN** mouth-songs!
 Those of mechanics — each one singing his, as it
 should be, blithe and strong,
 The carpenter singing his, as he measures his plank
 or beam,
 The mason singing his, as he makes ready for work,
 or leaves off work,
 The boatman singing what belongs to him in his
 boat — the deck-hand singing on the steamboat
 deck,
 The shoemaker singing as he sits on his bench — the
 hatter singing as he stands,
 The wood-cutter's song — the ploughboy's, on his
 way in the morning, or at the noon intermission,
 or at sundown;
 The delicious singing of the mother — or of the
 young wife at work — or of the girl sewing or
 washing — Each singing what belongs to her,
 and to none else,
 The day what belongs to the day — At night, the
 party of young fellows, robust, friendly, clean-
 blooded, singing with melodious voices, melo-
 dious thoughts.
2. Come! some of you! still be flooding The States
 with hundreds and thousands of mouth-songs,
 fit for The States only.

21.

1. As I walk, solitary, unattended,
Around me I hear that *éclat* of the world — politics,
produce,
The announcements of recognized things — science,
The approved growth of cities, and the spread of
inventions.
2. I see the ships (they will last a few years,)
The vast factories with their foremen and workmen,
And hear the indorsement of all, and do not object
to it.
3. But we too announce solid things,
Science, ships, politics, cities, factories, are not noth-
ing — they serve,
They stand for realities — all is as it should be.
4. Then my realities,
What else is so real as mine ?
Libertad, and the divine average — Freedom to every
slave on the face of the earth,
The rapt promises and lumine of seers — the spiritual
world — these centuries-lasting songs,
And our visions, the visions of poets, the most solid
announcements of any.
5. For we support all,
After the rest is done and gone, we remain,
There is no final reliance but upon us,
Democracy rests finally upon us, (I, my brethren,
begin it,)
And our visions sweep through eternity.

LEAVES OF GRASS.

1.

1. **ELEMENTAL** drifts !

O I wish I could impress others as you and the waves have just been impressing me.

2. As I ebbd with an ebb of the ocean of life,
As I wended the shores I know,
As I walked where the sea-ripples wash you, Pau-
manok,
Where they rustle up, hoarse and sibilant,
Where the fierce old mother endlessly cries for her
castaways,
I, musing, late in the autumn day, gazing off south-
ward,
Alone, held by the eternal self of me that threatens
to get the better of me, and stifle me,
Was seized by the spirit that trails in the lines
underfoot,
In the rim, the sediment, that stands for all the
water and all the land of the globe.

3. Fascinated, my eyes, reverting from the south,
dropped, to follow those slender winrows,
Chaff, straw, splinters of wood, weeds, and the sea-
gluten,
Scum, scales from shining rocks, leaves of salt-
lettuce, left by the tide;
Miles walking, the sound of breaking waves the other
side of me,
Paumanok, there and then, as I thought the old
thought of likenesses,
These you presented to me, you fish-shaped island,
As I wended the shores I know,
As I walked with that eternal self of me, seeking
types.

4. As I wend the shores I know not,
As I listen to the dirge, the voices of men and women
wrecked,
As I inhale the impalpable breezes that set in upon
me,
As the ocean so mysterious rolls toward me closer
and closer,
At once I find, the least thing that belongs to me, or
that I see or touch, I know not;
I, too, but signify, at the utmost, a little washed-up
drift,
A few sands and dead leaves to gather,
Gather, and merge myself as part of the sands and
drift.
5. O baffled, balked,
Bent to the very earth, here preceding what follows,
Oppressed with myself that I have dared to open
my mouth,
Aware now, that, amid all the blab whose echoes
recoil upon me, I have not once had the least
idea who or what I am,
But that before all my insolent poems the real ME
still stands untouched, untold, altogether un-
reached,
Withdrawn far, mocking me with mock-congratu-
latory signs and bows,
With peals of distant ironical laughter at every word
I have written or shall write,
Striking me with insults till I fall helpless upon the
sand.
6. O I perceive I have not understood anything — not a
single object — and that no man ever can.
7. I perceive Nature here, in sight of the sea, is taking
advantage of me, to dart upon me, and sting
me,
Because I was assuming so much,
And because I have dared to open my mouth to sing
at all.

8. You oceans both! You tangible land! Nature!
Be not too rough with me — I submit — I close with
 you,
These little shreds shall, indeed, stand for all.
9. You friable shore, with trails of débris!
You fish-shaped island! I take what is underfoot;
What is yours is mine, my father.
10. I too Paumanok,
I too have bubbled up, floated the measureless float,
 and been washed on your shores;
I too am but a trail of drift and débris,
I too leave little wrecks upon you, you fish-shaped
 island.
11. I throw myself upon your breast, my father,
I cling to you so that you cannot unloose me,
I hold you so firm, till you answer me something.
12. Kiss me, my father,
Touch me with your lips, as I touch those I love,
Breathe to me, while I hold you close, the secret of
 the wondrous murmuring I envy,
For I fear I shall become crazed, if I cannot emulate
 it, and utter myself as well as it.
13. Sea-raff! Crook-tongued waves!
O, I will yet sing, some day, what you have said
 to me.
14. Ebb, ocean of life, (the flow will return,)
Cease not your moaning, you fierce old mother,
Endlessly cry for your castaways — but fear not,
 deny not me,
Rustle not up so hoarse and angry against my feet,
 as I touch you, or gather from you.
15. I mean tenderly by you,
I gather for myself, and for this phantom, looking
 down where we lead, and following me and
 mine.

16. Me and mine !

We, loose winrows, little corpses,
 Froth, snowy white, and bubbles,
 (See! from my dead lips the ooze exuding at last!
 See—the prismatic colors, glistening and rolling!)
 Tufts of straw, sands, fragments,
 Buoyed hither from many moods, one contradicting
 another,
 From the storm, the long calm, the darkness, the
 swell,
 Musing, pondering, a breath, a briny tear, a dab of
 liquid or soil,
 Up just as much out of fathomless workings fer-
 mented and thrown,
 A limp blossom or two, torn, just as much over waves
 floating, drifted at random,
 Just as much for us that sobbing dirge of Nature,
 Just as much, whence we come, that blare of the
 cloud-trumpets;
 We, capricious, brought hither, we know not whence,
 spread out before You, up there, walking or
 sitting,
 Whoever you are — we too lie in drifts at your feet.

2.

1. GREAT are the myths — I too delight in them,
 Great are Adam and Eve — I too look back and
 accept them,
 Great the risen and fallen nations, and their poets,
 women, sages, inventors, rulers, warriors, and
 priests.
2. Great is Liberty! great is Equality! I am their fol-
 lower,
 Helmsmen of nations, choose your craft! where you
 sail, I sail,
 Yours is the muscle of life or death — yours is the
 perfect science — in you I have absolute faith.
3. Great is To-day, and beautiful,
 It is good to live in this age — there never was any
 better.

4. Great are the plunges, throes, triumphs, downfalls of
Democracy,
Great the reformers, with their lapses and screams,
Great the daring and venture of sailors, on new ex-
plorations.
5. Great are Yourself and Myself,
We are just as good and bad as the oldest and young-
est or any,
What the best and worst did, we could do,
What they felt, do not we feel it in ourselves?
What they wished, do we not wish the same?
6. Great is Youth — equally great is Old Age — great
are the Day and Night,
Great is Wealth — great is Poverty — great is Ex-
pression — great is Silence.
7. Youth, large, lusty, loving — Youth, full of grace,
force, fascination,
Do you know that Old Age may come after you, with
equal grace, force, fascination?
8. Day, full-blown and splendid — Day of the immense
sun, action, ambition, laughter,
The Night follows close, with millions of suns, and
sleep, and restoring darkness.
9. Wealth, with the flush hand, fine clothes, hospitality,
But then the Soul's wealth, which is candor, knowl-
edge, pride, enfolding love;
(Who goes for men and women showing Poverty
richer than wealth?)
10. Expression of speech! in what is written or said, for-
get not that Silence is also expressive,
That anguish as hot as the hottest, and contempt as
cold as the coldest, may be without words,
That the true adoration is likewise without words,
and without kneeling.
11. Great is the greatest Nation — the nation of clusters
of equal nations.

12. Great is the Earth, and the way it became what it is ;
Do you imagine it is stopped at this ? the increase
abandoned ?
Understand then that it goes as far onward from
this, as this is from the times when it lay in
covering waters and gases, before man had ap-
peared.
13. Great is the quality of Truth in man,
The quality of truth in man supports itself through
all changes,
It is inevitably in the man—he and it are in love,
and never leave each other.
14. The truth in man is no dictum, it is vital as eye-
sight,
If there be any Soul, there is truth—if there be man
or woman, there is truth—if there be physical
or moral, there is truth,
If there be equilibrium or volition, there is truth—
if there be things at all upon the earth, there
is truth.
15. O truth of the earth ! O truth of things ! I am de-
termined to press my way toward you,
Sound your voice ! I scale mountains, or dive in the
sea after you.
16. Great is Language—it is the mightiest of the sci-
ences,
It is the fulness, color, form, diversity of the earth,
and of men and women, and of all qualities
and processes,
It is greater than wealth—it is greater than build-
ings, ships, religions, paintings, music.
17. Great is the English speech—what speech is so
great as the English ?
Great is the English brood—what brood has so vast
a destiny as the English ?
It is the mother of the brood that must rule the earth
with the new rule,
The new rule shall rule as the Soul rules, and as the
love, justice, equality in the Soul, rule.

18. Great is Law — great are the old few landmarks of
the law,
They are the same in all times, and shall not be
disturbed.
19. Great are commerce, newspapers, books, free-trade,
railroads, steamers, international mails, tele-
graphs, exchanges.
20. Great is Justice!
Justice is not settled by legislators and laws — it is in
the Soul,
It cannot be varied by statutes, any more than love,
pride, the attraction of gravity, can,
It is immutable — it does not depend on majorities —
majorities or what not come at last before the
same passionless and exact tribunal.
21. For justice are the grand natural lawyers and perfect
judges — it is in their Souls,
It is well assorted — they have not studied for noth-
ing — the great includes the less,
They rule on the highest grounds — they oversee all
eras, states, administrations.
22. The perfect judge fears nothing — he could go front
to front before God,
Before the perfect judge all shall stand back — life
and death shall stand back — heaven and hell
shall stand back.
23. Great is Goodness!
I do not know what it is, any more than I know what
health is — but I know it is great.
24. Great is Wickedness — I find I often admire it, just as
much as I admire goodness,
Do you call that a paradox? It certainly is a paradox.
25. The eternal equilibrium of things is great, and the
eternal overthrow of things is great,
And there is another paradox.

26. Great is Life, real and mystical, wherever and whoever,
 Great is Death — sure as Life holds all parts together,
 Death holds all parts together,
 Death has just as much purport as Life has,
 Do you enjoy what Life confers? you shall enjoy
 what Death confers,
 I do not understand the realities of Death, but I know
 they are great,
 I do not understand the least reality of Life — how
 then can I understand the realities of Death?

3.

1. A YOUNG man came to me with a message from his
 brother,
 How should the young man know the whether and
 when of his brother?
 Tell him to send me the signs.
2. And I stood before the young man face to face, and
 took his right hand in my left hand, and his left
 hand in my right hand,
 And I answered for his brother, and for men, and I
 answered for THE POET, and sent these signs.
3. Him all wait for — him all yield up to — his word is
 decisive and final,
 Him they accept, in him lave, in him perceive them-
 selves, as amid light,
 Him they immerse, and he immerses them.
4. Beautiful women, the haughtiest nations, laws, the
 landscape, people, animals,
 The profound earth and its attributes, and the unquiet
 ocean,
 All enjoyments and properties, and money, and what-
 ever money will buy,
 The best farms — others toiling and planting, and he
 unavoidably reaps,
 The noblest and costliest cities — others grading and
 building, and he domiciles there,
 Nothing for any one, but what is for him — near and
 far are for him,

The ships in the offing — the perpetual shows and marches on land, are for him, if they are for anybody.

5. He puts things in their attitudes,
He puts to-day out of himself, with plasticity and love,
He places his own city, times, reminiscences, parents, brothers and sisters, associations, employment, politics, so that the rest never shame them afterward, nor assume to command them.
6. He is the answerer,
What can be answered he answers — and what cannot be answered, he shows how it cannot be answered.
7. A man is a summons and challenge;
(It is vain to skulk — Do you hear that mocking and laughter? Do you hear the ironical echoes?)
8. Books, friendships, philosophers, priests, action, pleasure, pride, beat up and down, seeking to give satisfaction,
He indicates the satisfaction, and indicates them that beat up and down also.
9. Whichever the sex, whatever the season or place, he may go freshly and gently and safely, by day or by night,
He has the pass-key of hearts — to him the response of the prying of hands on the knobs.
10. His welcome is universal — the flow of beauty is not more welcome or universal than he is,
The person he favors by day or sleeps with at night is blessed.
11. Every existence has its idiom — everything has an idiom and tongue,
He resolves all tongues into his own, and bestows it upon men, and any man translates, and any man translates himself also,
One part does not counteract another part — he is the joiner — he sees how they join.

12. He says indifferently and alike, *How are you, friend?*
to the President at his levee,
And he says, *Good-day, my brother!* to Cudge that
hoes in the sugar-field,
And both understand him, and know that his speech
is right.
13. He walks with perfect ease in the capitol,
He walks among the Congress, and one representa-
tive says to another, *Here is our equal, appearing
and new.*
14. Then the mechanics take him for a mechanic,
And the soldiers suppose him to be a captain, and
the sailors that he has followed the sea,
And the authors take him for an author, and the
artists for an artist,
And the laborers perceive he could labor with them
and love them,
No matter what the work is, that he is the one to
follow it, or has followed it,
No matter what the nation, that he might find his
brothers and sisters there.
15. The English believe he comes of their English stock,
A Jew to the Jew he seems — a Russ to the Russ —
usual and near, removed from none.
16. Whoever he looks at in the traveller's coffee-house
claims him,
The Italian or Frenchman is sure, and the German
is sure, and the Spaniard is sure, and the island
Cuban is sure;
The engineer, the deck-hand on the great lakes, or on
the Mississippi, or St. Lawrence, or Sacramento,
or Hudson, or Paumanok Sound, claims him.
17. The gentleman of perfect blood acknowledges his
perfect blood,
The insulter, the prostitute, the angry person, the
beggar, see themselves in the ways of him — he
strangely transmutes them,
They are not vile any more — they hardly know
themselves, they are so grown.

18. Do you think it would be good to be the writer of melodious verses?
 Well, it would be good to be the writer of melodious verses;
 But what are verses beyond the flowing character you could have? or beyond beautiful manners and behavior?
 Or beyond one manly or affectionate deed of an apprentice-boy? or old woman? or man that has been in prison, or is likely to be in prison?

4.

1. SOMETHING startles me where I thought I was safest,
 I withdraw from the still woods I loved,
 I will not go now on the pastures to walk,
 I will not strip the clothes from my body to meet my lover the sea,
 I will not touch my flesh to the earth, as to other flesh, to renew me.
2. O Earth!
 O how can the ground of you not sicken?
 How can you be alive, you growths of spring?
 How can you furnish health, you blood of herbs, roots, orchards, grain?
 Are they not continually putting distempered corpses in you?
 Is not every continent worked over and over with sour dead?
3. Where have you disposed of those carcasses of the drunkards and gluttons of so many generations?
 Where have you drawn off all the foul liquid and meat?
 I do not see any of it upon you to-day — or perhaps I am deceived,
 I will run a furrow with my plough — I will press my spade through the sod, and turn it up underneath,
 I am sure I shall expose some of the foul meat.

4 Behold !

This is the compost of billions of premature corpses,
Perhaps every mite has once formed part of a sick
person — Yet behold !

The grass covers the prairies,

The bean bursts noiselessly through the mould in
the garden,

The delicate spear of the onion pierces upward,

The apple-buds cluster together on the apple-
branches,

The resurrection of the wheat appears with pale
visage out of its graves,

The tinge awakes over the willow-tree and the mul-
berry-tree,

The he-birds carol mornings and evenings, while the
she-birds sit on their nests,

The young of poultry break through the hatched eggs,

The new-born of animals appear — the calf is dropt
from the cow, the colt from the mare,

Out of its little hill faithfully rise the potato's dark
green leaves,

Out of its hill rises the yellow maize-stalk ;

The summer growth is innocent and disdainful above
all those strata of sour dead.

5. What chemistry !

That the winds are really not infectious,

That this is no cheat, this transparent green-wash of
the sea, which is so anorous after me,

That it is safe to allow it to lick my naked body all
over with its tongues,

That it will not endanger me with the fevers that
have deposited themselves in it,

That all is clean, forever and forever,

That the cool drink from the well tastes so good,

That blackberries are so flavorful and juicy,

That the fruits of the apple-orchard, and of the
orange-orchard — that melons, grapes, peaches,
plums, will none of them poison me,

That when I recline on the grass I do not catch any
disease,

Though probably every spear of grass rises out of
what was once a catching disease.

6. Now I am terrified at the Earth! it is that calm and patient,
It grows such sweet things out of such corruptions,
It turns harmless and stainless on its axis, with such
 endless successions of diseased corpses,
It distils such exquisite winds out of such infused
 feter,
It renews, with such unwitting looks, its prodigal,
 annual, sumptuous crops,
It gives such divine materials to men, and accepts
 such leavings from them at last.

5.

1. ALL day I have walked the city, and talked with my
 friends, and thought of prudence,
Of time, space, reality — of such as these, and abreast
 with them, prudence.
2. After all, the last explanation remains to be made
 about prudence,
Little and large alike drop quietly aside from the
 prudence that suits immortality.
3. The soul is of itself,
All verges to it — all has reference to what ensues,
All that a person does, says, thinks, is of consequence,
Not a move can a man or woman make, that affects
 him or her in a day, month, any part of the
 direct life-time, or the hour of death, but the
 same affects him or her onward afterward
 through the indirect life-time.
4. The indirect is more than the direct,
The spirit receives from the body just as much as it
 gives to the body, if not more.
5. Not one word or deed — not venereal sore, discoloration,
 privacy of the onanist, putridity of gluttons
 or rum-drinkers, peculation, cunning, betrayal,
 murder, seduction, prostitution, but has results
 beyond death, as really as before death.

6. Charity and personal force are the only investments worth anything.
7. No specification is necessary — all that a male or female does, that is vigorous, benevolent, clean, is so much profit to him or her, in the unshakable order of the universe, and through the whole scope of it forever.
8. Who has been wise, receives interest,
Savage, felon, President, judge, farmer, sailor, mechanic, young, old, it is the same,
The interest will come round — all will come round.
9. Singly, wholly, to affect now, affected their time, will forever affect, all of the past, and all of the present, and all of the future,
All the brave actions of war and peace,
All help given to relatives, strangers, the poor, old, sorrowful, young children, widows, the sick, and to shunned persons,
All furtherance of fugitives, and of the escape of slaves,
All self-denial that stood steady and aloof on wrecks, and saw others fill the seats of the boats,
All offering of substance or life for the good old cause, or for a friend's sake, or opinion's sake,
All pains of enthusiasts, scoffed at by their neighbors,
All the limitless sweet love and precious suffering of mothers,
All honest men baffled in strifes recorded or unrecorded,
All the grandeur and good of ancient nations whose fragments we inherit,
All the good of the hundreds of ancient nations unknown to us by name, date, location,
All that was ever manfully begun, whether it succeeded or no,
All suggestions of the divine mind of man, or the divinity of his mouth, or the shaping of his great hands;
All that is well thought or said this day on any part

- of the globe — or on any of the wandering stars,
 or on any of the fixed stars, by those there as
 we are here,
 All that is henceforth to be thought or done by you,
 whoever you are, or by any one,
 These inure, have inured, shall inure, to the identi-
 ties from which they sprang, or shall spring.
10. Did you guess anything lived only its moment ?
 The world does not so exist — no parts palpable or
 impalpable so exist,
 No consummation exists without being from some
 long previous consummation — and that from
 some other,
 Without the farthest conceivable one coming a bit
 nearer the beginning than any.
11. Whatever satisfies Souls is true,
 Prudence entirely satisfies the craving and glut of
 Souls,
 Itself finally satisfies the Soul,
 The Soul has that measureless pride which revolts
 from every lesson but its own.
12. Now I give you an inkling,
 Now I breathe the word of the prudence that walks
 abreast with time, space, reality,
 That answers the pride which refuses every lesson
 but its own.
13. What is prudence, is indivisible,
 Declines to separate one part of life from every part,
 Divides not the righteous from the unrighteous, or
 the living from the dead,
 Matches every thought or act by its correlative,
 Knows no possible forgiveness or deputed atonement,
 Knows that the young man who composedly perilled
 his life and lost it, has done exceeding well for
 himself, without doubt,
 That he who never perilled his life, but retains it to
 old age in riches and ease, has probably achieved
 nothing for himself worth mentioning;
 Knows that only the person has really learned, who
 has learned to prefer results,

Who favors body and Soul the same,
 Who perceives the indirect assuredly following the
 direct,
 Who in his spirit in any emergency whatever neither
 hurries or avoids death.

6.

1. PERFECT sanity shows the master among philosophers,
 Time, always without flaw, indicates itself in parts,
 What always indicates the poet, is the crowd of the
 pleasant company of singers, and their words,
 The words of the singers are the hours or minutes of
 the light or dark — but the words of the maker
 of poems are the general light and dark,
 The maker of poems settles justice, reality, immor-
 tality,
 His insight and power encircle things and the human
 race,
 He is the glory and extract, thus far, of things, and
 of the human race.

2. The singers do not beget — only THE POET begets,
 The singers are welcomed, understood, appear often
 enough — but rare has the day been, likewise the
 spot, of the birth of the maker of poems,
 Not every century, or every five centuries, has con-
 tained such a day, for all its names.

The singers of successive hours of centuries may have
 ostensible names, but the name of each of them
 is one of the singers,

The name of each is, a heart-singer, eye-singer, hymn-
 singer, law-singer, ear-singer, head-singer, sweet-
 singer, wise-singer, droll-singer, thrift-singer, sea-
 singer, wit-singer, echo-singer, parlor-singer, love-
 singer, passion-singer, mystic-singer, fable-singer,
 item-singer, weeping-singer, or something else.

4. All this time, and at all times, wait the words of
 poems;
 The greatness of sons is the exuding of the greatness
 of mothers and fathers,

The words of poems are the tuft and final applause of science.

5. Divine instinct, breadth of vision, the law of reason, health, rudeness of body, withdrawnness, gayety, sun-tan, air-sweetness — such are some of the words of poems.
6. The sailor and traveller underlie the maker of poems, The builder, geometer, mathematician, astronomer, melodist, chemist, anatomist, spiritualist, language-searcher, geologist, phrenologist, artist — all these underlie the maker of poems.
7. The words of poems give you more than poems,
They give you to form for yourself poems, religions,
politics, war, peace, behavior, histories, essays,
romances, and everything else,
They balance ranks, colors, races, creeds, and the sexes,
They do not seek beauty — they are sought,
Forever touching them, or close upon them, follows
beauty, longing, fain, love-sick.
8. They prepare for death — yet are they not the finish,
but rather the outset,
They bring none to his or her terminus, or to be content and full;
Whom they take, they take into space, to behold the birth of stars, to learn one of the meanings,
To launch off with absolute faith — to sweep through the ceaseless rings, and never be quiet again.

7.

I NEED no assurances — I am a man who is pre-occupied, of his own Soul;
I do not doubt that whatever I know at a given time, there waits for me more, which I do not know;
I do not doubt that from under the feet, and beside the hands and face I am cognizant of, are now looking faces I am not cognizant of — calm and actual faces;

- I do not doubt but the majesty and beauty of the world are latent in any iota of the world ;
- I do not doubt there are realizations I have no idea of, waiting for me through time, and through the universes — also upon this earth ;
- I do not doubt I am limitless, and that the universes are limitless — in vain I try to think how limitless ;
- I do not doubt that the orbs, and the systems of orbs, play their swift sports through the air on purpose — and that I shall one day be eligible to do as much as they, and more than they ;
- I do not doubt there is far more in trivialities, insects, vulgar persons, slaves, dwarfs, weeds, rejected refuse, than I have supposed ;
- I do not doubt there is more in myself than I have supposed — and more in all men and women — and more in my poems than I have supposed ;
- I do not doubt that temporary affairs keep on and on, millions of years ;
- I do not doubt interiors have their interiors, and exteriors have their exteriors — and that the eye-sight has another eye-sight, and the hearing another hearing, and the voice another voice ;
- I do not doubt that the passionately-wept deaths of young men are provided for — and that the deaths of young women, and the deaths of little children, are provided for ;
- I do not doubt that wrecks at sea, no matter what the horrors of them — no matter whose wife, child, husband, father, lover, has gone down — are provided for, to the minutest point ;
- I do not doubt that shallowness, meanness, malignance, are provided for ;
- I do not doubt that cities, you, America, the remainder of the earth, politics, freedom, degradations, are carefully provided for ;
- I do not doubt that whatever can possibly happen, any where, at any time, is provided for, in the inherences of things.

8.

1. WHAT shall I give? and which are my miracles?
2. Realism is mine — my miracles — Take freely,
Take without end — I offer them to you wherever
your feet can carry you, or your eyes reach.
3. Why! who makes much of a miracle?
As to me, I know of nothing else but miracles,
Whether I walk the streets of Manhattan,
Or dart my sight over the roofs of houses toward the
sky,
Or wade with naked feet along the beach, just in the
edge of the water,
Or stand under trees in the woods,
Or talk by day with any one I love — or sleep in the
bed at night with any one I love,
Or sit at the table at dinner with my mother,
Or look at strangers opposite me riding in the car,
Or watch honey-bees busy around the hive, of a sum-
mer forenoon,
Or animals feeding in the fields,
Or birds — or the wonderfulness of insects in the air,
Or the wonderfulness of the sun-down — or of stars
shining so quiet and bright,
Or the exquisite, delicate, thin curve of the new-
moon in spring;
Or whether I go among those I like best, and that
like me best — mechanics, boatmen, farmers,
Or among the savans — or to the soirée — or to the
opera,
Or stand a long while looking at the movements of
machinery,
Or behold children at their sports,
Or the admirable sight of the perfect old man, or the
perfect old woman,
Or the sick in hospitals, or the dead carried to burial,
Or my own eyes and figure in the glass,
These, with the rest, one and all, are to me miracles,
The whole referring — yet each distinct and in its
place.

4. To me, every hour of the light and dark is a miracle,
Every inch of space is a miracle,
Every square yard of the surface of the earth is
spread with the same,
Every cubic foot of the interior swarms with the same ;
Every spear of grass — the frames, limbs, organs, of
men and women, and all that concerns them,
All these to me are unspeakably perfect miracles.
5. To me the sea is a continual miracle,
The fishes that swim — the rocks — the motion of the
waves — the ships, with men in them,
What stranger miracles are there ?

9.

1. THERE was a child went forth every day,
And the first object he looked upon and received
with wonder, pity, love, or dread, that object he
became,
And that object became part of him for the day, or
a certain part of the day, or for many years, or
stretching cycles of years.
2. The early lilacs became part of this child,
And grass, and white and red morning-glories, and
white and red clover, and the song of the phœbe-
bird,
And the Third Month lambs, and the sow's pink-faint
litter, and the mare's foal, and the cow's calf,
And the noisy brood of the barn-yard, or by the mire
of the pond-side,
And the fish suspending themselves so curiously
below there — and the beautiful curious liquid,
And the water-plants with their graceful flat heads
— all became part of him.
3. The field-sprouts of Fourth Month and Fifth Month
became part of him,
Winter-grain sprouts, and those of the light-yellow
corn, and the esculent roots of the garden,
And the apple-trees covered with blossoms, and the

fruit afterward, and wood-berries, and the commonest weeds by the road;
 And the old drunkard staggering home from the out-house of the tavern, whence he had lately risen,
 And the school-mistress that passed on her way to the school,
 And the friendly boys that passed — and the quarrelsome boys,
 And the tidy and fresh-cheeked girls — and the bare-foot negro boy and girl,
 And all the changes of city and country, wherever he went.

4. His own parents,
 He that had fathered him, and she that conceived him in her womb, and birthed him,
 They gave this child more of themselves than that,
 They gave him afterward every day — they and of them became part of him.
5. The mother at home, quietly placing the dishes on the supper-table,
 The mother with mild words — clean her cap and gown, a wholesome odor falling off her person and clothes as she walks by;
 The father, strong, self-sufficient, manly, mean, angered, unjust,
 The blow, the quick loud word, the tight bargain, the crafty lure,
 The family usages, the language, the company, the furniture — the yearning and swelling heart,
 Affection that will not be gainsayed — the sense of what is real — the thought if, after all, it should prove unreal,
 The doubts of day-time and the doubts of night-time — the curious whether and how,
 Whether that which appears so is so, or is it all flashes and specks?
 Men and women crowding fast in the streets — if they are not flashes and specks, what are they?
 The streets themselves, and the façades of houses, and goods in the windows,

Vehicles, teams, the heavy-planked wharves — the
 huge crossing at the ferries,
 The village on the highland, seen from afar at sun-
 set — the river between,
 Shadows, aureola and mist, light falling on roofs and
 gables of white or brown, three miles off,
 The schooner near by, sleepily dropping down the
 tide — the little boat slack-towed astern,
 The hurrying tumbling waves, quick-broken crests,
 slapping,
 The strata of colored clouds, the long bar of maroon-
 tint, away solitary by itself — the spread of
 purity it lies motionless in,
 The horizon's edge, the flying sea-crow, the fragrance
 of salt-marsh and shore-mud;
 These became part of that child who went forth
 every day, and who now goes, and will always go
 forth every day,
 And these become part of him or her that peruses
 them here.

10.

1. It is ended—I dally no more,
 After to-day I inure myself to run, leap, swim,
 wrestle, fight,
 To stand the cold or heat—to take good aim with a
 gun—to sail a boat—to manage horses—to
 beget superb children,
 To speak readily and clearly—to feel at home
 among common people,
 And hold to my own in terrible positions, on land
 and sea.
2. Not for an embroiderer,
 (There will always be plenty of embroiderers—I
 welcome them also;)
 But for the fibre of things, and for inherent men
 and women.
3. Not to chisel ornaments,
 But to chisel with free stroke the heads and limbs of
 plenteous Supreme Gods, that The States may
 realize them, walking and talking.

4. Let me have my own way,
Let others promulge the laws—I will make no
account of the laws,
Let others praise eminent men and hold up peace—
I hold up agitation and conflict,
I praise no eminent man—I rebuke to his face the
one that was thought most worthy.
5. (Who are you? you mean devil! And what are you
secretly guilty of, all your life?
Will you turn aside all your life? Will you grub
and chatter all your life?)
6. (And who are you—blabbing by rote, years, pages,
languages, reminiscences,
Unwitting to-day that you do not know how to speak
a single word?)
7. Let others finish specimens—I never finish speci-
mens,
I shower them by exhaustless laws, as nature does,
fresh and modern continually.
8. I give nothing as duties,
What others give as duties, I give as living impulses;
(Shall I give the heart's action as a duty?)
9. Let others dispose of questions—I dispose of noth-
ing—I arouse unanswerable questions;
Who are they I see and touch, and what about them?
What about these likes of myself, that draw me so
close by tender directions and indirections?
10. Let others deny the evil their enemies charge against
them—but how can I the like?
Nothing ever has been, or ever can be, charged
against me, half as bad as the evil I really
am;
I call to the world to distrust the accounts of my
friends, but listen to my enemies—as I my-
self do;
I charge you, too, forever, reject those who would
expound me—for I cannot expound myself,

I charge that there be no theory or school founded
out of me,
I charge you to leave all free, as I have left all free.

11. After me, vista!

O, I see life is not short, but immeasurably long,
I henceforth tread the world, chaste, temperate, an
early riser, a gymnast, a steady grower,
Every hour the semen of centuries—and still of
centuries.

12. I will follow up these continual lessons of the air,
water, earth,
I perceive I have no time to lose.

11.

1. Who learns my lesson complete?

Boss, journeyman, apprentice—churchman and
atheist,

The stupid and the wise thinker—parents and off-
spring—merchant, clerk, porter, and customer,
Editor, author, artist, and schoolboy—Draw nigh
and commence;

It is no lesson—it lets down the bars to a good
lesson,

And that to another, and every one to another still.

2. The great laws take and effuse without argument,
I am of the same style, for I am their friend,
I love them quits and quits—I do not halt and make
salaams.

3. I lie abstracted, and hear beautiful tales of things,
and the reasons of things,
They are so beautiful, I nudge myself to listen.

4. I cannot say to any person what I hear—I cannot
say it to myself—it is very wonderful.

5. It is no small matter, this round and delicious globe,
moving so exactly in its orbit forever and ever,

- without one jolt, or the untruth of a single second,
I do not think it was made in six days, nor in ten thousand years, nor ten billions of years,
Nor planned and built one thing after another, as an architect plans and builds a house.
6. I do not think seventy years is the time of a man or woman,
Nor that seventy millions of years is the time of a man or woman,
Nor that years will ever stop the existence of me, or any one else.
7. Is it wonderful that I should be immortal? as every one is immortal,
I know it is wonderful — but my eye-sight is equally wonderful, and how I was conceived in my mother's womb is equally wonderful;
And how I was not palpable once, but am now — and was born on the last day of Fifth Month, in the Year 43 of America,
And passed from a babe, in the creeping trance of three summers and three winters, to articulate and walk — All this is equally wonderful.
8. And that I grew six feet high, and that I have become a man thirty-six years old in the Year 79 of America — and that I am here anyhow — are all equally wonderful.
9. And that my Soul embraces you this hour, and we affect each other without ever seeing each other, and never perhaps to see each other, is every bit as wonderful.
10. And that I can think such thoughts as these, is just as wonderful,
And that I can remind you, and you think them and know them to be true, is just as wonderful.
11. And that the moon spins round the earth, and on with the earth, is equally wonderful,

And that they balance themselves with the sun and stars, is equally wonderful.

12. Come! I should like to hear you tell me what there is in yourself that is not just as wonderful,
And I should like to hear the name of anything between First Day morning and Seventh Day night that is not just as wonderful.

12.

1. **THIS** night I am happy ;
As I walk the beach where the old mother sways to
and fro, singing her savage and husky song,
As I watch the stars shining — I think a thought of
the clef of the universes, and of the future.
2. What can the future bring me more than I have ?
Do you suppose I wish to enjoy life in other spheres ?
3. I say distinctly I comprehend no better sphere than
this earth,
I comprehend no better life than the life of my body.
4. I do not know what follows the death of my body,
But I know well that whatever it is, it is best for me,
And I know well that whatever is really Me shall live
just as much as before.
5. I am not uneasy but I shall have good housing to
myself,
But this is my first — how can I like the rest any
better ?
Here I grew up — the studs and rafters are grown
parts of me.
6. I am not uneasy but I am to be beloved by young
and old men, and to love them the same,
I suppose the pink nipples of the breasts of women
with whom I shall sleep will touch the side of
my face the same,
But this is the nipple of a breast of my mother, al-
ways near and always divine to me, her true
child and son, whatever comes.

7. I suppose I am to be eligible to visit the stars, in my
time,
I suppose I shall have myriads of new experiences —
and that the experience of this earth will prove
only one out of myriads;
But I believe my body and my Soul already indicate
those experiences,
And I believe I shall find nothing in the stars more
majestic and beautiful than I have already found
on the earth,
And I believe I have this night a clew through the
universes,
And I believe I have this night thought a thought
of the clef of eternity.
8. A VAST SIMILITUDE interlocks all,
All spheres, grown, ungrown, small, large, suns,
moons, planets, comets, asteroids,
All the substances of the same, and all that is spirit-
ual, upon the same,
All distances of place, however wide,
All distances of time — all inanimate forms,
All Souls — all living bodies, though they be ever so
different, or in different worlds,
All gaseous, watery, vegetable, mineral processes —
the fishes, the brutes,
All men and women — me also,
All nations, colors, barbarisms, civilizations, lan-
guages,
All identities that have existed, or may exist, on this
globe or any globe,
All lives and deaths — all of past, present, future,
This vast similitude spans them, and always has
spanned, and shall forever span them, and com-
pactly hold them.

13.

1. O BITTER sprig! Confession sprig!
In the bouquet I give you place also — I bind you in,
Proceeding no further till, humbled publicly,
I give fair warning, once for all.

2. I own that I have been sly, thievish, mean, a prevaricator, greedy, derelict,
And I own that I remain so yet.
3. What foul thought but I think it — or have in me the stuff out of which it is thought?
What in darkness in bed at night, alone or with a companion?
4. You felons on trials in courts,
You convicts in prison cells — you sentenced assassins, chained and handcuffed with iron,
Who am I, that I am not on trial, or in prison?
Me, ruthless and devilish as any, that my wrists are not chained with iron, or my ankles with iron?
5. You prostitutes flaunting over the trottoirs, or obscene in your rooms,
Who am I, that I should call you more obscene than myself?
6. O culpable! O traitor!
O I acknowledge — I exposé!
(O admirers! praise not me! compliment not me!
you make me wince,
I see what you do not — I know what you do not;)
Inside these breast-bones I lie smutch'd and choked,
Beneath this face that appears so impassive, hell's tides continually run,
Lusts and wickedness are acceptable to me,
I walk with delinquents with passionate love,
I feel I am of them — I belong to those convicts and prostitutes myself,
And henceforth I will not deny them — for how can I deny myself?

14.

UNFOLDED out of the folds of the woman, man comes unfolded, as is always to come unfolded,
Unfolded only out of the superbest woman of the earth, is to come the superbest man of the earth,

Unfolded out of the friendliest woman, is to come
 the friendliest man,
 Unfolded only out of the perfect body of a woman,
 can a man be formed of perfect body,
 Unfolded only out of the inimitable poem of the
 woman, can come the poems of man—only
 thence have my poems come,
 Unfolded out of the strong and arrogant woman I
 love, only thence can appear the strong and
 arrogant man I love,
 Unfolded by brawny embraces from the well-muscled
 woman I love, only thence come the brawny
 embraces of the man,
 Unfolded out of the folds of the woman's brain, come
 all the folds of the man's brain, duly obedient,
 Unfolded out of the justice of the woman, all justice
 is unfolded,
 Unfolded out of the sympathy of the woman is all
 sympathy;
 A man is a great thing upon the earth, and through
 eternity—but every jot of the greatness of man
 is unfolded out of woman,
 First the man is shaped in the woman, he can then
 be shaped in himself.

15.

1. NIGHT on the Prairies;
 I walk by myself—I stand and look at the stars,
 which I think now I never realized before.
2. Now I absorb immortality and peace,
 I admire death and test propositions.
3. How plenteous! How spiritual! How résumé!
 The same Old Man and Soul—the same old aspira-
 tions, and the same content.
4. I was thinking the day most splendid, till I saw what
 the not-day exhibited,
 I was thinking this globe enough, till there tumbled
 upon me myriads of other globes.

5. Now while the great thoughts of space and eternity
fill me, I will measure myself by them,
And now, touched with the lives of other globes,
arrived as far along as those of the earth,
Or waiting to arrive, or passed on farther than those
of the earth,
I henceforth no more ignore them than I ignore my
own life,
Or the lives on the earth arrived as far as mine, or
waiting to arrive.
6. O how plainly I see now that life cannot exhibit all
to me — as the day cannot,
O I see that I am to wait for what will be exhibited
by death.

16.

SEA-WATER, and all living below it,
Forests at the bottom of the sea — the branches and
leaves,
Sea-lettuce, vast lichens, strange flowers and seeds —
the thick tangle, the openings, and the pink turf,
Different colors, pale gray and green, purple, white,
and gold — the play of light through the water,
Dumb swimmers there among the rocks — coral,
gluten, grass, rushes — and the aliment of the
swimmers,
Sluggish existences grazing there, suspended, or
slowly crawling close to the bottom,
The sperm-whale at the surface, blowing air and
spray, or disporting with his flukes,
The leaden-eyed shark, the walrus, the turtle, the
hairy sea-leopard, and the sting-ray;
Passions there — wars, pursuits, tribes — sight in
those ocean-depths — breathing that thick-breath-
ing air, as so many do,
The change thence to the sight here, and to the subtle
air breathed by beings like us, who walk this
sphere;
The change onward from ours to that of beings who
walk other spheres.

17.

I sit and look out upon all the sorrows of the world,
 and upon all oppression and shame,
 I hear secret convulsive sobs from young men, at
 anguish with themselves, remorseful after deeds
 done;
 I see, in low life, the mother misused by her children,
 dying, neglected, gaunt, desperate,
 I see the wife misused by her husband — I see the
 treacherous seducer of the young woman,
 I mark the ranklings of jealousy and unrequited love,
 attempted to be hid — I see these sights on the
 earth,
 I see the workings of battle, pestilence, tyranny —
 I see martyrs and prisoners,
 I observe a famine at sea — I observe the sailors
 casting lots who shall be killed, to preserve the
 lives of the rest,
 I observe the slights and degradations cast by arro-
 gant persons upon laborers, the poor, and upon
 negroes, and the like;
 All these — All the meanness and agony without end,
 I sitting, look out upon,
 See, hear, and am silent.

18.

1. O ME, man of slack faith so long!
 Standing aloof — denying portions so long;
 Me with mole's eyes, unrisen to buoyancy and vision
 — unfree,
 Only aware to-day of compact, all-diffused truth,
 Discovering to-day there is no lie, or form of lie,
 and can be none, but grows just as inevitably
 upon itself as the truth does upon itself,
 Or as any law of the earth, or any natural production
 of the earth does.
2. (This is curious, and may not be realized immedi-
 ately — But it must be realized;

I feel in myself that I represent falsehoods equally
 with the rest,
 And that the universe does.)

3. Where has failed a perfect return, indifferent of lies
 or the truth ?
 Is it upon the ground, or in water or fire ? or in the
 spirit of man ? or in the meat and blood ?
4. Meditating among liars, and retreating sternly into
 myself, I see that there are really no liars or
 lies after all,
 And that nothing fails its perfect return — And that
 what are called lies are perfect returns,
 And that each thing exactly represents itself, and
 what has preceded it,
 And that the truth includes all, and is compact, just
 as much as space is compact,
 And that there is no flaw or vacuum in the amount
 of the truth — but that all is truth without ex-
 ception,
 And henceforth I will go celebrate anything I see
 or am,
 And sing and laugh and deny nothing.

19.

FORMS, qualities, lives, humanity, language, thoughts,
 The ones known, and the ones unknown — the ones
 on the stars,
 The stars themselves, some shaped, others unshaped,
 Wonders as of those countries — the soil, trees, cities,
 inhabitants, whatever they may be,
 Splendid suns, the moons and rings, the countless
 combinations and effects,
 Such-like, and as good as such-like, visible here or
 anywhere, stand provided for in a handful of
 space, which I extend my arm and half enclose
 with my hand,
 That contains the start of each and all — the virtue,
 the germs of all ;
 That is the theory as of origins.

20.

So far, and so far, and on toward the end,
 Singing what is sung in this book, from the irresistible impulses of me;
 But whether I continue beyond this book, to maturity,
 Whether I shall dart forth the true rays, the ones that wait unfired,
 (Did you think the sun was shining its brightest?
 No — it has not yet fully risen;)

Whether I shall complete what is here started,
 Whether I shall attain my own height, to justify these, yet unfinished,
 Whether I shall make THE POEM OF THE NEW WORLD, transcending all others — depends, rich persons, upon you,
 Depends, whoever you are now filling the current Presidentiad, upon you,
 Upon you, Governor, Mayor, Congressman,
 And you, contemporary America.

21.

1. Now I make a leaf of Voices — for I have found nothing mightier than they are,
 And I have found that no word spoken, but is beautiful, in its place.
2. O what is it in me that makes me tremble so at voices?
3. Surely, whoever speaks to me in the right voice, him or her I shall follow, as the waters follow the moon, silently, with fluid steps, any where around the globe.
4. Now I believe that all waits for the right voices;
 Where is the practised and perfect organ? Where is the developed Soul?
 For I see every word uttered thence has deeper, sweeter, new sounds, impossible on less terms.

5. I see brains and lips closed — I see tympani and temples unstruck,
 Until that comes which has the quality to strike and to unclose,
 Until that comes which has the quality to bring forth what lies slumbering, forever ready, in all words.

22.

1. WHAT am I, after all, but a child, pleased with the sound of my own name? repeating it over and over,
 I cannot tell why it affects me so much, when I hear it from women's voices, and from men's voices, or from my own voice,
 I stand apart to hear — it never tires me.
2. To you, your name also,
 Did you think there was nothing but two or three pronunciations in the sound of your name?

23.

LOCATIONS and times — what is it in me that meets them all, whenever and wherever, and makes me at home?
 Forms, colors, densities, odors — what is it in me that corresponds with them?
 What is the relation between me and them?

24.

LIFT me close to your face till I whisper,
 What you are holding is in reality no book, nor part of a book,
 It is a man, flushed and full-blooded — it is I — *So long!*
 We must separate — Here! take from my lips this kiss,
 Whoever you are, I give it especially to you;
So long — and I hope we shall meet again.

SALUT AU MONDE !

1. O TAKE my hand, Walt Whitman !
Such gliding wonders ! Such sights and sounds !
Such joined unended links, each hooked to the next !
Each answering all — each sharing the earth with
all.
2. What widens within you, Walt Whitman ?
What waves and soils exuding ?
What climes ? What persons and lands are here ?
Who are the infants ? Some playing, some slum-
bering ?
Who are the girls ? Who are the married women ?
Who are the three old men going slowly with their
arms about each others' necks ?
What rivers are these ? What forests and fruits are
these ?
What are the mountains called that rise so high in
the mists ?
What myriads of dwellings are they, filled with
dwellers ?
3. Within me latitude widens, longitude lengthens,
Asia, Africa, Europe, are to the east — America is
provided for in the west,
Banding the bulge of the earth winds the hot equator,
Curiously north and south turn the axis-ends ;
Within me is the longest day — the sun wheels in
slanting rings — it does not set for months,
Stretched in due time within me the midnight sun
just rises above the horizon, and sinks again,
Within me zones, seas, cataracts, plains, volcanoes,
groups,
Oceanica, Australasia, Polynesia, and the great West
Indian islands.
4. What do you hear, Walt Whitman ?

5. I hear the workman singing, and the farmer's wife
singing,
I hear in the distance the sounds of children, and of
animals early in the day,
I hear quick rifle-cracks from the riflemen of East
Tennessee and Kentucky, hunting on hills,
I hear emulous shouts of Australians, pursuing the
wild horse,
I hear the Spanish dance, with castanets, in the
chestnut shade, to the rebeck and guitar,
I hear continual echoes from the Thames,
I hear fierce French liberty songs,
I hear of the Italian boat-sculler the musical recita-
tive of old poems,
I hear the Virginia plantation chorus of negroes, of
a harvest night, in the glare of pine knots,
I hear the strong baritone of the 'long-shore-men of
Manhatta,
I hear the stevedores unlading the cargoes, and
singing,
I hear the screams of the water-fowl of solitary
northwest lakes,
I hear the rustling pattering of locusts, as they
strike the grain and grass with the showers of
their terrible clouds,
I hear the Coptic refrain, toward sundown, pensively
falling on the breast of the black venerable vast
mother, the Nile,
I hear the bugles of raft-tenders on the streams of
Kanada,
I hear the chirp of the Mexican muleteer, and the
bells of the mule,
I hear the Arab muezzin, calling from the top of the
mosque,
I hear Christian priests at the altars of their churches
— I hear the responsive base and soprano,
I hear the wail of utter despair of the white-haired
Irish grand-parents, when they learn the death
of their grand-son,
I hear the cry of the Cossack, and the sailor's voice,
putting to sea at Okotsk,
I hear the wheeze of the slave-coffle, as the slaves
march on — as the husky gangs pass on by twos

and threes, fastened together with wrist-chains
and ankle-chains,

I hear the entreaties of women tied up for punishment—I hear the sibilant whisk of thongs
through the air;

I hear the Hebrew reading his records and psalms,
I hear the rhythmic myths of the Greeks, and the
strong legends of the Romans,

I hear the tale of the divine life and bloody death
of the beautiful God, the Christ,

I hear the Hindoo teaching his favorite pupil the
loves, wars, adages, transmitted safely to this day
from poets who wrote three thousand years ago.

6. What do you see, Walt Whitman?

Who are they who salute, and that one after another
salute you?

7. I see a great round wonder rolling through the air,
I see diminute farms, hamlets, ruins, grave-yards,
jails, factories, palaces, hovels, huts of barbarians,
tents of nomads, upon the surface,

I see the shaded part on one side, where the sleepers
are sleeping—and the sun-lit part on the other
side,

I see the curious silent change of the light and shade,
I see distant lands, as real and near to the inhabitants
of them, as my land is to me.

8. I see plenteous waters,

I see mountain peaks—I see the sierras of Andes
and Alleghanies, where they range,

I see plainly the Himmalehs, Chian Shahs, Altays,
Gauts,

I see the Rocky Mountains, and the Peak of Winds,

I see the Styrian Alps, and the Karnac Alps,

I see the Pyrenees, Balks, Carpathians—and to the
north the Dofrafields, and off at sea Mount
Hecla,

I see Vesuvius and Etna—I see the Anahuacs,

I see the Mountains of the Moon, and the Snow
Mountains, and the Red Mountains of Madagascar,

I see the Vermont hills, and the long string of Cordilleras;

I see the vast deserts of Western America,

I see the Libyan, Arabian, and Asiatic deserts;

I see huge dreadful Arctic and Antarctic icebergs,

I see the superior oceans and the inferior ones — the Atlantic and Pacific, the sea of Mexico, the Brazilian sea, and the sea of Peru,

The Japan waters, those of Hindostan, the China Sea, and the Gulf of Guinea,

The spread of the Baltic, Caspian, Bothnia, the British shores, and the Bay of Biscay,

The clear-sunned Mediterranean, and from one to another of its islands,

The inland fresh-tasted seas of North America,

The White Sea, and the sea around Greenland.

9. I behold the mariners of the world,

Some are in storms — some in the night, with the watch on the look-out,

Some drifting helplessly — some with contagious diseases.

10. I behold the steam-ships of the world,

Some double the Cape of Storms — some Cape Verde — others Cape Guardafui, Bon, or Bajadore,

Others Dondra Head — others pass the Straits of Sunda — others Cape Lopatka — others Behring's Straits,

Others Cape Horn — others the Gulf of Mexico, or along Cuba or Hayti — others Hudson's Bay or Baffin's Bay,

Others pass the Straits of Dover — others enter the Wash — others the Firth of Solway — others round Cape Clear — others the Land's End,

Others traverse the Zuyder Zee, or the Scheld,

Others add to the exits and entrances at Sandy Hook,

Others to the comers and goers at Gibraltar, or the Dardanelles,

Others sternly push their way through the northern winter-packs,

Others descend or ascend the Obi or the Lena,

Others the Niger or the Congo — others the Indus,
 the Burampooter and Cambodia,
 Others wait at the wharves of Mannahatta, steamed
 up, ready to start,
 Wait, swift and swarthy, in the ports of Australia,
 Wait at Liverpool, Glasgow, Dublin, Marseilles,
 Lisbon, Naples, Hamburg, Bremen, Bourdeaux,
 the Hague, Copenhagen,
 Wait at Valparaiso, Rio Janeiro, Panama,
 Wait at their moorings at Boston, Philadelphia,
 Baltimore, Charleston, New Orleans, Galveston,
 San Francisco.

11. I see the tracks of the rail-roads of the earth,
 I see them welding State to State, city to city,
 through North America;
 I see them in Great Britain, I see them in Europe
 I see them in Asia and in Africa.
12. I see the electric telegraphs of the earth,
 I see the filaments of the news of the wars, deaths,
 losses, gains, passions, of my race.
13. I see the long river-stripes of the earth,
 I see where the Mississippi flows — I see where the
 Columbia flows,
 I see the Great River, and the Falls of Niagara,
 I see the Amazon and the Paraguay,
 I see the four great rivers of China, the Amour, the
 Yellow River, the Yiang-tse, and the Pearl;
 I see where the Seine flows, and where the Loire, the
 Rhone, and the Guadalquiver flow,
 I see the windings of the Volga, the Dnieper, the
 Oder,
 I see the Tuscan going down the Arno, and the Vene-
 tian along the Po,
 I see the Greek seaman sailing out of Egina bay.
14. I see the site of the old empire of Assyria, and that
 of Persia, and that of India,
 I see the falling of the Ganges over the high rim of
 Saukara.

15. I see the place of the idea of the Deity incarnated
by avatars in human forms,
I see the spots of the successions of priests on the
earth — oracles, sacrificers, brahmins, sabians,
lamas, monks, muftis, exhorters;
I see where druids walked the groves of Mona — I
see the mistletoe and vervain,
I see the temples of the deaths of the bodies of Gods
— I see the old signifiers.
16. I see Christ once more eating the bread of his last
supper, in the midst of youths and old persons,
I see where the strong divine young man, the
Hercules, toiled faithfully and long, and then
died,
I see the place of the innocent rich life and hapless
fate of the beautiful nocturnal son, the full-
limbed Bacchus,
I see Kneph, blooming, dressed in blue, with the
crown of feathers on his head,
I see Hermes, unsuspected, dying, well-beloved, say-
ing to the people, *Do not weep for me,*
This is not my true country, I have lived banished from
my true country — I now go back there,
I return to the celestial sphere, where every one goes in
his turn.
17. I see the battle-fields of the earth — grass grows upon
them, and blossoms and corn,
I see the tracks of ancient and 'modern expeditions.
18. I see the nameless masonries, venerable messages
of the unknown events, heroes, records of the
earth.
19. I see the places of the sagas,
I see pine-trees and fir-trees torn by northern
blasts,
I see granite boulders and cliffs — I see green mead-
ows and lakes,
I see the burial-cairns of Scandinavian warriors,
I see them raised high with stones, by the marge of
restless oceans, that the dead men's spirits,

when they wearied of their quiet graves, might
rise up through the mounds, and gaze on the
tossing billows, and be refreshed by storms,
immensity, liberty, action.

20. I see the steppes of Asia,
I see the tumuli of Mongolia — I see the tents of
Kalmucks and Baskirs,
I see the nomadic tribes, with herds of oxen and cows,
I see the table-lands notched with ravines — I see
the jungles and deserts,
I see the camel, the wild steed, the bustard, the fat-
tailed sheep, the antelope, and the burrowing
wolf.
21. I see the high-lands of Abyssinia,
I see flocks of goats feeding, and see the fig-tree,
tamarind, date,
And see fields of teff-wheat, and see the places of
verdure and gold.
22. I see the Brazilian vaquero,
I see the Bolivian ascending Mount Sorata,
I see the Wacho crossing the plains — I see the incom-
parable rider of horses with his lasso on his arm,
I see over the pampas the pursuit of wild cattle for
their hides.
23. I see little and large sea-dots, some inhabited, some
uninhabited ;
I see two boats with nets, lying off the shore of Pau-
manok, quite still,
I see ten fishermen waiting — they discover now a
thick school of mossbonkers — they drop the
joined seine-ends in the water,
The boats separate — they diverge and row off, each
on its rounding course to the beach, enclosing
the mossbonkers,
The net is drawn in by a windlass by those who stop
ashore,
Some of the fishermen lounge in the boats — others
stand negligently ankle-deep in the water, poised
on strong legs,

The boats are partly drawn up — the water slaps
against them,
On the sand, in heaps and winrows, well out from the
water, lie the green-backed spotted mossbonkers.

24. I see the despondent red man in the west, lingering
about the banks of Moingo, and about Lake
Pepin,

He has heard the quail and beheld the honey-bee,
and sadly prepared to depart.

25. I see the regions of snow and ice,
I see the sharp-eyed Samoiede and the Finn,
I see the seal-seeker in his boat, poisoning his lance,
I see the Siberian on his slight-built sledge, drawn
by dogs,

I see the porpoise-hunters — I see the whale-crews of
the South Pacific and the North Atlantic,

I see the cliffs, glaciers, torrents, valleys, of Switzer-
land — I mark the long winters, and the iso-
lation.

26. I see the cities of the earth, and make myself at
random a part of them,

I am a real Parisian,

I am a habitan of Vienna, St. Petersburg, Berlin,
Constantinople,

I am of Adelaide, Sidney, Melbourne,

I am of London, Manchester, Bristol, Edinburgh,
Limerick,

I am of Madrid, Cadiz, Barcelona, Oporto, Lyons,
Brussels, Berne, Frankfort, Stuttgart, Turin,
Florence,

I belong in Moscow, Cracow, Warsaw — or northward
in Christiania or Stockholm — or in Siberian
Irkutsk — or in some street in Iceland;

I descend upon all those cities, and rise from them
again.

27. I see vapors exhaling from unexplored countries,
I see the savage types, the bow and arrow, the
poisoned splint, the fetish, and the obi.

28. I see African and Asiatic towns,
I see Algiers, Tripoli, Derne, Mogadore, Timbuctoo,
Monrovia,
I see the swarms of Pekin, Canton, Benares, Delhi,
Calcutta, Yedo,
I see the Kruman in his hut, and the Dahoman and
Ashantee-man in their huts,
I see the Turk smoking opium in Aleppo,
I see the picturesque crowds at the fairs of Khiva,
and those of Herat,
I see Teheran — I see Muscat and Medina, and the
intervening sands — I see the caravans toiling
onward;
I see Egypt and the Egyptians — I see the pyramids
and obelisks,
I look on chiselled histories, songs, philosophies,
cut in slabs of sand-stone, or on granite
blocks,
I see at Memphis mummy-pits, containing mummies,
embalmed, swathed in linen cloth, lying there
many centuries,
I look on the fall'n Theban, the large-ball'd eyes, the
side-drooping neck, the hands folded across the
breast.
29. I see the menials of the earth, laboring,
I see the prisoners in the prisons,
I see the defective human bodies of the earth,
I see the blind, the deaf and dumb, idiots, hunch-
backs, lunatics,
I see the pirates, thieves, betrayers, murderers, slave-
makers of the earth,
I see the helpless infants, and the helpless old men
and women.
30. I see male and female everywhere,
I see the serene brotherhood of philosophers,
I see the constructiveness of my race,
I see the results of the perseverance and industry of
my race,
I see ranks, colors, barbarisms, civilizations — I go
among them — I mix indiscriminately,
And I salute all the inhabitants of the earth.

31. You, where you are!
You daughter or son of England!
You of the mighty Slavic tribes and empires! you
Russ in Russia!
You dim-descended, black, divine-souled African,
large, fine-headed, nobly-formed, superbly des-
tined, on equal terms with me!
You Norwegian! Swede! Dane! Icelandèr! you
Prussian!
You Spaniard of Spain! you Portuguese!
You Frenchwoman and Frenchman of France!
You Belge! you liberty-lover of the Netherlands!
You sturdy Austrian! you Lombard! Hun! Bohe-
mian! farmer of Styria!
You neighbor of the Danube!
You working-man of the Rhine, the Elbe, or the
Weser! you working-woman too!
You Sardinian! you Bavarian! you Swabian! Saxon!
Wallachian! Bulgarian!
You citizen of Prague! you Roman! Neapolitan!
Greek!
You lithe matador in the arena at Seville!
You mountaineer living lawlessly on the Taurus or
Caucasus!
You Bokh horse-herd, watching your mares and stal-
lions feeding!
You beautiful-bodied Persian, at full speed in the
saddle, shooting arrows to the mark!
You Chinaman and Chinawoman of China! you Tar-
tar of Tartary!
You women of the earth subordinated at your
tasks!
You Jew journeying in your old age through every
risk, to stand once on Syrian ground!
You other Jews waiting in all lands for your Messiah!
You thoughtful Armenian, pondering by some stream
of the Euphrates! you peering amid the ruins of
Nineveh! you ascending Mount Ararat!
You foot-worn pilgrim welcoming the far-away
sparkle of the minarets of Mecca!
You sheiks along the stretch from Suez to Babel-
mandel, ruling your families and tribes!

You olive-grower tending your fruit on fields of Nazareth, Damascus, or Lake Tiberias!
 You Thibet trader on the wide inland, or bargaining in the shops of Lassa!
 You Japanese man or woman! you liver in Madagascar, Ceylon, Sumatra, Borneo!
 All you continentals of Asia, Africa, Europe, Australia indifferent of place!
 All you on the numberless islands of the archipelagoes of the sea!
 And you of centuries hence, when you listen to me!
 And you, each and everywhere, whom I specify not, but include just the same!
 Health to you! Good will to you all — from me and America sent,
 For we acknowledge you all and each.

31. Each of us inevitable,
 Each of us limitless — each of us with his or her right upon the earth,
 Each of us allowed the eternal purport of the earth,
 Each of us here as divinely as any is here.
32. You Hottentot with clicking palate!
 You woolly-haired hordes! you white or black owners of slaves!
 You owned persons, dropping sweat-drops or blood-drops!
 You human forms with the fathomless ever-impressive countenances of brutes!
 You poor koboo whom the meanest of the rest look down upon, for all your glimmering language and spirituality!
 You low expiring aborigines of the hills of Utah, Oregon, California!
 You dwarfed Kamtschatkan, Greenlander, Lapp!
 You Austral negro, naked, red, sooty, with protrusive lip, grovelling, seeking your food!
 You Caffre, Berber, Soudanese!
 You haggard, uncouth, untutored Bedowee!
 You plague-swarms in Madras, Nankin, Kaubul, Cairo!
 You bather bathing in the Ganges!

You benighted roamer of Amazonia! you Patagonian!
you Fegee-man!

You peon of Mexico! you Russian serf! you slave of
Carolina, Texas, Tennessee!

I do not prefer others so very much before you either,
I do not say one word against you, away back there,
where you stand,

(You will come forward in due time to my side.)

33. My spirit has passed in compassion and determination
around the whole earth,

I have looked for equals and lovers, and found them
ready for me in all lands;

I think some divine rapport has equalized me with
them.

34. O vapors! I think I have risen with you, and moved
away to distant continents, and fallen down
there, for reasons,

I think I have blown with you, O winds,
O waters, I have fingered every shore with you.

35. I have run through what any river or strait of the
globe has run through,

I have taken my stand on the bases of peninsulas, and
on the highest embedded rocks, to cry thence.

36. *Salut au Monde!*

What cities the light or warmth penetrates, I pene-
trate those cities myself,

All islands to which birds wing their way, I wing my
way myself.

37. Toward all,

I raise high the perpendicular hand—I make the
signal,

To remain after me in sight forever,
For all the haunts and homes of men.

POEM OF JOYS.

1. O to make a most jubilant poem!
O full of music! Full of manhood, womanhood,
infancy!
O full of common employments! Full of grain and
trees.
2. O for the voices of animals! O for the swiftness and
balance of fishes!
O for the dropping of rain-drops in a poem!
O for the sunshine and motion of waves in a poem.
3. O to be on the sea! the wind, the wide waters
around;
O to sail in a ship under full sail at sea.
4. O the joy of my spirit! It is uncaged! It darts like
lightning!
It is not enough to have this globe, or a certain time
— I will have thousands of globes, and all time.
5. O the engineer's joys!
To go with a locomotive!
To hear the hiss of steam — the merry shriek — the
steam-whistle — the laughing locomotive!
To push with resistless way, and speed off in the
distance.
6. O the horseman's and horsewoman's joys!
The saddle — the gallop — the pressure upon the seat
— the cool gurgling by the ears and hair.
7. O the fireman's joys!
I hear the alarm at dead of night,
I hear bells — shouts! — I pass the crowd — I run!
The sight of the flames maddens me with pleasure.

8. O the joy of the strong-brawned fighter, towering
in the arena, in perfect condition, conscious of
power, thirsting to meet his opponent.
9. O the joy of that vast elemental sympathy which only
the human Soul is capable of generating and
emitting in steady and limitless floods.
10. O the mother's joys!
The watching — the endurance — the precious love —
the anguish — the patiently yielded life.
11. O the joy of increase, growth, recuperation,
The joy of soothing and pacifying — the joy of
concord and harmony.
12. O to go back to the place where I was born!
O to hear the birds sing once more!
To ramble about the house and barn, and over the
fields, once more,
And through the orchard and along the old lanes
once more.
13. O male and female!
O the presence of women! (I swear, nothing is more
exquisite to me than the presence of women;)
O for the girl, my mate! O for happiness with my
mate!
O the young man as I pass! O I am sick after the
friendship of him who, I fear, is indifferent
to me.
14. O the streets of cities!
The flitting faces — the expressions, eyes, feet, cos-
tumes! O I cannot tell how welcome they are
to me;
O of men — of women toward me as I pass — The
memory of only one look — the boy lingering
and waiting.
15. O to have been brought up on bays, lagoons, creeks,
or along the coast!
O to continue and be employed there all my life!

O the briny and damp smell — the shore — the salt
weeds exposed at low water,
The work of fishermen — the work of the eel-fisher
and clam-fisher.

16. O it is I!

I come with my clam-rake and spade! I come with
my eel-spear;
Is the tide out? I join the group of clam-diggers on
the flats,
I laugh and work with them — I joke at my work,
like a mettlesome young man.

17. In winter I take my eel-basket and eel-spear and
travel out on foot on the ice — I have a small
axe to cut holes in the ice;

Behold me, well-clothed, going gayly, or returning in
the afternoon — my brood of tough boys accom-
panying me,

My brood of grown and part-grown boys, who love
to be with none else so well as they love to be
with me,

By day to work with me, and by night to sleep with
me.

18. Or, another time, in warm weather, out in a boat, to
lift the lobster-pots, where they are sunk with
heavy stones, (I know the buoys;)

O the sweetness of the Fifth Month morning upon
the water, as I row, just before sunrise, toward
the buoys;

I pull the wicker pots up slantingly — the dark green
lobsters are desperate with their claws, as I take
them out — I insert wooden pegs in the joints
of their pincers,

I go to all the places, one after another, and then row
back to the shore,

There, in a huge kettle of boiling water, the lobsters
shall be boiled till their color becomes scarlet.

19. Or, another time, mackerel-taking,

Voracious, mad for the hook, near the surface, they
seem to fill the water for miles;

Or, another time, fishing for rock-fish in Chesapeake Bay — I one of the brown-faced crew ;
 Or, another time, trailing for blue-fish off Paumanok,
 I stand with braced body,
 My left foot is on the gunwale — my right arm throws
 the coils of slender rope,
 In sight around me the quick veering and darting of
 fifty skiffs, my companions.

20. O boating on the rivers !

The voyage down the Niagara, (the St. Lawrence,) —
 the superb scenery — the steamers,
 The ships sailing — the Thousand Islands — the occa-
 sional timber-raft, and the raftsmen with long-
 reaching sweep-oars,
 The little huts on the rafts, and the stream of smoke
 when they cook supper at evening.

21. O something pernicious and dread !

Something far away from a puny and pious life !
 Something unproved ! Something in a trance !
 Something escaped from the anchorage, and driving
 free.

22. O to work in mines, or forging iron !

Foundry casting — the foundry itself — the rude high
 roof — the ample and shadowed space,
 The furnace — the hot liquid poured out and running.

23. O the joys of the soldier !

To feel the presence of a brave general ! to feel his
 sympathy !
 To behold his calmness ! to be warmed in the rays of
 his smile !
 To go to battle ! to hear the bugles play, and the drums
 beat !
 To hear the artillery ! to see the glittering of the bay-
 onets and musket-barrels in the sun !
 To see men fall and die and not complain !
 To taste the savage taste of blood ! to be so devilish !
 To gloat so over the wounds and deaths of the enemy.

24. O the whaleman's joys ! O I cruise my old cruise
 again !

I feel the ship's motion under me — I feel the Atlantic
 breezes fanning me,
 I hear the cry again sent down from the mast-head,
 There she blows,
 Again I spring up the rigging, to look with the rest
 — We see — we descend, wild with excitement,
 I leap in the lowered boat — We row toward our prey,
 where he lies,
 We approach, stealthy and silent — I see the moun-
 tainous mass, lethargic, basking,
 I see the harpooner standing up — I see the weapon
 dart from his vigorous arm ;
 O swift, again, now, far out in the ocean, the wounded
 whale, settling, running to windward, tows me,
 Again I see him rise to breathe — We row close
 again,
 I see a lance driven through his side, pressed deep,
 turned in the wound,
 Again we back off — I see him settle again — the life
 is leaving him fast,
 As he rises, he spouts blood — I see him swim in
 circles narrower and narrower, swiftly cutting
 the water — I see him die,
 He gives one convulsive leap in the centre of the
 circle, and then falls flat and still in the bloody
 foam.

25. O the old manhood of me, my joy !
 My children and grand-children — my white hair
 and beard,
 My largeness, calmness, majesty, out of the long
 stretch of my life.
26. O the ripened joy of womanhood !
 O perfect happiness at last !
 I am more than eighty years of age — my hair, too,
 is pure white — I am the most venerable mother ;
 How clear is my mind ! how all people draw nigh
 to me !
 What attractions are these, beyond any before ?
 what bloom, more than the bloom of youth ?
 What beauty is this that descends upon me, and
 rises out of me ?

27. O the joy of my Soul leaning poised on itself — receiving identity through materials, and loving them — observing characters, and absorbing them;
 O my Soul, vibrated back to me, from them — from facts, sight, hearing, touch, my phrenology, reason, articulation, comparison, memory, and the like;
 O the real life of my senses and flesh, transcending my senses and flesh;
 O my body, done with materials — my sight, done with my material eyes;
 O what is proved to me this day, beyond cavil, that it is not my material eyes which finally see,
 Nor my material body which finally loves, walks, laughs, shouts, embraces, procreates.
28. O the farmer's joys!
 Ohioan's, Illinoisian's, Wisconsinese', Kanadian's, Iowan's, Kansian's, Missourian's, Oregonese' joys,
 To rise at peep of day, and pass forth nimbly to work,
 To plough land in the fall for winter-sown crops,
 To plough land in the spring for maize,
 To train orchards — to graft the trees — to gather apples in the fall.
29. O the pleasure with trees!
 The orchard — the forest — the oak, cedar, pine, pekan-tree,
 The honey-locust, black-walnut, cottonwood, and magnolia.
30. O Death!
 O the beautiful touch of Death, soothing and benumbing a few moments, for reasons;
 O that of myself, discharging my excrementitious body, to be burned, or rendered to powder, or buried,
 My real body doubtless left to me for other spheres,
 My voided body, nothing more to me, returning to the purifications, further offices, eternal uses of the earth.

31. O to bathe in the swimming-bath, or in a good place
along shore!
To splash the water! to walk ankle-deep; to race
naked along the shore.
32. O to realize space!
The plenteousness of all — that there are no bounds;
To emerge, and be of the sky — of the sun and moon,
and the flying clouds, as one with them.
33. O, while I live, to be the ruler of life — not a slave,
To meet life as a powerful conqueror,
No fumes — no ennui — no more complaints or scorn-
ful criticisms.
34. O me repellent and ugly!
O to these proud laws of the air, the water, and the
ground, proving my interior Soul impregnable,
And nothing exterior shall ever take command of me.
35. O to attract by more than attraction!
How it is I know not — yet behold! the something
which obeys none of the rest,
It is offensive, never defensive — yet how magnetic
it draws.
36. O the joy of suffering!
To struggle against great odds! to meet enemies un-
daunted!
To be entirely alone with them! to find how much I
can stand!
To look strife, torture, prison, popular odium, death,
face to face!
To mount the scaffold! to advance to the muzzles of
guns with perfect nonchalance!
To be indeed a God!
37. O the gleesome saunter over fields and hill-sides!
The leaves and flowers of the commonest weeds —
the moist fresh stillness of the woods,
The exquisite smell of the earth at day-break, and
all through the forenoon.

38. O love-branches ! love-root ! love-apples !
O chaste and electric torrents ! O mad-sweet drops.
39. O the orator's joys !
To inflate the chest—to roll the thunder of the
voice out from the ribs and throat,
To make the people rage, weep, hate, desire, with
yourself,
To lead America—to quell America with a great
tongue.
40. O the joy of a manly self-hood !
Personality—to be servile to none—to defer to
none—not to any tyrant, known or unknown,
To walk with erect carriage, a step springy and
elastic,
To look with calm gaze, or with a flashing eye,
To speak with a full and sonorous voice, out of a
broad chest,
To confront with your personality all the other per-
sonalities of the earth.
41. O to have my life henceforth my poem of joys !
To dance, clap hands, exult, shout, skip, leap, roll
on, float on,
An athlete—full of rich words—full of joys.

A WORD OUT OF THE SEA.

Out of the rocked cradle,
Out of the mocking-bird's throat, the musical shuttle,
Out of the boy's mother's womb, and from the nipples of her breasts,
Out of the Ninth Month midnight,
Over the sterile sands, and the fields beyond, where the child, leaving his bed, wandered alone, bare-headed, barefoot,
Down from the showered halo,
Up from the mystic play of shadows, twining and twisting as if they were alive,
Out from the patches of briers and blackberries,
From the memories of the bird that chanted to me,
From your memories, sad brother — from the fitful risings and fallings I heard,
From under that yellow half-moon, late-risen, and swollen as if with tears,
From those beginning notes of sickness and love, there in the transparent mist,
From the thousand responses of my heart, never to cease,
From the myriad thence-aroused words,
From the word stronger and more delicious than any,
From such, as now they start, the scene revisiting,
As a flock, twittering, rising, or overhead passing,
Borne hither — ere all eludes me, hurriedly,
A man — yet by these tears a little boy again,
Throwing myself on the sand, confronting the waves,
I, chanter of pains and joys, uniter of here and hereafter,
Taking all hints to use them — but swiftly leaping beyond them,
A reminiscence sing.

REMINISCENCE.

1. ONCE, Paumanok,
When the snows had melted, and the Fifth Month
grass was growing,
Up this sea-shore, in some briers,
Two guests from Alabama — two together,
And their nest, and four light-green eggs, spotted
with brown,
And every day the he-bird, to and fro, near at hand,
And every day the she-bird, crouched on her nest,
silent, with bright eyes,
And every day I, a curious boy, never too close,
never disturbing them,
Cautiously peering, absorbing, translating.
2. *Shine! Shine!*
Pour down your warmth, great Sun!
While we bask — we two together.
3. *Two together!*
Winds blow South, or winds blow North,
Day come white, or night come black,
Home, or rivers and mountains from home,
Singing all time, minding no time,
If we two but keep together.
4. Till of a sudden,
May-be killed, unknown to her mate,
One forenoon the she-bird crouched not on the nest,
Nor returned that afternoon, nor the next,
Nor ever appeared again.
5. And thenceforward, all summer, in the sound of the
sea,
And at night, under the full of the moon, in calmer
weather,
Over the hoarse surging of the sea,
Or flitting from brier to brier by day,
I saw, I heard at intervals, the remaining one, the
he-bird,
The solitary guest from Alabama.

6. *Blow! Blow!*
Blow up sea-winds along Paumanok's shore;
I wait and I wait, till you blow my mate to me.
7. Yes, when the stars glistened,
All night long, on the prong of a moss-scallop'd
stake,
Down, almost amid the slapping waves,
Sat the lone singer, wonderful, causing tears.
8. He called on his mate,
He poured forth the meanings which I, of all men,
know.
9. Yes, my brother, I know,
The rest might not—but I have treasured every
note,
For once, and more than once, dimly, down to the
beach gliding,
Silent, avoiding the moonbeams, blending myself
with the shadows,
Recalling now the obscure shapes, the echoes, the
sounds and sights after their sorts,
The white arms out in the breakers tirelessly tossing,
I, with bare feet, a child, the wind wafting my hair,
Listened long and long.
10. Listened, to keep, to sing—now translating the
notes,
Following you, my brother.
11. *Soothe! Soothe!*
Close on its wave soothes the wave behind,
And again another behind, embracing and lapping,
every one close,
But my love soothes not me.
12. *Low hangs the moon—it rose late,*
O it is lagging—O I think it is heavy with love.
13. *O madly the sea pushes upon the land,*
With love—with love.

14. *O night !
O do I not see my love fluttering out there among the
breakers?
What is that little black thing I see there in the white?*
15. *Loud ! Loud !
Loud I call to you, my love !
High and clear I shoot my voice over the waves,
Surely you must know who is here,
You must know who I am, my love.*
16. *Low-hanging moon !
What is that dusky spot in your brown yellow ?
O it is the shape of my mate !
O moon, do not keep her from me any longer.*
17. *Land ! O land !
Whichever way I turn, O I think you could give me my
mate back again, if you would,
For I am almost sure I see her dimly whichever way I
look.*
18. *O rising stars !
Perhaps the one I want so much will rise with some of
you.*
19. *O throat !
Sound clearer through the atmosphere !
Pierce the woods, the earth,
Somewhere listening to catch you must be the one I
want.*
20. *Shake out, carols !
Solitary here — the night's carols !
Carols of lonesome love ! Death's carols !
Carols under that lagging, yellow, waning moon !
O, under that moon, where she droops almost down
into the sea !
O reckless, despairing carols.*
21. *But soft !
Sink low — soft !
Soft ! Let me just murmur,*

*And do you wait a moment, you husky-noised sea,
 For somewhere I believe I heard my mate responding
 to me,
 So faint — I must be still to listen,
 But not altogether still, for then she might not come
 immediately to me.*

22. *Hither, my love !
 Here I am ! Here !
 With this just-sustained note I announce myself to you,
 This gentle call is for you, my love.*
23. *Do not be decoyed elsewhere !
 That is the whistle of the wind — it is not my voice,
 That is the fluttering of the spray,
 Those are the shadows of leaves.*
24. *O darkness ! O in vain !
 O I am very sick and sorrowful.*
25. *O brown halo in the sky, near the moon, drooping upon
 the sea !
 O troubled reflection in the sea !
 O throat ! O throbbing heart !
 O all — and I singing uselessly all the night.*
26. *Murmur ! Murmur on !
 O murmurs — you yourselves make me continue to sing,
 I know not why.*
27. *O past ! O joy !
 In the air — in the woods — over fields,
 Loved ! Loved ! Loved ! Loved ! Loved !
 Loved — but no more with me,
 We two together no more.*
28. *The aria sinking,
 All else continuing — the stars shining,
 The winds blowing — the notes of the wondrous bird
 echoing,
 With angry moans the fierce old mother yet, as ever,
 incessantly moaning,*

On the sands of Paumanok's shore gray and rustling,
The yellow half-moon, enlarged, sagging down, drooping,
the face of the sea almost touching,
The boy extatic — with his bare feet the waves, with
his hair the atmosphere dallying,
The love in the heart pent, now loose, now at last
tumultuously bursting,
The aria's meaning, the ears, the Soul, swiftly depositing,
The strange tears down the cheeks coursing,
The colloquy there — the trio — each uttering,
The undertone — the savage old mother, incessantly
crying,
To the boy's Soul's questions sullenly timing — some
drowned secret hissing,
To the outsetting bard of love.

29. Bird! (then said the boy's Soul,
Is it indeed toward your mate you sing? or is it
mostly to me?
For I that was a child, my tongue's use sleeping,
Now that I have heard you,
Now in a moment I know what I am for — I awake,
And already a thousand singers — a thousand songs,
clearer, louder, more sorrowful than yours,
A thousand warbling echoes have started to life
within me,
Never to die.
30. O throes!
O you demon, singing by yourself — projecting me,
O solitary me, listening — never more shall I cease
imitating, perpetuating you,
Never more shall I escape,
Never more shall the reverberations,
Never more the cries of unsatisfied love be absent
from me,
Never again leave me to be the peaceful child I was
before what there, in the night,
By the sea, under the yellow and sagging moon,
The dusky demon aroused — the fire, the sweet hell
within,
The unknown want, the destiny of me.

31. O give me some clew !
O if I am to have so much, let me have more !
O a word ! O what is my destination ?
O I fear it is henceforth chaos !
O how joys, dreads, convolutions, human shapes, and
all shapes, spring as from graves around me !
O phantoms ! you cover all the land, and all the sea !
O I cannot see in the dimness whether you smile or
frown upon me ;
O vapor, a look, a word ! O well-beloved !
O you dear women's and men's phantoms !
32. A word then, (for I will conquer it,)
The word final, superior to all,
Subtle, sent up — what is it ? — I listen ;
Are you whispering it, and have been all the time,
you sea-waves ?
Is that it from your liquid rims and wet sands ?
33. Answering, the sea,
Delaying not, hurrying not,
Whispered me through the night, and very plainly
before daybreak,
Lisped to me constantly the low and delicious word
DEATH,
And again Death — ever Death, Death, Death,
Hissing melodious, neither like the bird, nor like my
aroused child's heart,
But edging near, as privately for me, rustling at
my feet,
And creeping thence steadily up to my ears,
Death, Death, Death, Death, Death.
34. Which I do not forget,
But fuse the song of two together,
That was sung to me in the moonlight on Paumanok's
gray beach,
With the thousand responsive songs, at random,
My own songs, awaked from that hour,
And with them the key, the word up from the waves,
The word of the sweetest song, and all songs,
That strong and delicious word which, creeping to
my feet,
The sea whispered me.

LEAF OF FACES.

1. SAUNTERING the pavement, or riding the country
by-road, here then are faces !
Faces of friendship, precision, caution, suavity, ide-
ality,
The spiritual prescient face — the always welcome,
common, benevolent face,
The face of the singing of music — the grand faces of
natural lawyers and judges, broad at the back-
top,
The faces of hunters and fishers, bulged at the brows
— the shaved blanched faces of orthodox citizens,
The pure, extravagant, yearning, questioning artist's
face,
The ugly face of some beautiful Soul, the handsome
detested or despised face,
The sacred faces of infants, the illumined face of the
mother of many children,
The face of an amour, the face of veneration,
The face as of a dream, the face of an immobile rock,
The face withdrawn of its good and bad, a castrated
face,
A wild hawk, his wings clipped by the clipper,
A stallion that yielded at last to the thongs and knife
of the gelder.
2. Sauntering the pavement, or crossing the ceaseless
ferry, here then are faces,
I see them and complain not, and am content with all.
3. Do you suppose I could be content with all, if I
thought them their own finale ?
4. This now is too lamentable a face for a man,
Some abject louse, asking leave to be — cringing for it,
Some milk-nosed maggot, blessing what lets it wrig to
its hole.

5. This face is a dog's snout sniffing for garbage ;
Snakes nest in that mouth — I hear the sibilant threat.
6. This face is a haze more chill than the arctic sea,
Its sleepy and wobbling icebergs crunch as they go.
7. This is a face of bitter herbs — this an emetic — they
need no label,
And more of the drug-shelf, laudanum, caoutchouc,
or hog's-lard.
8. This face is an epilepsy, its wordless tongue gives out
the unearthly cry,
Its veins down the neck distend, its eyes roll till they
show nothing but their whites,
Its teeth grit, the palms of the hands are cut by the
turned-in nails,
The man falls struggling and foaming to the ground
while he speculates well.
9. This face is bitten by vermin and worms,
And this is some murderer's knife with a half-pulled
scabbard.
10. This face owes to the sexton his dismalest fee,
An unceasing death-bell tolls there.
11. Those then are really men — the bosses and tufts of
the great round globe!
12. Features of my equals, would you trick me with your
creased and cadaverous march ?
Well, you cannot trick me.
13. I see your rounded never-erased flow,
I see 'neath the rims of your haggard and mean dis-
guises.
14. Splay and twist as you like — poke with the tangling
fores of fishes or rats,
You 'll be unmuzzled, you certainly will.
15. I saw the face of the most smeared and slobbering
idiot they had at the asylum,

And I knew for my consolation what they knew not,
And I knew of the agents that emptied and broke my
brother,
The same wait to clear the rubbish from the fallen
tenement,
And I shall look again in a score or two of ages,
And I shall meet the real landlord, perfect and un-
harmed, every inch as good as myself.

16. The Lord advances, and yet advances,
Always the shadow in front — always the reached
hand bringing up the laggards.

17. Out of this face emerge banners and horses — O
superb! I see what is coming,
I see the high pioneer-caps — I see the staves of
runners clearing the way,
I hear victorious drums.

18. This face is a life-boat,
This is the face commanding and bearded, it asks
no odds of the rest,
This face is flavored fruit, ready for eating,
This face of a healthy honest boy is the programme
of all good.

19. These faces bear testimony slumbering or awake,
They show their descent from the Master himself.

20. Off the word I have spoken I except not one — red,
white, black, are all deific,
In each house is the ovum — it comes forth after a
thousand years.

21. Spots or cracks at the windows do not disturb me,
Tall and sufficient stand behind, and make signs to
me,
I read the promise, and patiently wait.

22. This is a full-grown lily's face,
She speaks to the limber-hipp'd man near the garden
pickets,
Come here, she blushinglly cries — Come nigh to me,

limber-hipp'd man, and give me your finger and thumb,

*Stand at my side till I lean as high as I can upon you,
Fill me with albescent honey, bend down to me,
Rub to me with your chafing beard, rub to my breast
and shoulders.*

23. The old face of the mother of many children!
Whist! I am fully content.
24. Lulled and late is the smoke of the First Day
morning,
It hangs low over the rows of trees by the fences,
It hangs thin by the sassafras, the wild-cherry, and
the cat-brier under them.
25. I saw the rich ladies in full dress at the soirée,
I heard what the singers were singing so long,
Heard who sprang in crimson youth from the white
froth and the water-blue.
26. Behold a woman!
She looks out from her Quaker cap — her face is
clearer and more beautiful than the sky.
27. She sits in an arm-chair, under the shaded porch of
the farm-house,
The sun just shines on her old white head.
28. Her ample gown is of cream-hued linen,
Her grand-sons raised the flax, and her grand-
daughters spun it with the distaff and the
wheel.
29. The melodious character of the earth,
The finish beyond which philosophy cannot go, and
does not wish to go,
The justified mother of men.

EUROPE,

THE 72D AND 73D YEARS OF THESE STATES.

1. SUDDENLY out of its stale and drowsy lair, the lair
of slaves,
Like lightning it le'pt forth, half startled at itself,
Its feet upon the ashes and the rags — its hands
tight to the throats of kings.
2. O hope and faith !
O aching close of exiled patriots' lives !
O many a sickened heart !
Turn back unto this day, and make yourselves afresh.
3. And you, paid to defile the People ! you liars, mark !
Not for numberless agonies, murders, lusts,
For court thieving in its manifold mean forms, worm-
ing from his simplicity the poor man's wages,
For many a promise sworn by royal lips, and broken,
and laughed at in the breaking,
Then in their power, not for all these did the blows
strike revenge, or the heads of the nobles fall ;
The People scorned the ferocity of kings.
4. But the sweetness of mercy brewed bitter destruction,
and the frightened rulers come back,
Each comes in state with his train — hangman, priest,
tax-gatherer,
Soldier, lawyer, lords, jailers, and sycophants.
5. Yet behind all, hovering, stealing — lo, a Shape,
Vague as the night, draped interminably, head front
and form, in scarlet folds,
Whose face and eyes none may see,

Out of its robes only this — the red robes, lifted by
the arm,
One finger crook'd, pointed high over the top, like
the head of a snake appears.

6. Meanwhile, corpses lie in new-made graves — bloody
corpses of young men;
The rope of the gibbet hangs heavily, the bullets of
princes are flying, the creatures of power laugh
aloud,
And all these things bear fruits — and they are good.
7. Those corpses of young men,
Those martyrs that hang from the gibbets — those
hearts pierced by the gray lead,
Cold and motionless as they seem, live elsewhere
with unslaughter'd vitality.
8. They live in other young men, O kings!
They live in brothers, again ready to defy you!
They were purified by death — they were taught and
exalted.
9. Not a grave of the murdered for freedom, but grows
seed for freedom, in its turn to bear seed,
Which the winds carry afar and re-sow, and the rains
and the snows nourish.
10. Not a disembodied spirit can the weapons of tyrants
let loose,
But it stalks invisibly over the earth, whispering,
counselling, cautioning.
11. Liberty! let others despair of you! I never despair
of you.
12. Is the house shut? Is the master away?
Nevertheless be ready — be not weary of watching,
He will soon return — his messengers come anon.

THOUGHT.

OF Public Opinion,
Of a calm and cool fiat, sooner or later, (How impassive !
How certain and final !)
Of the President with pale face asking secretly to himself,
What will the people say at last ?
Of the frivolous Judge — Of the corrupt Congressman,
Governor, Mayor — Of such as these, standing helpless and exposed ;
Of the mumbling and screaming priest — (soon, soon deserted ;))
Of the lessening, year by year, of venerableness, and of the dicta of officers, statutes, pulpits, schools,
Of the rising forever taller and stronger and broader, of the intuitions of men and women, and of self-esteem, and of personality ;
Of the New World — Of the Democracies, resplendent, en-masse,
Of the conformity of politics, armies, navies, to them and to me,
Of the shining sun by them — Of the inherent light, greater than the rest,
Of the envelopment of all by them, and of the effusion of all from them.

ENFANS D'ADAM.

1.

To the garden, the world, anew ascending,
Potent mates, daughters, sons, preluding,
The love, the life of their bodies, meaning and being,
Curious, here behold my resurrection, after slumber,
The revolving cycles, in their wide sweep, having brought
me again,
Amorous, mature — all beautiful to me — all wondrous,
My limbs, and the quivering fire that ever plays through
them, for reasons, most wondrous;
Existing, I peer and penetrate still,
Content with the present — content with the past,
By my side, or back of me, Eve following,
Or in front, and I following her just the same.

2.

From that of myself, without which I were nothing,
From what I am determined to make illustrious, even if
I stand sole among men,
From my own voice resonant — singing the phallus,
Singing the song of procreation,
Singing the need of superb children, and therein superb
grown people,
Singing the muscular urge and the blending,
Singing the bedfellow's song, (O resistless yearning!
O for any and each, the body correlative attracting!
O for you, whoever you are, your correlative body! O it,
more than all else, you delighting!)
From the pent-up rivers of myself,
From the hungry gnaw that eats me night and day,
From native moments — from bashful pains — singing
them,

Singing something yet unfound, though I have diligently
sought it, ten thousand years,
Singing the true song of the Soul, fitful, at random,
Singing what, to the Soul, entirely redeemed her, the
faithful one, the prostitute, who detained me when
I went to the city,
Singing the song of prostitutes;
Renascent with grossest Nature, or among animals,
Of that — of them, and what goes with them, my poems
informing,
Of the smell of apples and lemons — of the pairing of
birds,
Of the wet of woods — of the lapping of waves,
Of the mad pushes of waves upon the land — I them
chanting,
The overture lightly sounding — the strain anticipat-
ing,
The welcome nearness — the sight of the perfect body,
The swimmer swimming naked in the bath, or motion-
less on his back lying and floating,
The female form approaching — I, pensive, love-flesh
tremulous, aching;
The slave's body for sale — I, sternly, with harsh voice,
auctioneering,
The divine list, for myself or you, or for any one, mak-
ing,
The face — the limbs — the index from head to foot, and
what it arouses,
The mystic deliria — the madness amorous — the utter
abandonment,
(Hark, close and still, what I now whisper to you,
I love you — O you entirely possess me,
O I wish that you and I escape from the rest and go
utterly off — O free and lawless,
Two hawks in the air — two fishes swimming in the sea
not more lawless than we;)
The furious storm through me careering — I passionately
trembling,
The oath of the inseparableness of two together — of
the woman that loves me, and whom I love more
than my life — That oath swearing,
(O I willingly stake all, for you!
O let me be lost, if it must be so!

O you and I — what is it to us what the rest do or think?
What is all else to us? only that we enjoy each other, and exhaust each other, if it must be so;) From the master — the pilot I yield the vessel to, The general commanding me, commanding all — from him permission taking,
From time the programme hastening, (I have loitered too long, as it is;) From sex — From the warp and from the woof, (To talk to the perfect girl who understands me — the girl of The States,
To waft to her these from my own lips — to effuse them from my own body;) From privacy — From frequent repinings alone, From plenty of persons near, and yet the right person not near,
From the soft sliding of hands over me, and thrusting of fingers through my hair and beard,
From the long-sustained kiss upon the mouth or bosom,
From the close pressure that makes me or any man drunk, fainting with excess,
From what the divine husband knows — from the work of fatherhood,
From exultation, victory, and relief — from the bed-fellow's embrace in the night,
From the act-poems of eyes, hands, hips, and bosoms,
From the cling of the trembling arm,
From the bending curve and the clinch,
From side by side, the pliant coverlid off throwing,
From the one so unwilling to have me leave — and me just as unwilling to leave,
(Yet a moment, O tender waiter, and I return,) From the hour of shining stars and dropping dews,
From the night, a moment, I, emerging, flitting out, Celebrate you, enfans prepared for,
And you, stalwart loins.

3.

1. O MY children! O mates!
 O the bodies of you, and of all men and women,
 engirth me, and I engirth them,
 O they will not let me off, nor I them, till I go with
 them, respond to them,
 And respond to the contact of them, and discorrupt
 them, and charge them with the charge of the
 Soul.
2. Was it doubted if those who corrupt their own bodies
 conceal themselves?
 And if those who defile the living are as bad as they
 who defile the dead?
 And if the body does not do as much as the Soul?
 And if the body were not the Soul, what is the Soul?
3. The love of the body of man or woman balks account
 —the body itself balks account,
 That of the male is perfect, and that of the female is
 perfect.
4. The expression of the face balks account,
 But the expression of a well made man appears not
 only in his face,
 It is in his limbs and joints also, it is curiously in
 the joints of his hips and wrists,
 It is in his walk, the carriage of his neck, the flex
 of his waist and knees—dress does not hide
 him,
 The strong, sweet, supple quality he has, strikes
 through the cotton and flannel,
 To see him pass conveys as much as the best poem,
 perhaps more,
 You linger to see his back, and the back of his neck
 and shoulder-side.
5. The sprawl and fulness of babes, the bosoms and
 heads of women, the folds of their dress, their
 style as we pass in the street, the contour of
 their shape downwards,

The swimmer naked in the swimming bath, seen as
he swims through the transparent green-shine,
or lies with his face up, and rolls silently to and
fro in the heave of the water,

The bending forward and backward of rowers in
row-boats — the horseman in his saddle,

Girls, mothers, house-keepers, in all their perform-
ances,

The group of laborers seated at noon-time with their
open dinner-kettles, and their wives waiting,

The female soothing a child — the farmer's daughter
in the garden or cow-yard,

The young fellow hoeing corn — the sleigh-driver
guiding his six horses through the crowd,

The wrestle of wrestlers, two apprentice-boys, quite
grown, lusty, good-natured, native-born, out on
the vacant lot at sun-down, after work,

The coats and caps thrown down, the embrace of love
and resistance,

The upper-hold and under-hold, the hair rumpled
over and blinding the eyes;

The march of firemen in their own costumes, the
play of masculine muscle through clean-setting
trousers and waist-straps,

The slow return from the fire, the pause when the
bell strikes suddenly again, and the listening on
the alert,

The natural, perfect, varied attitudes — the bent head,
the curved neck, and the counting,

Such-like I love — I loosen myself, pass freely, am at
the mother's breast with the little child,

Swim with the swimmers, wrestle with wrestlers,
march in line with the firemen, and pause, listen,
and count.

6. I knew a man,
He was a common farmer — he was the father of five
sons,
And in them were the fathers of sons — and in them
were the fathers of sons.
7. This man was of wonderful vigor, calmness, beauty
of person,

The shape of his head, the richness and breadth of his manners, the pale yellow and white of his hair and beard, and the immeasurable meaning of his black eyes,

These I used to go and visit him to see — he was wise also,

He was six feet tall, he was over eighty years old — his sons were massive, clean, bearded, tan-faced, handsome,

They and his daughters loved him — all who saw him loved him,

They did not love him by allowance — they loved him with personal love;

He drank water only — the blood showed like scarlet through the clear-brown skin of his face,

He was a frequent gunner and fisher — he sailed his boat himself — he had a fine one presented to him by a ship-joiner — he had fowling-pieces, presented to him by men that loved him;

When he went with his five sons and many grandsons to hunt or fish, you would pick him out as the most beautiful and vigorous of the gang,

You would wish long and long to be with him — you would wish to sit by him in the boat, that you and he might touch each other.

8. I have perceived that to be with those I like is enough,

To stop in company with the rest at evening is enough,

To be surrounded by beautiful, curious, breathing, laughing flesh is enough,

To pass among them, or touch any one, or rest my arm ever so lightly round his or her neck for a moment — what is this, then?

I do not ask any more delight — I swim in it, as in a sea.

9. There is something in staying close to men and women, and looking on them, and in the contact and odor of them, that pleases the Soul well,

All things please the Soul — but these please the Soul well.

10. This is the female form,
A divine nimbus exhales from it from head to
foot,
It attracts with fierce undeniable attraction,
I am drawn by its breath as if I were no more than
a helpless vapor — all falls aside but myself
and it,
Books, art, religion, time, the visible and solid earth,
the atmosphere and the clouds, and what was
expected of heaven or feared of hell, are now
consumed,
Mad filaments, ungovernable shoots play out of it, the
response likewise ungovernable,
Hair, bosom, hips, bend of legs, negligent falling
hands, all diffused — mine too diffused,
Ebb stung by the flow, and flow stung by the ebb —
love-flesh swelling and deliciously aching,
Limitless limpid jets of love hot and enormous,
quivering jelly of love, white-blow and delirious
juice,
Bridegroom-night of love, working surely and softly
into the prostrate dawn,
Undulating into the willing and yielding day,
Lost in the cleave of the clasping and sweet-fleshed
day.
11. This is the nucleus — after the child is born of
woman, the man is born of woman,
This is the bath of birth — this is the merge of small
and large, and the outlet again.
12. Be not ashamed, women — your privilege encloses
the rest, and is the exit of the rest,
You are the gates of the body, and you are the gates
of the Soul.
13. The female contains all qualities, and tempers them
— she is in her place, and moves with perfect
balance,
She is all things duly veiled — she is both passive and
active,
She is to conceive daughters as well as sons, and sons
as well as daughters.

14. As I see my Soul reflected in nature,
As I see through a mist, one with inexpressible completeness and beauty,
See the bent head and arms folded over the breast —
the female I see.
15. The male is not less the Soul, nor more — he too is in his place,
He too is all qualities — he is action and power,
The flush of the known universe is in him,
Scorn becomes him well, and appetite and defiance become him well,
The wildest largest passions, bliss that is utmost, sorrow that is utmost, become him well — pride is for him,
The full-spread pride of man is calming and excellent to the Soul;
Knowledge becomes him — he likes it always — he brings everything to the test of himself,
Whatever the survey, whatever the sea and the sail, he strikes soundings at last only here,
Where else does he strike soundings, except here?
16. The man's body is sacred, and the woman's body is sacred,
No matter who it is, it is sacred;
Is it a slave? Is it one of the dull-faced immigrants just landed on the wharf?
Each belongs here or anywhere just as much as the well-off — just as much as you,
Each has his or her place in the procession. . .
17. All is a procession,
The universe is a procession, with measured and beautiful motion.
18. Do you know so much yourself, that you call the slave or the dull-face ignorant?
Do you suppose you have a right to a good sight, and he or she has no right to a sight?
Do you think matter has cohered together from its diffused float — and the soil is on the surface, and water runs, and vegetation sprouts,
For you only, and not for him and her?

19. A man's body at auction!
I help the auctioneer — the sloven does not half know
his business.
20. Gentlemen, look on this wonder!
Whatever the bids of the bidders, they cannot be high
enough for it,
For it the globe lay preparing quintillions of years,
without one animal or plant,
For it the revolving cycles truly and steadily rolled.
21. In this head the all-baffling brain,
In it and below it, the making of the attributes of
heroes.
22. Examine these limbs, red, black, or white — they are
so cunning in tendon and nerve,
They shall be stript, that you may see them.
23. Exquisite senses, life-lit eyes, pluck, volition,
Flakes of breast-muscle, pliant back-bone and neck,
flesh not flabby, good-sized arms and legs,
And wonders within there yet.
24. Within there runs blood,
The same old blood!
The same red-running blood!
There swells and jets a heart — there all passions,
desires, reachings, aspirations,
Do you think they are not there because they are not
expressed in parlors and lecture-rooms?
25. This is not only one man — this is the father of those
who shall be fathers in their turns,
In him the start of populous states and rich republics,
Of him countless immortal lives, with countless em-
bodiments and enjoyments.
26. How do you know who shall come from the offspring
of his offspring through the centuries?
Who might you find you have come from yourself, if
you could trace back through the centuries?

27. A woman's body at auction !
 She too is not only herself — she is the teeming
 mother of mothers,
 She is the bearer of them that shall grow and be
 mates to the mothers.

28. Her daughters, or their daughters' daughters — who
 knows who shall mate with them ?
 Who knows through the centuries what heroes may
 come from them ?

29. In them, and of them, natal love — in them that
 divine mystery, the same old beautiful mystery.

30. Have you ever loved the body of a woman ?
 Have you ever loved the body of a man ?
 Your father — where is your father ?
 Your mother — is she living ? have you been much
 with her ? and has she been much with you ?
 Do you not see that these are exactly the same to all,
 in all nations and times, all over the earth ?

31. If any thing is sacred, the human body is sacred,
 And the glory and sweet of a man, is the token of
 manhood untainted,
 And in man or woman, a clean, strong, firm-fibred
 body, is beautiful as the most beautiful face.

32. Have you seen the fool that corrupted his own live
 body ? or the fool that corrupted her own live
 body ?
 For they do not conceal themselves, and cannot con-
 ceal themselves.

33. O my body ! I dare not desert the likes of you in
 other men and women, nor the likes of the parts
 of you ;
 I believe the likes of you are to stand or fall with the
 likes of the Soul, (and that they are the Soul,)
 I believe the likes of you shall stand or fall with
 my poems — and that they are poems,
 Man's, woman's, child's, youth's, wife's, husband's,
 mother's, father's, young man's, young woman's
 poems,

Head, neck, hair, ears, drop and tympan of the ears,
 Eyes, eye-fringes, iris of the eye, eye-brows, and the
 waking or sleeping of the lids,
 Mouth, tongue, lips, teeth, roof of the mouth, jaws,
 and the jaw-hinges,
 Nose, nostrils of the nose, and the partition,
 Cheeks, temples, forehead, chin, throat, back of the
 neck, neck-slue,
 Strong shoulders, manly beard, scapula, hind-should-
 ders, and the ample side-round of the chest,
 Upper-arm, arm-pit, elbow-socket, lower-arm, arm-
 sinews, arm-bones,
 Wrist and wrist-joints, hand, palm, knuckles, thumb,
 fore-finger, finger-balls, finger-joints, finger-nails,
 Broad breast-front, curling hair of the breast, breast-
 bone, breast-side,
 Ribs, belly, back-bone, joints of the back-bone,
 Hips, hip-sockets, hip-strength, inward and outward
 round, man-balls, man-root,
 Strong set of thighs, well carrying the trunk above,
 Leg-fibres, knee, knee-pan, upper-leg, under-leg,
 Ankles, instep, foot-ball, toes, toe-joints, the heel,
 All attitudes, all the shapeliness, all the belongings
 of my or your body, or of any one's body, male
 or female,
 The lung-sponges, the stomach-sac, the bowels sweet
 and clean,
 The brain in its folds inside the skull-frame,
 Sympathies, heart-valves, palate-valves, sexuality, ma-
 ternity,
 Womanhood, and all that is a woman — and the man
 that comes from woman,
 The womb, the teats, nipples, breast-milk, tears, laugh-
 ter, weeping, love-looks, love-perturbations and
 risings,
 The voice, articulation, language, whispering, shout-
 ing aloud,
 Food, drink, pulse, digestion, sweat, sleep, walking,
 swimming,
 Poise on the hips, leaping, reclining, embracing, arm-
 curving, and tightening,
 The continual changes of the flex of the mouth, and
 around the eyes,

The skin, the sun-burnt shade, freckles, hair,
 The curious sympathy one feels, when feeling with
 the hand the naked meat of his own body, or
 another person's body,
 The circling rivers, the breath, and breathing it in
 and out,
 The beauty of the waist, and thence of the hips, and
 thence down toward the knees,
 The thin red jellies within you, or within me — the
 bones, and the marrow in the bones,
 The exquisite realization of health,
 O I say now these are not the parts and poems of
 the body only, but of the Soul,
 O I say these are the Soul!

4.

1. A WOMAN waits for me — she contains all, nothing
 is lacking,
 Yet all were lacking, if sex were lacking, or if the
 moisture of the right man were lacking.
2. Sex contains all,
 Bodies, Souls, meanings, proofs, purities, delicacies,
 results, promulgations,
 Songs, commands, health, pride, the maternal mys-
 tery, the semitic milk,
 All hopes, benefactions, bestowals,
 All the passions, loves, beauties, delights of the
 earth,
 All the governments, judges, gods, followed persons
 of the earth,
 These are contained in sex, as parts of itself, and
 justifications of itself.
3. Without shame the man I like knows and avows the
 deliciousness of his sex,
 Without shame the woman I like knows and avows
 hers.
4. O I will fetch bully breeds of children yet!
 I will dismiss myself from impassive women,

I will go stay with her who waits for me, and with
those women that are warm-blooded and sufficient for me;

I see that they understand me, and do not deny me,
I see that they are worthy of me—I will be the
robust husband of those women.

5. They are not one jot less than I am,
They are tanned in the face by shining suns and
blowing winds,
Their flesh has the old divine suppleness and strength,
They know how to swim, row, ride, wrestle, shoot,
run, strike, retreat, advance, resist, defend themselves,

They are ultimate in their own right—they are
calm, clear, well-possessed of themselves.

6. I draw you close to me, you women!
I cannot let you go, I would do you good,
I am for you, and you are for me, not only for our
own sake, but for others' sakes;
Enveloped in you sleep greater heroes and bards,
They refuse to awake at the touch of any man but
me.

7. It is I, you women—I make my way,
I am stern, acrid, large, undissuadable—but I love
you,
I do not hurt you any more than is necessary for you,
I pour the stuff to start sons and daughters fit for
These States—I press with slow rude muscle,
I brace myself effectually—I listen to no entreaties,
I dare not withdraw till I deposit what has so long
accumulated within me.

8. Through you I drain the pent-up rivers of myself,
In you I wrap a thousand onward years,
On you I graft the grafts of the best-beloved of me
and of America,
The drops I distil upon you shall grow fierce and
athletic girls, new artists, musicians, and singers,
The babes I beget upon you are to beget babes in
their turn,

I shall demand perfect men and women out of my
 love-spendings,
 I shall expect them to interpenetrate with others, as
 I and you interpenetrate now,
 I shall count on the fruits of the gushing showers of
 them, as I count on the fruits of the gushing
 showers I give now,
 I shall look for loving crops from the birth, life,
 death, immortality, I plant so lovingly now.

5.

SPONTANEOUS me, Nature,
 The loving day, the friend I am happy with,
 The arm of my friend hanging idly over my shoulder,
 The hill-side whitened with blossoms of the mountain
 ash,
 The same, late in autumn — the gorgeous hues of red,
 yellow, drab, purple, and light and dark green,
 The rich coverlid of the grass — animals and birds
 — the private untrimmed bank — the primitive
 apples — the pebble-stones,
 Beautiful dripping fragments — the negligent list of
 one after another, as I happen to call them to
 me, or think of them,
 The real poems, (what we call poems being merely
 pictures,)
 The poems of the privacy of the night, and of men
 like me,
 This poem, drooping shy and unseen, that I always
 carry, and that all men carry,
 (Know, once for all, avowed on purpose, wherever
 are men like me, are our lusty, lurking, mascu-
 line, poems,)
 Love-thoughts, love-juice, love-odor, love-yielding,
 love-climbers, and the climbing sap,
 Arms and hands of love — lips of love — phallic
 thumb of love — breasts of love — bellies pressed
 and glued together with love,
 Earth of chaste love — life that is only life after
 love,
 The body of my love — the body of the woman I

love — the body of the man — the body of the
earth,
Soft forenoon airs that blow from the south-west,
The hairy wild-bee that murmurs and hankers up
and down — that gripes the full-grown lady-
flower, curves upon her with amorous firm legs,
takes his will of her, and holds himself tremulous
and tight upon her till he is satisfied,
The wet of woods through the early hours,
Two sleepers at night lying close together as they
sleep, one with an arm slanting down across and
below the waist of the other,
The smell of apples, aromas from crushed sage-plant,
mint, birch-bark,
The boy's longings, the glow and pressure as he con-
fides to me what he was dreaming,
The dead leaf whirling its spiral whirl, and falling
still and content to the ground,
The no-formed stings that sights, people, objects,
sting me with,
The hubbed sting of myself, stinging me as much as
it ever can any one,
The sensitive, orbic, underlapped brothers, that only
privileged feelers may be intimate where they
are,
The curious roamer, the hand, roaming all over the
body — the bashful withdrawing of flesh where
the fingers soothingly pause and edge themselves,
The limpid liquid within the young man,
The vexed corrosion, so pensive and so painful,
The torment — the irritable tide that will not be at
rest,
The like of the same I feel — the like of the same
in others,
The young woman that flushes and flushes, and the
young man that flushes and flushes,
The young man that wakes, deep at night, the hot
hand seeking to repress what would master him
— the strange half-welcome pangs, visions,
sweats,
The pulse pounding through palms and trembling
encircling fingers — the young man all colored,
red, ashamed, angry;

The souse upon me of my lover the sea, as I lie willing and naked,
 The merriment of the twin-babes that crawl over the grass in the sun, the mother never turning her vigilant eyes from them,
 The walnut-trunk, the walnut-husks, and the ripening or ripened long-round walnuts,
 The continence of vegetables, birds, animals,
 The consequent meanness of me should I skulk or find myself indecent, while birds and animals never once skulk or find themselves indecent,
 The great chastity of paternity, to match the great chastity of maternity,
 The oath of procreation I have sworn — my Adamic and fresh daughters,
 The greed that eats me day and night with hungry gnaw, till I saturate what shall produce boys to fill my place when I am through,
 The wholesome relief, repose, content,
 And this bunch plucked at random from myself,
 It has done its work — I toss it carelessly to fall where it may.

6.

1. O FURIOUS! O confine me not!
 (What is this that frees me so in storms?
 What do my shouts amid lightnings and raging winds mean?)
2. O to drink the mystic deliria deeper than any other man!
 O savage and tender achings!
 (I bequeath them to you, my children,
 I tell them to you, for reasons, O bridegroom and bride.)
3. O to be yielded to you, whoever you are, and you to be yielded me, in defiance of the world!
 (Know, I am a man, attracting, at any time, her I but look upon, or touch with the tips of my fingers,
 Or that touches my face, or leans against me.)

4. O to return to Paradise !
 O to draw you to me — to plant on you, for the first
 time, the lips of a determined man !
 O rich and feminine ! O to show you to realize the
 blood of life for yourself, whoever you are — and
 no matter when and where you live.
5. O the puzzle — the thrice-tied knot — the deep and
 dark pool ! O all untied and illumined !
 O to speed where there is space enough and air
 enough at last !
 O to be absolved from previous follies and degrada-
 tions — I from mine, and you from yours !
 O to find a new unthought-of nonchalance with the
 best of nature !
 O to have the gag removed from one's mouth !
 O to have the feeling, to-day or any day, I am suffi-
 cient as I am !
6. O something unproved ! something in a trance !
 O madness amorous ! O trembling !
 O to escape utterly from others' anchors and holds !
 To drive free ! to love free ! to dash reckless and
 dangerous !
 To court destruction with taunts — with invitations !
 To ascend — to leap to the heavens of the love
 indicated to me !
 To rise thither with my inebriate Soul !
 To be lost, if it must be so !
 To feed the remainder of life with one hour of ful-
 ness and freedom !
 With one brief hour of madness and joy.

7.

You and I — what the earth is, we are,
 We two — how long we were fooled !
 Now delicious, transmuted, swiftly we escape, as
 Nature escapes,
 We are Nature — long have we been absent, but now
 we return,
 We become plants, leaves, foliage, roots, bark,

We are bedded in the ground — we are rocks,
 We are oaks — we grow in the openings side by
 side,
 We browse — we are two among the wild herds,
 spontaneous as any,
 We are two fishes swimming in the sea together,
 We are what the locust blossoms are — we drop scent
 around the lanes, mornings and evenings,
 We are also the coarse smut of beasts, vegetables,
 minerals,
 We are what the flowing wet of the Tennessee is —
 we are two peaks of the Blue Mountains, rising
 up in Virginia,
 We are two predatory hawks — we soar above and
 look down,
 We are two resplendent suns — we it is who balance
 ourselves orbic and stellar — we are as two
 comets;
 We prowl fanged and four-footed in the woods — we
 spring on prey;
 We are two clouds, forenoons and afternoons, driving
 overhead,
 We are seas mingling — we are two of those cheerful
 waves, rolling over each other, and interwetting
 each other,
 We are what the atmosphere is, transparent, receptive,
 pervious, impervious,
 We are snow, rain, cold, darkness — we are each
 product and influence of the globe,
 We have circled and circled till we have arrived
 home again — we two have,
 We have voided all but freedom, and all but our
 own joy.

8.

NATIVE moments! when you come upon me — Ah
 you are here now!
 Give me now libidinous joys only!
 Give me the drench of my passions! Give me life
 coarse and rank!
 To-day, I go consort with nature's darlings — to-night
 too,

I am for those who believe in loose delights — I share
 the midnight orgies of young men,
 I dance with the dancers, and drink with the drink-
 ers,
 The echoes ring with our indecent calls,
 I take for my love some prostitute — I pick out some
 low person for my dearest friend,
 He shall be lawless, rude, illiterate — he shall be one
 condemned by others for deeds done;
 I will play a part no longer — Why should I exile
 myself from my companions?
 O you shunned persons! I at least do not shun you,
 I come forthwith in your midst — I will be your poet,
 I will be more to you than to any of the rest.

9.

ONCE I passed through a populous city, imprinting
 my brain, for future use, with its shows, architec-
 ture, customs, and traditions;
 Yet now, of all that city, I remember only a woman
 I casually met there, who detained me for love
 of me,
 Day by day and night by night we were together, —
 All else has long been forgotten by me,
 I remember I say only that woman who passionately
 clung to me,
 Again we wander — we love — we separate again,
 Again she holds me by the hand — I must not go!
 I see her close beside me, with silent lips, sad and
 tremulous.

10.

INQUIRING, tireless, seeking that yet unfound,
 I, a child, very old, over waves, toward the house of
 maternity, the land of migrations, look afar,
 Look off the shores of my Western Sea — having
 arrived at last where I am — the circle almost
 circled;
 For coming westward from Hindustan, from the vales
 of Kashmere,

From Asia — from the north — from the God, the sage,
and the hero,
From the south — from the flowery peninsulas, and the
spice islands,
Now I face the old home again — looking over to it, joy-
ous, as after long travel, growth, and sleep ;
But where is what I started for, so long ago ?
And why is it yet unfound ?

11.

IN the new garden, in all the parts,
In cities now, modern, I wander ;
Though the second or third result, or still further, primi-
tive yet,
Days, places, indifferent — though various, the same,
Time, Paradise, the Mannahatta, the prairies, finding me
unchanged,
Death indifferent — Is it that I lived long since ? Was
I buried very long ago ?
For all that, I may now be watching you here, this
moment ;
For the future, with determined will, I seek — the woman
of the future,
You, born years, centuries after me, I seek.

12.

AGES and ages, returning at intervals,
Undestroyed, wandering immortal,
Lusty, phallic, with the potent original loins, perfectly
sweet,
I, chanter of Adamic songs,
Through the new garden, the West, the great cities,
calling,
Deliriate, thus prelude what is generated, offering these,
offering myself,
Bathing myself, bathing my songs in sex,
Offspring of my loins.

13.

O HYMEN ! O hymeneee !
Why do you tantalize me thus ?

O why sting me for a swift moment only ?
Why can you not continue ? O why do you now cease ?
Is it because, if you continued beyond the swift moment,
you would soon certainly kill me ?

14.

I AM he that aches with love ;
Does the earth gravitate ? Does not all matter, aching,
attract all matter ?
So the body of me to all I meet, or that I know.

15.

EARLY in the morning,
Walking forth from the bower, refreshed with sleep,
Behold me where I pass — hear my voice — approach,
Touch me — touch the palm of your hand to my body as
I pass,
Be not afraid of my body.

POEM OF THE ROAD.

1. Afoot and light-hearted I take to the open road,
Healthy, free, the world before me,
The long brown path before me, leading wherever I
choose.
2. Henceforth I ask not good-fortune — I am good-
fortune,
Henceforth I whimper no more, postpone no more,
need nothing,
Strong and content, I travel the open road.
3. The earth — that is sufficient,
I do not want the constellations any nearer,
I know they are very well where they are,
I know they suffice for those who belong to them.
4. Still here I carry my old delicious burdens,
I carry them, men and women — I carry them with
me wherever I go,
I swear it is impossible for me to get rid of them,
I am filled with them, and I will fill them in return.
5. You road I travel and look around! I believe you
are not all that is here,
I believe that much unseen is also here.
6. Here is the profound lesson of reception, neither
preference or denial,
The black with his woolly head, the felon, the dis-
eased, the illiterate person, are not denied;
The birth, the hasting after the physician, the beg-
gar's tramp, the drunkard's stagger, the laughing
party of mechanics,
The escaped youth, the rich person's carriage, the fop,
the eloping couple,

The early market-man, the hearse, the moving of
furniture into the town, the return back from
the town,

They pass, I also pass, any thing passes — none can
be interdicted,

None but are accepted, none but are dear to me.

7. You air that serves me with breath to speak!
You objects that call from diffusion my meanings
and give them shape!
You light that wraps me and all things in delicate
equable showers!
You animals moving serenely over the earth!
You birds that wing yourselves through the air! you
insects!
You sprouting growths from the farmers' fields! you
stalks and weeds by the fences!
You paths worn in the irregular hollows by the road-
sides!
I think you are latent with curious existences — you
are so dear to me.
8. You flagged walks of the cities! you strong curbs at
the edges!
You ferries! you planks and posts of wharves! you
timber-lined sides! you distant ships!
You rows of houses! you window-pierced façades!
you roofs!
You porches and entrances! you copings and iron
guards!
You windows whose transparent shells might expose
so much!
You doors and ascending steps! you arches!
You gray stones of interminable pavements! you trod-
den crossings!
From all that has been near you I believe you have
imparted to yourselves, and now would impart
the same secretly to me,
From the living and the dead I think you have peopled
your impassive surfaces, and the spirits thereof
would be evident and amicable with me.
9. The earth expanding right hand and left hand,
The picture alive, every part in its best light,

The music falling in where it is wanted, and stopping
 where it was not wanted,
 The cheerful voice of the public road — the gay fresh
 sentiment of the road.

10. O highway I travel! O public road! do you say to
 me, Do not leave me?
 Do you say, Venture not? If you leave me you are
 lost?
 Do you say, I am already prepared — I am well-beaten
 and undenied — adhere to me?
11. O public road! I say back, I am not afraid to leave
 you — yet I love you,
 You express me better than I can express myself,
 You shall be more to me than my poem.
12. I think heroic deeds were all conceived in the open
 air,
 I think I could stop here myself, and do miracles,
 I think whatever I meet on the road I shall like, and
 whoever beholds me shall like me,
 I think whoever I see must be happy.
13. From this hour, freedom!
 From this hour I ordain myself loosed of limits and
 imaginary lines,
 Going where I list — my own master, total and abso-
 lute,
 Listening to others, and considering well what they
 say,
 Pausing, searching, receiving, contemplating,
 Gently, but with undeniable will, divesting myself of
 the holds that would hold me.
14. I inhale great draughts of air,
 The east and the west are mine, and the north and
 the south are mine.
15. I am larger than I thought,
 I did not know I held so much goodness.
16. All seems beautiful to me,
 I can repeat over to men and women, You have done
 such good to me, I would do the same to you.

17. I will recruit for myself and you as I go,
I will scatter myself among men and women as I go,
I will toss the new gladness and roughness among
 them;
Whoever denies me, it shall not trouble me,
Whoever accepts me, he or she shall be blessed, and
 shall bless me.
18. Now if a thousand perfect men were to appear, it
 would not amaze me,
Now if a thousand beautiful forms of women appeared,
 it would not astonish me.
19. Now I see the secret of the making of the best
 persons,
It is to grow in the open air, and to eat and sleep
 with the earth.
20. Here is space — here a great personal deed has room,
A great deed seizes upon the hearts of the whole race
 of men,
Its effusion of strength and will overwhelms law, and
 mocks all authority and all argument against it.
21. Here is the test of wisdom,
Wisdom is not finally tested in schools,
Wisdom cannot be passed from one having it, to an-
 other not having it,
Wisdom is of the Soul, is not susceptible of proof, is
 its own proof,
Applies to all stages and objects and qualities, and is
 content,
Is the certainty of the reality and immortality of
 things, and the excellence of things;
Something there is in the float of the sight of things
 that provokes it out of the Soul.
22. Now I reëxamine philosophies and religions,
They may prove well in lecture-rooms, yet not prove
 at all under the spacious clouds, and along the
 landscape and flowing currents.
23. Here is realization,
Here is a man tallied — he realizes here what he has
 in him,

The animals, the past, the future, light, space,
majesty, love, if they are vacant of you, you
are vacant of them.

24. Only the kernel of every object nourishes;
Where is he who tears off the husks for you and me?
Where is he that undoes stratagems and envelopes for
you and me?
25. Here is adhesiveness — it is not previously fashioned
— it is apropos;
Do you know what it is, as you pass, to be loved by
strangers?
Do you know the talk of those turning eye-balls?
26. Here is the efflux of the Soul,
The efflux of the Soul comes through beautiful gates
of laws, provoking questions;
These yearnings, why are they? These thoughts in
the darkness, why are they?
Why are there men and women that while they are
nigh me, the sun-light expands my blood?
Why, when they leave me, do my pennants of joy sink
flat and lank?
Why are there trees I never walk under, but large and
melodious thoughts descend upon me?
(I think they hang there winter and summer on those
trees, and always drop fruit as I pass;)
What is it I interchange so suddenly with strangers?
What with some driver, as I ride on the seat by his
side?
What with some fisherman, drawing his seine by the
shore, as I walk by and pause?
What gives me to be free to a woman's or man's
good-will? What gives them to be free to mine?
27. The efflux of the Soul is happiness — here is happi-
ness,
I think it pervades the air, waiting at all times,
Now it flows into us — we are rightly charged.
28. Here rises the fluid and attaching character;
The fluid and attaching character is the freshness
and sweetness of man and woman,

The herbs of the morning sprout no fresher and sweeter every day out of the roots of themselves, than it sprouts fresh and sweet continually out of itself.

29. Toward the fluid and attaching character exudes the sweat of the love of young and old,
From it falls distilled the charm that mocks beauty and attainments,
Toward it heaves the shuddering longing ache of contact.
30. Allons ! Whoever you are, come travel with me ! .
Travelling with me, you find what never tires.
31. The earth never tires,
The earth is rude, silent, incomprehensible at first—
Nature is rude and incomprehensible at first ;
Be not discouraged — keep on — there are divine things, well enveloped,
I swear to you there are divine things more beautiful than words can tell.
32. Allons ! We must not stop here !
However sweet these laid-up stores — however convenient this dwelling, we cannot remain here,
However sheltered this port, and however calm these waters, we must not anchor here,
However welcome the hospitality that surrounds us, we are permitted to receive it but a little while.
33. Allons ! The inducements shall be great to you ;
We will sail pathless and wild seas,
We will go where winds blow, waves dash, and the Yankee clipper speeds by under full sail.
34. Allons ! With power, liberty, the earth, the elements !
Health, defiance, gayety, self-esteem, curiosity ;
Allons ! from all formules !
From your formules, O bat-eyed and materialistic priests !
35. The stale cadaver blocks up the passage — the burial waits no longer.

36. Allons! Yet take warning!
He travelling with me needs the best blood, thews,
endurance,
None may come to the trial, till he or she bring
courage and health.
37. Come not here if you have already spent the best of
yourself;
Only those may come, who come in sweet and deter-
mined bodies,
No diseased person — no rum-drinker or venereal
taint is permitted here.
38. I and mine do not convince by arguments, similes,
rhymes,
We convince by our presence.
39. Listen! I will be honest with you,
I do not offer the old smooth prizes, but offer rough
new prizes,
These are the days that must happen to you:
40. You shall not heap up what is called riches,
You shall scatter with lavish hand all that you earn
or achieve,
You but arrive at the city to which you were des-
tined — you hardly settle yourself to satisfaction,
before you are called by an irresistible call to
depart,
You shall be treated to the ironical smiles and mock-
ings of those who remain behind you,
What beckonings of love you receive, you shall only
answer with passionate kisses of parting,
You shall not allow the hold of those who spread
their reached hands toward you.
41. Allons! After the GREAT COMPANIONS! and to belong
to them!
They too are on the road! they are the swift and
majestic men! they are the greatest women.
42. Over that which hindered them — over that which
retarded — passing impediments large or small,

Committers of crimes, committers of many beautiful
 virtues,
 Enjoyers of calms of seas, and storms of seas,
 Sailors of many a ship, walkers of many a mile of
 land,
 Habitues of many different countries, habitués of far-
 distant dwellings,
 Trusters of men and women, observers of cities, soli-
 tary toilers,
 Pausers and contemplaters of tufts, blossoms, shells
 of the shore,
 Dancers at wedding-dances, kissers of brides, tender
 helpers of children, bearers of children,
 Soldiers of revolts, standers by gaping graves, low-
 erers down of coffins,
 Journeymen over consecutive seasons, over the years
 —the curious years, each emerging from that
 which preceded it,
 Journeymen as with companions, namely, their own
 diverse phases,
 Forth-steppers from the latent unrealized baby-days,
 Journeymen gayly with their own youth — journeymen
 with their bearded and well-grained manhood,
 Journeymen with their womanhood, ample, unsur-
 passed, content,
 Journeymen with their sublime old age of manhood
 or womanhood,
 Old age, calm, expanded, broad with the haughty
 breadth of the universe,
 Old age, flowing free with the delicious near-by free-
 dom of death.

43. Allons! To that which is endless, as it was begin-
 ningless,
 To undergo much, tramps of days, rests of nights,
 To merge all in the travel they tend to, and the days
 and nights they tend to,
 Again to merge them in the start of superior jour-
 neys;
 To see nothing anywhere but what you may reach it
 and pass it,
 To conceive no time, however distant, but what you
 may reach it and pass it,

To look up or down no road but it stretches and
waits for you — however long, but it stretches
and waits for you ;
To see no being, not God's or any, but you also go
thither,
To see no possession but you may possess it — enjoy-
ing all without labor or purchase — abstracting
the feast, yet not abstracting one particle of it ;
To take the best of the farmer's farm and the rich
man's elegant villa, and the chaste blessings of
the well-married couple, and the fruits of or-
chards and flowers of gardens,
To take to your use out of the compact cities as you
pass through,
To carry buildings and streets with you afterward
wherever you go,
To gather the minds of men out of their brains as
you encounter them — to gather the love out of
their hearts,
To take your own lovers on the road with you, for
all that you leave them behind you,
To know the universe itself as a road — as many
roads — as roads for travelling Souls.

44. The Soul travels,
The body does not travel as much as the Soul,
The body has just as great a work as the Soul, and
parts away at last for the journeys of the Soul.

45. All parts away for the progress of Souls,
All religion, all solid things, arts, governments — all
that was or is apparent upon this globe or any
globe, falls into niches and corners before the
procession of Souls along the grand roads of the
universe.

46. Of the progress of the Souls of men and women along
the grand roads of the universe, all other prog-
ress is the needed emblem and sustenance.

47. Forever alive, forever forward,
Stately, solemn, sad, withdrawn, baffled, mad, turbu-
lent, feeble, dissatisfied,

Desperate, proud, fond, sick, accepted by men, re-
jected by men,
They go! they go! I know that they go, but I know
not where they go,
But I know that they go toward the best — toward
something great.

48. Allons! Whoever you are! come forth!
You must not stay sleeping and dallying there in the
house, though you built it, or though it has been
built for you.
49. Allons! out of the dark confinement!
It is useless to protest — I know all, and expose it.
50. Behold, through you as bad as the rest,
Through the laughter, dancing, dining, supping, of
people,
Inside of dresses and ornaments, inside of those
washed and trimmed faces,
Behold a secret silent loathing and despair.
51. No husband, no wife, no friend, no lover, so trusted
as to hear the confession,
Another self, a duplicate of every one, skulking
and hiding it goes, open and above board it
goes,
Formless and wordless through the streets of the
cities, polite and bland in the parlors,
In the cars of rail-roads, in steam-boats, in the public
Assembly,
Home to the houses of men and women, among their
families, at the table, in the bed-room, every-
where,
Smartly attired, countenance smiling, form upright,
death under the breast-bones, hell under the
skull-bones,
Under the broadcloth and gloves, under the ribbons
and artificial flowers,
Keeping fair with the customs, speaking not a syllable
of itself,
Speaking of anything else, but never of itself.

52. Allons ! Through struggles and wars !
The goal that was named cannot be countermanded.
53. Have the past struggles succeeded ?
What has succeeded ? Yourself ? Your nation ?
Nature ?
Now understand me well — It is provided in the
essence of things, that from any fruition of suc-
cess, no matter what, shall come forth something
to make a greater struggle necessary.
54. My call is the call of battle — I nourish active rebel-
lion,
He going with me must go well armed,
He going with me goes often with spared diet, pov-
erty, angry enemies, desertions.
55. Allons ! The road is before us !
It is safe — I have tried it — my own feet have tried
it well.
56. Allons ! Be not detained !
Let the paper remain on the desk unwritten, and the
book on the shelf unopened !
Let the tools remain in the workshop ! let the money
remain unearned !
Let the school stand ! mind not the cry of the teacher !
Let the preacher preach in his pulpit ! let the lawyer
plead in the court, and the judge expound the
law.
57. Mon enfant ! I give you my hand !
I give you my love, more precious than money,
I give you myself, before preaching or law ;
Will you give me yourself ? Will you come travel
with me ?
Shall we stick by each other as long as we live ?

TO THE SAYERS OF WORDS.

1. EARTH, round, rolling, compact — suns, moons, animals — all these are words to be said,
Watery, vegetable, sauroid advances — beings, premonitions, lispings of the future,
Behold! these are vast words to be said.
2. Were you thinking that those were the words — those upright lines? those curves, angles, dots?
No, those are not the words — the substantial words are in the ground and sea,
They are in the air — they are in you.
3. Were you thinking that those were the words — those delicious sounds out of your friends' mouths?
No, the real words are more delicious than they.
4. Human bodies are words, myriads of words,
In the best poems re-appears the body, man's or woman's, well-shaped, natural, gay,
Every part able, active, receptive, without shame or the need of shame.
5. Air, soil, water, fire, these are words,
I myself am a word with them — my qualities interpenetrate with theirs — my name is nothing to them,
Though it were told in the three thousand languages, what would air, soil, water, fire, know of my name?
6. A healthy presence, a friendly or commanding gesture, are words, sayings, meanings,
The charms that go with the mere looks of some men and women, are sayings and meanings also.

7. The workmanship of Souls is by the inaudible words
of the earth,
The great masters, the sayers, know the earth's
words, and use them more than the audible
words.
8. Amelioration is one of the earth's words,
The earth neither lags nor hastens,
It has all attributes, growths, effects, latent in itself
from the jump,
It is not half beautiful only — defects and excres-
cences show just as much as perfections show.
9. The earth does not withhold, it is generous enough,
The truths of the earth continually wait, they are
not so concealed either,
They are calm, subtle, untransmissible by print,
They are imbued through all things, conveying them-
selves willingly,
Conveying a sentiment and invitation of the earth —
I utter and utter,
I speak not, yet if you hear me not, of what avail am
I to you?
To bear — to better — lacking these, of what avail
am I?
10. Accouche! Accouchez!
Will you rot your own fruit in yourself there?
Will you squat and stifle there?
11. The earth does not argue,
Is not pathetic, has no arrangements,
Does not scream, haste, persuade, threaten, promise,
Makes no discriminations, has no conceivable fail-
ures,
Closes nothing, refuses nothing, shuts none out,
Of all the powers, objects, states, it notifies, shuts
none out.
12. The earth does not exhibit itself, nor refuse to exhibit
itself — possesses still underneath,
Underneath the ostensible sounds, the august chorus
of heroes, the wail of slaves,

Persuasions of lovers, curses, gasps of the dying,
laughter of young people, accents of bargainers,
Underneath these, possessing the words that never
fail.

13. To her children, the words of the eloquent dumb
great mother never fail,
The true words do not fail, for motion does not fail,
and reflection does not fail,
Also the day and night do not fail, and the voyage
we pursue does not fail.
14. Of the interminable sisters,
Of the ceaseless cotillions of sisters,
Of the centripetal and centrifugal sisters, the elder
and younger sisters,
The beautiful sister we know dances on with the rest.
15. With her ample back toward every beholder,
With the fascinations of youth, and the equal fascina-
tions of age,
Sits she whom I too love like the rest — sits undis-
turbed,
Holding up in her hand what has the character of a
mirror, while her eyes glance back from it,
Glance as she sits, inviting none, denying none,
Holding a mirror day and night tirelessly before her
own face.
16. Seen at hand, or seen at a distance,
Duly the twenty-four appear in public every day,
Duly approach and pass with their companions, or
a companion,
Looking from no countenances of their own, but from
the countenances of those who are with them,
From the countenances of children or women, or the
manly countenance,
From the open countenances of animals, or from
inanimate things,
From the landscape of waters, or from the exquisite
apparition of the sky,
From our countenances, mine and yours, faithfully
returning them,

Every day in public appearing without fail, but never twice with the same companions.

17. Embracing man, embracing all, proceed the three hundred and sixty-five resistlessly round the sun, Embracing all, soothing, supporting, follow close three hundred and sixty-five offsets of the first, sure and necessary as they.
18. Tumbling on steadily, nothing dreading,
Sunshine, storm, cold, heat, forever withstanding,
passing, carrying,
The Soul's realization and determination still inheriting,
The fluid vacuum around and ahead still entering and dividing,
No balk retarding, no anchor anchoring, on no rock striking,
Swift, glad, content, unbereaved, nothing losing,
Of all able and ready at any time to give strict account,
The divine ship sails the divine sea.
19. Whoever you are! motion and reflection are especially for you,
The divine ship sails the divine sea for you.
20. Whoever you are! you are he or she for whom the earth is solid and liquid,
You are he or she for whom the sun and moon hang in the sky,
For none more than you are the present and the past,
For none more than you is immortality.
21. Each man to himself, and each woman to herself, is the word of the past and present, and the word of immortality,
No one can acquire for another — not one!
Not one can grow for another — not one!
22. The song is to the singer, and comes back most to him,
The teaching is to the teacher, and comes back most to him,

The murder is to the murderer, and comes back most
to him,
The theft is to the thief, and comes back most to him,
The love is to the lover, and comes back most to
him,
The gift is to the giver, and comes back most to him,
— it cannot fail,
The oration is to the orator, and the acting is to the
actor and actress, not to the audience,
And no man understands any greatness or goodness
but his own, or the indication of his own.

23. I swear the earth shall surely be complete to him or
her who shall be complete !

I swear the earth remains broken and jagged only to
him or her who remains broken and jagged !

24. I swear there is no greatness or power that does not
emulate those of the earth !

I swear there can be no theory of any account,
unless it corroborate the theory of the earth !

No politics, art, religion, behavior, or what not, is of
account, unless it compare with the amplitude of
the earth,

Unless it face the exactness, vitality, impartiality,
rectitude of the earth.

25. I swear I begin to see love with sweeter spasms than
that which responds love !

It is that which contains itself, which never invites
and never refuses.

26. I swear I begin to see little or nothing in audible
words !

I swear I think all merges toward the presentation of
the unspoken meanings of the earth !

Toward him who sings the songs of the body, and of
the truths of the earth,

Toward him who makes the dictionaries of the words
that print cannot touch.

27. I swear I see what is better than to tell the best,
It is always to leave the best untold.

28. When I undertake to tell the best, I find I cannot,
My tongue is ineffectual on its pivots,
My breath will not be obedient to its organs,
I become a dumb man.
29. The best of the earth cannot be told anyhow — all or
any is best,
It is not what you anticipated — it is cheaper, easier,
nearer,
Things are not dismissed from the places they held
before,
The earth is just as positive and direct as it was
before,
Facts, religions, improvements, politics, trades, are as
real as before,
But the Soul is also real, — it too is positive and
direct,
No reasoning, no proof has established it,
Undeniable growth has established it.
30. This is a poem for the sayers of words — these are
hints of meanings,
These are they that echo the tones of Souls, and the
phrases of Souls;
If they did not echo the phrases of Souls, what were
they then?
If they had not reference to you in especial, what
were they then?
31. I swear I will never henceforth have to do with the
faith that tells the best!
I will have to do with that faith only that leaves the
best untold.
32. Say on, sayers!
Delve! mould! pile the words of the earth!
Work on — it is materials you bring, not breaths;
Work on, age after age! nothing is to be lost,
It may have to wait long, but it will certainly come
in use,
When the materials are all prepared, the architects
shall appear.

33. I swear to you the architects shall appear without
fail!
I announce them and lead them,
I swear to you they will understand you and justify
you,
I swear to you the greatest among them shall be he
who best knows you, and encloses all, and is
faithful to all,
I swear to you, he and the rest shall not forget you
— they shall perceive that you are not an iota
less than they,
I swear to you, you shall be glorified in them.

A BOSTON BALLAD,

THE 78TH YEAR OF THESE STATES.

1. CLEAR the way there, Jonathan!
Way for the President's marshal! Way for the gov-
ernment cannon!
Way for the federal foot and dragoons — and the
apparitions copiously tumbling.
2. I rose this morning early, to get betimes in Boston
town,
Here's a good place at the corner, I must stand and
see the show.
3. I love to look on the stars and stripes, I hope the
fifes will play Yankee Doodle.
4. How bright shine the cutlasses of the foremost
troops!
Every man holds his revolver, marching stiff through
Boston town.
5. A fog follows — antiques of the same come limping,
Some appear wooden-legged, and some appear band-
aged and bloodless.
6. Why this is a show! It has called the dead out of
the earth!
The old grave-yards of the hills have hurried to see!
Uncountable phantoms gather by flank and rear
of it!
Cocked hats of mothy mould! crutches made of
mist!
Arms in slings! old men leaning on young men's
shoulders!

7. What troubles you, Yankee phantoms? What is all
this chattering of bare gums?
Does the ague convulse your limbs? Do you mis-
take your crutches for fire-locks, and level
them?
8. If you blind your eyes with tears, you will not see
the President's marshal,
If you groan such groans you might balk the govern-
ment cannon.
9. For shame, old maniacs! Bring down those tossed
arms, and let your white hair be,
Here gape your smart grand-sons — their wives gaze
at them from the windows,
See how well-dressed — see how orderly they conduct
themselves.
10. Worse and worse! Can't you stand it? Are you
retreating?
Is this hour with the living too dead for you?
11. Retreat then! Pell-mell!
Back to your graves! Back to the hills, old
limpers!
I do not think you belong here, anyhow.
12. But there is one thing that belongs here — shall I
tell you what it is, gentlemen of Boston?
13. I will whisper it to the Mayor — he shall send a
committee to England,
They shall get a grant from the Parliament, go with
a cart to the royal vault — haste!
Dig out King George's coffin, unwrap him quick from
the grave-clothes, box up his bones for a journey,
Find a swift Yankee clipper — here is freight for you,
black-bellied clipper,
Up with your anchor! shake out your sails! steer
straight toward Boston bay.
14. Now call for the President's marshal again, bring
out the government cannon,

Fetch home the roarers from Congress, make another procession, guard it with foot and dragoons.

15. This centre-piece for them :
Look ! all orderly citizens — look from the windows,
women !
16. The committee open the box, set up the regal ribs,
glue those that will not stay,
Clap the skull on top of the ribs, and clap a crown
on top of the skull.
17. You have got your revenge, old buster ! The crown
is come to its own, and more than its own.
18. Stick your hands in your pockets, Jonathan — you
are a made man from this day,
You are mighty cute — and here is one of your
bargains.

CALAMUS.

1.

IN paths untrodden,
In the growth by margins of pond-waters,
Escaped from the life that exhibits itself,
From all the standards hitherto published — from
the pleasures, profits, conformities,
Which too long I was offering to feed to my Soul;
Clear to me now, standards not yet published —
clear to me that my Soul,
That the Soul of the man I speak for, feeds, rejoices
only in comrades;
Here, by myself, away from the clank of the world,
Tallying and talked to here by tongues aromatic,
No longer abashed — for in this secluded spot I can
respond as I would not dare elsewhere,
Strong upon me the life that does not exhibit itself,
yet contains all the rest,
Resolved to sing no songs to-day but those of manly
attachment,
Projecting them along that substantial life,
Bequeathing, hence, types of athletic love,
Afternoon, this delicious Ninth Month, in my forty-
first year,
I proceed, for all who are, or have been, young
men,
To tell the secret of my nights and days,
To celebrate the need of comrades.

2.

SCENTED herbage of my breast,
Leaves from you I yield, I write, to be perused best
afterwards,

Tomb-leaves, body-leaves, growing up above me, above
 death,
 Perennial roots, tall leaves — O the winter shall not
 freeze you, delicate leaves,
 Every year shall you bloom again — Out from where
 you retired, you shall emerge again;
 O I do not know whether many, passing by, will dis-
 cover you, or inhale your faint odor — but I
 believe a few will;
 O slender leaves! O blossoms of my blood! I permit
 you to tell, in your own way, of the heart that is
 under you,
 O burning and throbbing — surely all will one day be
 accomplished;
 O I do not know what you mean, there underneath
 yourselves — you are not happiness,
 You are often more bitter than I can bear — you burn
 and sting me,
 Yet you are very beautiful to me, you faint-tinged
 roots — you make me think of Death,
 Death is beautiful from you — (what indeed is beau-
 tiful except Death and Love?)
 O I think it is not for life I am chanting here my
 chant of lovers — I think it must be for Death,
 For how calm, how solemn it grows, to ascend to the
 atmosphere of lovers,
 Death or life I am then indifferent — my Soul de-
 clines to prefer,
 I am not sure but the high Soul of lovers welcomes
 death most;
 Indeed, O Death, I think now these leaves mean pre-
 cisely the same as you mean;
 Grow up taller, sweet leaves, that I may see! Grow
 up out of my breast!
 Spring away from the concealed heart there!
 Do not fold yourselves so in your pink-tinged roots,
 timid leaves!
 Do not remain down there so ashamed, herbage of my
 breast!
 Come, I am determined to unbare this broad breast of
 mine — I have long enough stifled and choked;
 Emblematic and capricious blades, I leave you — now
 you serve me not,

Away! I will say what I have to say, by itself,
 I will escape from the sham that was proposed to me,
 I will sound myself and comrades only — I will never
 again utter a call, only their call,
 I will raise, with it, immortal reverberations through
 The States,
 I will give an example to lovers, to take permanent
 shape and will through The States;
 Through me shall the words be said to make death
 exhilarating,
 Give me your tone therefore, O Death, that I may
 accord with it,
 Give me yourself — for I see that you belong to me
 now above all, and are folded together above all
 — you Love and Death are,
 Nor will I allow you to balk me any more with what
 I was calling life,
 For now it is conveyed to me that you are the pur-
 ports essential,
 That you hide in these shifting forms of life, for
 reasons — and that they are mainly for you,
 That you, beyond them, come forth, to remain, the
 real reality,
 That behind the mask of materials you patiently
 wait, no matter how long,
 That you will one day, perhaps, take control of all,
 That you will perhaps dissipate this entire show of
 appearance,
 That may be you are what it is all for — but it does
 not last so very long,
 But you will last very long.

3.

1. WHOEVER you are holding me now in hand,
 Without one thing all will be useless,
 I give you fair warning, before you attempt me
 further,
 I am not what you supposed, but far different.
2. Who is he that would become my follower?
 Who would sign himself a candidate for my affec-
 tions? Are you he?

3. The way is suspicious — the result slow, uncertain,
may-be destructive;
You would have to give up all else — I alone would
expect to be your God, sole and exclusive,
Your novitiate would even then be long and ex-
hausting,
The whole past theory of your life, and all conformity
to the lives around you, would have to be aban-
doned;
Therefore release me now, before troubling yourself
any further — Let go your hand from my
shoulders,
Put me down, and depart on your way.
4. Or else, only by stealth, in some wood, for trial,
Or back of a rock, in the open air,
(For in any roofed room of a house I emerge not —
nor in company,
And in libraries I lie as one dumb, a gawk, or unborn,
or dead,)
But just possibly with you on a high hill — first
watching lest any person, for miles around,
approach unawares,
Or possibly with you sailing at sea, or on the beach
of the sea, or some quiet island,
Here to put your lips upon mine I permit you,
With the comrade's long-dwelling kiss, or the new
husband's kiss,
For I am the new husband, and I am the comrade.
5. Or, if you will, thrusting me beneath your clothing,
Where I may feel the throbs of your heart, or rest
upon your hip,
Carry me when you go forth over land or sea;
For thus, merely touching you, is enough — is best,
And thus, touching you, would I silently sleep and
be carried eternally.
6. But these leaves conning, you con at peril,
For these leaves, and me, you will not understand,
They will elude you at first, and still more after-
ward — I will certainly elude you,

Even while you should think you had unquestionably
 caught me, behold!
 Already you see I have escaped from you.

7. For it is not for what I have put into it that I have
 written this book,
 Nor is it by reading it you will acquire it,
 Nor do those know me best who admire me, and
 vauntingly praise me,
 Nor will the candidates for my love, (unless at most
 a very few,) prove victorious,
 Nor will my poems do good only — they will do just
 as much evil, perhaps more,
 For all is useless without that which you may guess
 at many times and not hit — that which I
 hinted at,
 Therefore release me, and depart on your way.

4.

THESE I, singing in spring, collect for lovers,
 (For who but I should understand lovers, and all
 their sorrow and joy?
 And who but I should be the poet of comrades?)
 Collecting, I traverse the garden, the world — but
 soon I pass the gates,
 Now along the pond-side — now wading in a little,
 fearing not the wet,
 Now by the post-and-rail fences, where the old stones
 thrown there, picked from the fields, have accu-
 mulated,
 Wild-flowers and vines and weeds come up through
 the stones, and partly cover them — Beyond
 these I pass,
 Far, far in the forest, before I think where I get,
 Solitary, smelling the earthy smell, stopping now
 and then in the silence,
 Alone I had thought — yet soon a silent troop gathers
 around me,
 Some walk by my side, and some behind, and some
 embrace my arms or neck,
 They, the spirits of friends, dead or alive — thicker
 they come, a great crowd, and I in the middle,

Collecting, dispensing, singing in spring, there I
 wander with them,
 Plucking something for tokens — something for
 these, till I hit upon a name — tossing toward
 whoever is near me,
 Here! lilac, with a branch of pine,
 Here, out of my pocket, some moss which I pulled
 off a live-oak in Florida, as it hung trailing
 down,
 Here, some pinks and laurel leaves, and a handful of
 sage,
 And here what I now draw from the water, wading
 in the pond-side,
 (O here I last saw him that tenderly loves me — and
 returns again, never to separate from me,
 And this, O this shall henceforth be the token of
 comrades — this calamus-root shall,
 Interchange it, youths, with each other! Let none
 render it back!)
 And twigs of maple, and a bunch of wild orange,
 and chestnut,
 And stems of currants, and plum-blows, and the
 aromatic cedar;
 These I, compassed around by a thick cloud of
 spirits,
 Wandering, point to, or touch as I pass, or throw
 them loosely from me,
 Indicating to each one what he shall have — giving
 something to each,
 But what I drew from the water by the pond-side,
 that I reserve,
 I will give of it — but only to them that love, as I
 myself am capable of loving.

5.

1. STATES!

Were you looking to be held together by the lawyers?
 By an agreement on a paper? Or by arms?

2. Away!

I arrive, bringing these, beyond all the forces of
 courts and arms,

These! to hold you together as firmly as the earth
itself is held together.

3. The old breath of life, ever new,
Here! I pass it by contact to you, America.
4. O mother! have you done much for me?
Behold, there shall from me be much done for you.
5. There shall from me be a new friendship — It shall
be called after my name,
It shall circulate through The States, indifferent of
place,
It shall twist and intertwist them through and around
each other — Compact shall they be, showing
new signs,
Affection shall solve every one of the problems of
freedom,
Those who love each other shall be invincible,
They shall finally make America completely victo-
rious, in my name.
6. One from Massachusetts shall be comrade to a Mis-
sourian,
One from Maine or Vermont, and a Carolinian and
an Oregonese, shall be friends triune, more
precious to each other than all the riches of the
earth.
7. To Michigan shall be wafted perfume from Florida,
To the Mannahatta from Cuba or Mexico,
Not the perfume of flowers, but sweeter, and wafted
beyond death.
8. No danger shall balk Columbia's lovers,
If need be, a thousand shall sternly immolate them-
selves for one,
The Kanuck shall be willing to lay down his life for
the Kansian, and the Kansian for the Kanuck,
on due need.
9. It shall be customary in all directions, in the houses
and streets, to see manly affection,

The departing brother or friend shall salute the remaining brother or friend with a kiss.

10. There shall be innovations,
There shall be countless linked hands — namely, the
Northeasterner's, and the Northwesterner's, and
the Southwesterner's, and those of the interior,
and all their brood,
These shall be masters of the world under a new
power,
They shall laugh to scorn the attacks of all the remainder of the world.
11. The most dauntless and rude shall touch face to face
lightly,
The dependence of Liberty shall be lovers,
The continuance of Equality shall be comrades.
12. These shall tie and band stronger than hoops of iron,
I, extatic, O partners ! O lands ! henceforth with the
love of lovers tie you.
13. I will make the continent indissoluble,
I will make the most splendid race the sun ever yet
shone upon,
I will make divine magnetic lands.
14. I will plant companionship thick as trees along all
the rivers of America, and along the shores of
the great lakes, and all over the prairies,
I will make inseparable cities, with their arms about
each other's necks.
15. For you these, from me, O Democracy, to serve you,
ma femme !
For you ! for you, I am trilling these songs.

6.

Not heaving from my ribbed breast only,
Not in sighs at night, in rage, dissatisfied with myself,
Not in those long-drawn, ill-suppressed sighs,
Not in many an oath and promise broken,

Not in my wilful and savage soul's volition,
Not in the subtle nourishment of the air,
Not in this beating and pounding at my temples and
 wrists,
Not in the curious systole and diastole within, which
 will one day cease,
Not in many a hungry wish, told to the skies only,
Not in cries, laughter, defiances, thrown from me
 when alone, far in the wilds,
Not in husky pantings through clenched teeth,
Not in sounded and resounded words — chattering
 words, echoes, dead words,
Not in the murmurs of my dreams while I sleep,
Nor the other murmurs of these incredible dreams of
 every day,
Nor in the limbs and senses of my body, that take you
 and dismiss you continually — Not there,
Not in any or all of them, O adhesiveness! O pulse
 of my life!
Need I that you exist and show yourself, any more
 than in these songs.

7.

Of the terrible question of appearances,
Of the doubts, the uncertainties after all,
That may-be reliance and hope are but speculations
 after all,
That may-be identity beyond the grave is a beautiful
 fable only,
May-be the things I perceive — the animals, plants,
 men, hills, shining and flowing waters,
The skies of day and night — colors, densities,
 forms — May-be these are, (as doubtless they
 are,) only apparitions, and the real something
 has yet to be known,
(How often they dart out of themselves, as if to
 confound me and mock me!
How often I think neither I know, nor any man
 knows, aught of them;)
May-be they only seem to me what they are, (as
 doubtless they indeed but seem,) as from my

present point of view — And might prove, (as of course they would,) naught of what they appear, or naught any how, from entirely changed points of view;

To me, these, and the like of these, are curiously answered by my lovers, my dear friends;

When he whom I love travels with me, or sits a long while holding me by the hand,

When the subtle air, the impalpable, the sense that words and reason hold not, surround us and pervade us,

Then I am charged with untold and untellable wisdom — I am silent — I require nothing further,

I cannot answer the question of appearances, or that of identity beyond the grave,

But I walk or sit indifferent — I am satisfied,

He ahold of my hand has completely satisfied me.

8.

LONG I thought that knowledge alone would suffice me — O if I could but obtain knowledge!

Then my lands engrossed me — Lands of the prairies, Ohio's land, the southern savannas, engrossed me — For them I would live — I would be their orator;

Then I met the examples of old and new heroes — I heard of warriors, sailors, and all dauntless persons — And it seemed to me that I too had it in me to be as dauntless as any — and would be so;

And then, to enclose all, it came to me to strike up the songs of the New World — And then I believed my life must be spent in singing;

But now take notice, land of the prairies, land of the south savannas, Ohio's land,

Take notice, you Kanuck woods — and you Lake Huron — and all that with you roll toward Niagara — and you Niagara also,

And you, Californian mountains — That you each and all find somebody else to be your singer of songs,

For I can be your singer of songs no longer — One

who loves me is jealous of me, and withdraws
me from all but love,
With the rest I dispense — I sever from what I
thought would suffice me, for it does not — it is
now empty and tasteless to me,
I heed knowledge, and the grandeur of The States,
and the example of heroes, no more,
I am indifferent to my own songs — I will go with
him I love,
It is to be enough for us that we are together — We
never separate again.

9.

HOURS continuing long, sore and heavy-hearted,
Hours of the dusk, when I withdraw to a lonesome
and unfrequented spot, seating myself, leaning
my face in my hands;
Hours sleepless, deep in the night, when I go forth,
speeding swiftly the country roads, or through
the city streets, or pacing miles and miles,
stifling plaintive cries;
Hours discouraged, distracted — for the one I cannot
content myself without, soon I saw him content
himself without me;
Hours when I am forgotten, (O weeks and months
are passing, but I believe I am never to forget!)
Sullen and suffering hours! (I am ashamed — but it
is useless — I am what I am;)
Hours of my torment — I wonder if other men ever
have the like, out of the like feelings?
Is there even one other like me — distracted — his
friend, his lover, lost to him?
Is he too as I am now? Does he still rise in the morn-
ing, dejected, thinking who is lost to him? and
at night, awaking, think who is lost?
Does he too harbor his friendship silent and end-
less? harbor his anguish and passion?
Does some stray reminder, or the casual mention of
a name, bring the fit back upon him, taciturn
and deprest?
Does he see himself reflected in me? In these hours,
does he see the face of his hours reflected?

10.

You bards of ages hence ! when you refer to me,
 mind not so much my poems,
 Nor speak of me that I prophesied of The States,
 and led them the way of their glories ;
 But come, I will take you down underneath this
 impassive exterior — I will tell you what to say
 of me :
 Publish my name and hang up my picture as that
 of the tenderest lover,
 The friend, the lover's portrait, of whom his friend,
 his lover, was fondest,
 Who was not proud of his songs, but of the meas-
 ureless ocean of love within him — and freely
 poured it forth,
 Who often walked lonesome walks, thinking of his
 dear friends, his lovers,
 Who pensive, away from one he loved, often lay
 sleepless and dissatisfied at night,
 Who knew too well the sick, sick dread lest the one
 he loved might secretly be indifferent to him,
 Whose happiest days were far away, through fields,
 in woods, on hills, he and another, wandering
 hand in hand, they twain, apart from other men,
 Who oft as he sauntered the streets, curved with his
 arm the shoulder of his friend — while the arm
 of his friend rested upon him also.

11.

WHEN I heard at the close of the day how my name
 had been received with plaudits in the capitol,
 still it was not a happy night for me that
 followed ;
 And else, when I caroused, or when my plans were
 accomplished, still I was not happy ;
 But the day when I rose at dawn from the bed of
 perfect health, refreshed, singing, inhaling the
 ripe breath of autumn,
 When I saw the full moon in the west grow pale and
 disappear in the morning light,

When I wandered alone over the beach, and, undressing, bathed, laughing with the cool waters, and saw the sun rise,
And when I thought how my dear friend, my lover, was on his way coming, O then I was happy;
O then each breath tasted sweeter — and all that day my food nourished me more — And the beautiful day passed well,
And the next came with equal joy — And with the next, at evening, came my friend;
And that night, while all was still, I heard the waters roll slowly continually up the shores,
I heard the hissing rustle of the liquid and sands, as directed to me, whispering, to congratulate me,
For the one I love most lay sleeping by me under the same cover in the cool night,
In the stillness, in the autumn moonbeams, his face was inclined toward me,
And his arm lay lightly around my breast — And that night I was happy.

12.

ARE you the new person drawn toward me, and asking something significant from me?
To begin with, take warning — I am probably far different from what you suppose;
Do you suppose you will find in me your ideal?
Do you think it so easy to have me become your lover?
Do you think the friendship of me would be unalloyed satisfaction?
Do you suppose I am trusty and faithful?
Do you see no further than this façade — this smooth and tolerant manner of me?
Do you suppose yourself advancing on real ground toward a real heroic man?
Have you no thought, O dreamer, that it may be all maya, illusion? O the next step may precipitate you!
O let some past deceived one hiss in your ears, how

many have prest on the same as you are pressing now,
How many have fondly supposed what you are supposing now — only to be disappointed.

13.

CALAMUS taste,
(For I must change the strain — these are not to be
pensive leaves, but leaves of joy,)
Roots and leaves unlike any but themselves,
Scents brought to men and women from the wild
woods, and from the pond-side,
Breast-sorrel and pinks of love — fingers that wind
around tighter than vines,
Gushes from the throats of birds, hid in the foliage
of trees, as the sun is risen,
Breezes of land and love — Breezes set from living
shores out to you on the living sea — to you,
O sailors!
Frost-mellowed berries, and Third Month twigs,
offered fresh to young persons wandering out
in the fields when the winter breaks up,
Love-buds, put before you and within you, whoever
you are,
Buds to be unfolded on the old terms,
If you bring the warmth of the sun to them, they will
open, and bring form, color, perfume, to you,
If you become the aliment and the wet, they will
become flowers, fruits, tall branches and trees,
They are comprised in you just as much as in themselves — perhaps more than in themselves,
They are not comprised in one season or succession,
but many successions,
They have come slowly up out of the earth and me,
and are to come slowly up out of you.

14.

Not heat flames up and consumes,
Not sea-waves hurry in and out,
Not the air, delicious and dry, the air of the ripe

summer, bears lightly along white down-balls
 of myriads of seeds, wafted, sailing gracefully,
 to drop where they may,
 Not these — O none of these, more than the flames
 of me, consuming, burning for his love whom I
 love!
 O none, more than I, hurrying in and out;
 Does the tide hurry, seeking something, and never
 give up? O I the same;
 O nor down-balls, nor perfumes, nor the high rain-
 emitting clouds, are borne through the open air,
 Any more than my Soul is borne through the open
 air,
 Wafted in all directions, O love, for friendship, for
 you.

15.

O DROPS of me! trickle, slow drops,
 Candid, from me falling — drip, bleeding drops,
 From wounds made to free you whence you were
 prisoned,
 From my face — from my forehead and lips,
 From my breast — from within where I was con-
 cealed — Press forth, red drops — confession
 drops,
 Stain every page — stain every song I sing, every
 word I say, bloody drops,
 Let them know your scarlet heat — let them glisten,
 Saturate them with yourself, all ashamed and wet,
 Glow upon all I have written or shall write, bleed-
 ing drops,
 Let it all be seen in your light, blushing drops.

16.

1. WHO is now reading this?
2. May-be one is now reading this who knows some
 wrong-doing of my past life,
 Or may-be a stranger is reading this who has secretly
 loved me,

Or may-be one who meets all my grand assumptions
and egotisms with derision,
Or may-be one who is puzzled at me.

3. As if I were not puzzled at myself!
Or as if I never deride myself! (O conscience-struck!
O self-convicted!)
Or as if I do not secretly love strangers! (O tenderly,
a long time, and never avow it;)
Or as if I did not see, perfectly well, interior in
myself, the stuff of wrong-doing,
Or as if it could cease transpiring from me until it
must cease.

17.

OF him I love day and night, I dreamed I heard he
was dead,
And I dreamed I went where they had buried him I
love — but he was not in that place,
And I dreamed I wandered, searching among burial-
places, to find him,
And I found that every place was a burial-place,
The houses full of life were equally full of death,
(This house is now,)
The streets, the shipping, the places of amusement,
the Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, the Manna-
hatta, were as full of the dead as of the living,
And fuller, O vastly fuller, of the dead than of the
living;
— And what I dreamed I will henceforth tell to
every person and age,
And I stand henceforth bound to what I dreamed;
And now I am willing to disregard burial-places, and
dispense with them,
And if the memorials of the dead were put up indif-
ferently everywhere, even in the room where I
eat or sleep, I should be satisfied,
And if the corpse of any one I love, or if my own
corpse, be duly rendered to powder, and poured
in the sea, I shall be satisfied,
Or if it be distributed to the winds, I shall be satis-
fied.

18.

CITY of my walks and joys!
 City whom that I have lived and sung there will one
 day make you illustrious,
 Not the pageants of you — not your shifting ta-
 bleaux, your spectacles, repay me,
 Not the interminable rows of your houses — nor the
 ships at the wharves,
 Nor the processions in the streets, nor the bright
 windows, with goods in them,
 Nor to converse with learned persons, or bear my
 share in the soirée or feast;
 Not those — but, as I pass, O Manhattan! your fre-
 quent and swift flash of eyes offering me love,
 Offering me the response of my own — these repay
 me,
 Lovers, continual lovers, only repay me.

19.

1. MIND you the timid models of the rest, the ma-
 jority?
 Long I minded them, but hence I will not — for I
 have adopted models for myself, and now offer
 them to The Lands.
2. Behold this swarthy and unrefined face — these gray
 eyes,
 This beard — the white wool, unclipt upon my neck,
 My brown hands, and the silent manner of me, with-
 out charm;
 Yet comes one, a Manhattanese, and ever at part-
 ing, kisses me lightly on the lips with robust
 love,
 And I, in the public room, or on the crossing of
 the street, or on the ship's deck, kiss him in
 return;
 We observe that salute of American comrades, land
 and sea,
 We are those two natural and nonchalant persons.

20.

I saw in Louisiana a live-oak growing,
 All alone stood it, and the moss hung down from the
 branches,
 Without any companion it grew there, uttering joyous
 leaves of dark green,
 And its look, rude, unbending, lusty, made me think
 of myself,
 But I wondered how it could utter joyous leaves,
 standing alone there, without its friend, its
 lover near — for I knew I could not,
 And I broke off a twig with a certain number of
 leaves upon it, and twined around it a little
 moss,
 And brought it away — and I have placed it in sight
 in my room,
 It is not needed to remind me as of my own dear
 friends,
 (For I believe lately I think of little else than of
 them,)
 Yet it remains to me a curious token — it makes me
 think of manly love;
 For all that, and though the live-oak glistens
 there in Louisiana, solitary, in a wide flat
 space,
 Uttering joyous leaves all its life, without a friend, a
 lover, near,
 I know very well I could not.

21.

MUSIC always round me, unceasing, unbeginning —
 yet long untaught I did not hear,
 But now the chorus I hear, and am elated,
 A tenor, strong, ascending, with power and health,
 with glad notes of day-break I hear,
 A soprano, at intervals, sailing buoyantly over the
 tops of immense waves,
 A transparent base, shuddering lusciously under and
 through the universe,

The triumphant tutti — the funeral wailings, with
sweet flutes and violins — all these I fill myself
with ;
I hear not the volumes of sound merely — I am
moved by the exquisite meanings,
I listen to the different voices winding in and out,
striving, contending with fiery vehemence to
excel each other in emotion,
I do not think the performers know themselves —
But now I think I begin to know them.

22.

PASSING stranger ! you do not know how longingly I
look upon you,
You must be he I was seeking, or she I was seeking,
(It comes to me, as of a dream,)
I have somewhere surely lived a life of joy with you,
All is recalled as we flit by each other, fluid, affectionate,
chaste, matured,
You grew up with me, were a boy with me, or a girl
with me,
I ate with you, and slept with you — your body has
become not yours only, nor left my body mine
only,
You give me the pleasure of your eyes, face, flesh, as
we pass — you take of my beard, breast, hands,
in return,
I am not to speak to you — I am to think of you
when I sit alone, or wake at night alone,
I am to wait — I do not doubt I am to meet you
again,
I am to see to it that I do not lose you.

23.

THIS moment as I sit alone, yearning and thoughtful,
it seems to me there are other men in other
lands, yearning and thoughtful ;
It seems to me I can look over and behold them,
in Germany, Italy, France, Spain — Or far, far

away, in China, or in Russia or India — talking
other dialects ;
And it seems to me if I could know those men better,
I should become attached to them, as I do to men
in my own lands,
It seems to me they are as wise, beautiful, benevolent,
as any in my own lands ;
O I know we should be brethren and lovers,
I know I should be happy with them.

24.

I HEAR it is charged against me that I seek to destroy
institutions ;
But really I am neither for nor against institutions,
(What indeed have I in common with them ? — Or
what with the destruction of them ?)
Only I will establish in the Mannahatta, and in every
city of These States, inland and seaboard,
And in the fields and woods, and above every keel
little or large, that dents the water,
Without edifices, or rules, or trustees, or any argu-
ment,
The institution of the dear love of comrades.

25.

THE prairie-grass dividing — its own odor breathing,
I demand of it the spiritual corresponding,
Demand the most copious and close companionship
of men,
Demand the blades to rise of words, acts, beings,
Those of the open atmosphere, coarse, sunlit, fresh,
nutritious,
Those that go their own gait, erect, stepping with
freedom and command — leading, not following,
Those with a never-quell'd audacity — those with
sweet and lusty flesh, clear of taint, choice and
chary of its love-power,
Those that look carelessly in the faces of Presidents
and Governors, as to say, *Who are you ?*

Those of earth-born passion, simple, never constrained,
never obedient,
Those of inland America.

26.

WE two boys together clinging,
One the other never leaving,
Up and down the roads going — North and South
excursions making,
Power enjoying — elbows stretching — fingers clutch-
ing,
Armed and fearless — eating, drinking, sleeping, lov-
ing,
No law less than ourselves owning — sailing, soldier-
ing, thieving, threatening,
Misers, menials, priests alarming — air breathing,
water drinking, on the turf or the sea-beach
dancing,
With birds singing — With fishes swimming — With
trees branching and leafing,
Cities wrenching, ease scorning, statutes mocking,
feebleness chasing,
Fulfilling our foray.

27.

O LOVE!
O dying — always dying!
O the burials of me, past and present!
O me, while I stride ahead, material, visible, imperi-
ous as ever!
O me, what I was for years, now dead, (I lament not
— I am content;)
O to disengage myself from those corpses of me,
which I turn and look at, where I cast them!
To pass on, (O living! always living!) and leave the
corpses behind!

28.

WHEN I peruse the conquered fame of heroes, and the
victories of mighty generals, I do not envy the
generals,

Nor the President in his Presidency, nor the rich in
 his great house;
 But when I read of the brotherhood of lovers, how it
 was with them,
 How through life, through dangers, odium, unchang-
 ing, long and long,
 Through youth, and through middle and old age, how
 unfaltering, how affectionate and faithful they
 were,
 Then I am pensive — I hastily put down the book,
 and walk away, filled with the bitterest envy.

29.

ONE fitting glimpse, caught through an interstice,
 Of a crowd of workmen and drivers in a bar-room,
 around the stove, late of a winter night — And
 I unremarked, seated in a corner;
 Of a youth who loves me, and whom I love, silently
 approaching, and seating himself near, that he
 may hold me by the hand;
 A long while, amid the noises of coming and going
 — of drinking and oath and smutty jest,
 There we two, content, happy in being together,
 speaking little, perhaps not a word.

30.

A PROMISE and gift to California,
 Also to the great Pastoral Plains, and for Oregon:
 Sojourning east a while longer, soon I travel to you,
 to remain, to teach robust American love;
 For I know very well that I and robust love belong
 among you, inland, and along the Western Sea,
 For These States tend inland, and toward the West-
 ern Sea — and I will also.

31.

1. WHAT ship, puzzled at sea, cons for the true reck-
 oning?
 Or, coming in, to avoid the bars, and follow the chan-
 nel, a perfect pilot needs?

Here, sailor ! Here, ship ! take aboard the most perfect pilot,
Whom, in a little boat, putting off, and rowing, I,
hailing you, offer.

2. What place is besieged, and vainly tries to raise the siege ?

Lo ! I send to that place a commander, swift, brave,
immortal,
And with him horse and foot — and parks of artillery,
And artillerymen, the deadliest that ever fired gun.

32.

WHAT think you I take my pen in hand to record ?
The battle-ship, perfect-model'd, majestic, that I saw
pass the offing to-day under full sail ?
The splendors of the past day ? Or the splendor of
the night that envelops me ?
Or the vaunted glory and growth of the great city
spread around me ? — No ;
But I record of two simple men I saw to-day, on the
pier, in the midst of the crowd, parting the part-
ing of dear friends,
The one to remain hung on the other's neck, and pas-
sionately kissed him,
While the one to depart, tightly prest the one to
remain in his arms.

33.

No labor-saving machine,
Nor discovery have I made,
Nor will I be able to leave behind me any wealthy
bequest to found a hospital or library,
Nor reminiscence of any deed of courage, for
America,
Nor literary success, nor intellect — nor book for the
book-shelf ;
Only these carols, vibrating through the air, I leave,
For comrades and lovers.

34.

I DREAMED in a dream, I saw a city invincible to the
attacks of the whole of the rest of the earth,
I dreamed that was the new City of Friends,
Nothing was greater there than the quality of robust
love — it led the rest,
It was seen every hour in the actions of the men of
that city,
And in all their looks and words.

35.

To you of New England,
To the man of the Seaside State, and of Pennsylvania,
To the Kanadian of the north — to the Southerner I
love,
These, with perfect trust, to depict you as myself —
the germs are in all men;
I believe the main purport of These States is to
found a superb friendship, exalté, previously
unknown,
Because I perceive it waits, and has been always
waiting, latent in all men.

36.

EARTH! my likeness!
Though you look so impassive, ample and spheric
there,
I now suspect that is not all;
I now suspect there is something fierce in you, eligi-
ble to burst forth;
For an athlete is enamored of me — and I of him,
But toward him there is something fierce and terrible
in me, eligible to burst forth,
I dare not tell it in words — not even in these songs.

37.

A LEAF for hand in hand!
You natural persons old and young! You on the
Eastern Sea, and you on the Western!

You on the Mississippi, and on all the branches and
bayous of the Mississippi!
You friendly boatmen and mechanics! You roughs!
You twain! And all processions moving along the
streets!
I wish to infuse myself among you till I see it com-
mon for you to walk hand in hand.

38.

PRIMEVAL my love for the woman I love,
O bride! O wife! more resistless, more enduring
than I can tell, the thought of you!
Then separate, as disembodied, the purest born,
The ethereal, the last athletic reality, my consolation,
I ascend—I float in the regions of your love, O
man,
O sharer of my roving life.

39.

SOMETIMES with one I love, I fill myself with rage,
for fear I effuse unreturned love;
But now I think there is no unreturned love—the
pay is certain, one way or another,
Doubtless I could not have perceived the universe,
or written one of my poems, if I had not freely
given myself to comrades, to love.

40.

THAT shadow, my likeness, that goes to and fro,
seeking a livelihood, chattering, chaffering,
How often I find myself standing and looking at it
where it flits,
How often I question and doubt whether that is
really me;
But in these, and among my lovers, and carolling my
songs,
O I never doubt whether that is really me.

41.

1. AMONG the men and women, the multitude, I perceive one picking me out by secret and divine signs,
Acknowledging none else — not parent, wife, husband, brother, child, any nearer than I am ;
Some are baffled — But that one is not — that one knows me.
2. Lover and perfect equal !
I meant that you should discover me so, by my faint indirections,
And I, when I meet you, mean to discover you by the like in you.

42.

To the young man, many things to absorb, to engraft, to develop, I teach, to help him become élève of mine,
But if blood like mine circle not his veins,
If he be not silently selected by lovers, and do not silently select lovers,
Of what use is it that he seek to become élève of mine ?

43.

O you whom I often and silently come where you are, that I may be with you,
As I walk by your side, or sit near, or remain in the same room with you,
Little you know the subtle electric fire that for your sake is playing within me.

44.

HERE my last words, and the most baffling,
Here the frailest leaves of me, and yet my strongest-lasting,

Here I shade down and hide my thoughts — I do not
expose them,
And yet they expose me more than all my other
poems.

45.

1. FULL of life, sweet-blooded, compact, visible,
I, forty years old the Eighty-third Year of The States,
To one a century hence, or any number of centuries
hente,
To you, yet unborn, these, seeking you.
2. When you read these, I, that was visible, am become
invisible;
Now it is you, compact, visible, realizing my poems,
seeking me,
Fancying how happy you were, if I could be with
you, and become your lover;
Be it as if I were with you. Be not too certain but I
am now with you.

CROSSING BROOKLYN FERRY.

1. FLOOD-TIDE below me! I watch you, face to face;
Clouds of the west! sun there half an hour high! I
see you also face to face.
2. Crowds of men and women attired in the usual costumes! how curious you are to me!
On the ferry-boats, the hundreds and hundreds that
cross, returning home, are more curious to me
than you suppose,
And you that shall cross from shore to shore years
hence, are more to me, and more in my meditations,
than you might suppose.
3. The impalpable sustenance of me from all things, at
all hours of the day,
The simple, compact, well-joined scheme — myself
disintegrated, every one disintegrated, yet part
of the scheme,
The similitudes of the past, and those of the future,
The glories strung like beads on my smallest sights
and hearings — on the walk in the street, and
the passage over the river,
The current rushing so swiftly, and swimming with
me far away,
The others that are to follow me, the ties between me
and them,
The certainty of others — the life, love, sight, hearing
of others.
4. Others will enter the gates of the ferry, and cross
from shore to shore,
Others will watch the run of the flood-tide,
Others will see the shipping of Manhattan north and
west, and the heights of Brooklyn to the south
and east,

- Others will see the islands large and small,
Fifty years hence, others will see them as they cross,
the sun half an hour high,
A hundred years hence, or ever so many hundred
years hence, others will see them,
Will enjoy the sunset, the pouring in of the flood-
tide, the falling back to the sea of the ebb-tide.
5. It avails not, neither time or place — distance avails
not,
I am with you, you men and women of a generation,
or ever so many generations hence,
I project myself — also I return — I am with you, and
know how it is.
6. Just as you feel when you look on the river and sky,
so I felt,
Just as any of you is one of a living crowd, I was one
of a crowd,
Just as you are refreshed by the gladness of the river,
and the bright flow, I was refreshed,
Just as you stand and lean on the rail, yet hurry with
the swift current, I stood, yet was hurried,
Just as you look on the numberless masts of ships,
and the thick-stemmed pipes of steamboats, I
looked.
7. I too many and many a time crossed the river, the
sun half an hour high,
I watched the Twelfth Month sea-gulls — I saw them
high in the air, floating with motionless wings,
oscillating their bodies,
I saw how the glistening yellow lit up parts of their
bodies, and left the rest in strong shadow,
I saw the slow-wheeling circles, and the gradual
edging toward the south.
8. I too saw the reflection of the summer sky in the
water,
Had my eyes dazzled by the shimmering track of
beams,
Looked at the fine centrifugal spokes of light round
the shape of my head in the sun-lit water,

Looked on the haze on the hills southward and south-
 westward,
 Looked on the vapor as it flew in fleeces tinged with
 violet,
 Looked toward the lower bay to notice the arriving
 ships,
 Saw their approach, saw aboard those that were near
 me,
 Saw the white sails of schooners and sloops, saw the
 ships at anchor,
 The sailors at work in the rigging, or out astride the
 spars,
 The round masts, the swinging motion of the hulls,
 the slender serpentine pennants,
 The large and small steamers in motion, the pilots in
 their pilot-houses,
 The white wake left by the passage, the quick tremu-
 lous whirl of the wheels,
 The flags of all nations, the falling of them at sun-
 set,
 The scallop-edged waves in the twilight, the ladled
 cups, the frolicsome crests and glistening,
 The stretch afar growing dimmer and dimmer, the
 gray walls of the granite store-houses by the
 docks,
 On the river the shadowy group, the big steam-tug
 closely flanked on each side by the barges — the
 hay-boat, the belated lighter,
 On the neighboring shore, the fires from the foundry
 chimneys burning high and glaringly into the
 night,
 Casting their flicker of black, contrasted with wild
 red and yellow light, over the tops of houses,
 and down into the clefts of streets.

9. These, and all else, were to me the same as they are
 to you,
 I project myself a moment to tell you — also I
 return.
10. I loved well those cities,
 I loved well the stately and rapid river,
 The men and women I saw were all near to me,

Others the same—others who look back on me,
because I looked forward to them,
(The time will come, though I stop here to-day and
to-night.)

11. What is it, then, between us?
What is the count of the scores or hundreds of years
between us?
12. Whatever it is, it avails not—distance avails not,
and place avails not.
13. I too lived, (I was of old Brooklyn,)
I too walked the streets of Manhattan Island, and
bathed in the waters around it,
I too felt the curious abrupt questionings stir within
me,
In the day, among crowds of people, sometimes they
came upon me,
In my walks home late at night, or as I lay in my
bed, they came upon me.
14. I too had been struck from the float forever held in
solution,
I too had received identity by my body,
That I was, I knew was of my body—and what I
should be, I knew I should be of my body.
15. It is not upon you alone the dark patches fall,
The dark threw patches down upon me also,
The best I had done seemed to me blank and sus-
picious,
My great thoughts, as I supposed them, were they
not in reality meagre? would not people laugh
at me?
16. It is not you alone who know what it is to be evil,
I am he who knew what it was to be evil,
I too knitted the old knot of contrariety,
Blabbed, blushed, resented, lied, stole, grudged,
Had guile, anger, lust, hot wishes I dared not speak,
Was wayward, vain, greedy, shallow, sly, cowardly,
malignant,

The wolf, the snake, the hog, not wanting in me,
 The cheating look, the frivolous word, the adulterous
 wish, not wanting,
 Refusals, hates, postponements, meanness, laziness,
 none of these wanting.

17. But I was a Manhattanesse, free, friendly, and proud!
 I was called by my nighest name by clear loud voices
 of young men as they saw me approaching or
 passing,
 Felt their arms on my neck as I stood, or the negli-
 gent leaning of their flesh against me as I sat,
 Saw many I loved in the street, or ferry-boat, or pub-
 lic assembly, yet never told them a word,
 Lived the same life with the rest, the same old laugh-
 ing, gnawing, sleeping,
 Played the part that still looks back on the actor or
 actress,
 The same old rôle, the rôle that is what we make it,
 as great as we like,
 Or as small as we like, or both great and small.
18. Closer yet I approach you,
 What thought you have of me, I had as much of you
 — I laid in my stores in advance,
 I considered long and seriously of you before you
 were born.
19. Who was to know what should come home to me?
 Who knows but I am enjoying this?
 Who knows but I am as good as looking at you now,
 for all you cannot see me?
20. It is not you alone, nor I alone,
 Not a few races, nor a few generations, nor a few
 centuries,
 It is that each came, or comes, or shall come, from
 its due emission, without fail, either now, or
 then, or henceforth.
21. Every thing indicates — the smallest does, and the
 largest does,
 A necessary film envelops all, and envelops the Soul
 for a proper time.

22. Now I am curious what sight can ever be more
stately and admirable to me than my mast-
hemm'd Manhatta,
My river and sun-set, and my scallop-edged waves
of flood-tide,
The sea-gulls oscillating their bodies, the hay-boat
in the twilight, and the belated lighter;
Curious what Gods can exceed these that clasp me
by the hand, and with voices I love call me
promptly and loudly by my nighest name as
I approach,
Curious what is more subtle than this which ties
me to the woman or man that looks in my face,
Which fuses me into you now, and pours my mean-
ing into you.
23. We understand, then, do we not?
What I promised without mentioning it, have you
not accepted?
What the study could not teach — what the preaching
could not accomplish is accomplished, is it not?
What the push of reading could not start is started
by me personally, is it not?
24. Flow on, river! flow with the flood-tide, and ebb
with the ebb-tide!
Frolic on, crested and scallop-edged waves!
Gorgeous clouds of the sunset! drench with your
splendor me, or the men and women generations
after me;
Cross from shore to shore, countless crowds of pas-
sengers!
Stand up, tall masts of Mannahatta! — stand up,
beautiful hills of Brooklyn!
Bully for you! you proud, friendly, free Manhat-
tanese!
Throb, baffled and curious brain! throw out ques-
tions and answers!
Suspend here and everywhere, eternal float of solu-
tion!
Blab, blush, lie, steal, you or I or any one after us!
Gaze, loving and thirsting eyes, in the house, or
street, or public assembly!

Sound out, voices of young men! loudly and musically call me by my highest name!

Live, old life! play the part that looks back on the actor or actress!

Play the old rôle, the rôle that is great or small, according as one makes it!

Consider, you who peruse me, whether I may not in unknown ways be looking upon you;

Be firm, rail over the river, to support those who lean idly, yet haste with the hasting current;

Fly on, sea-birds! fly sideways, or wheel in large circles high in the air;

Receive the summer-sky, you water! and faithfully hold it, till all downcast eyes have time to take it from you;

Diverge, fine spokes of light, from the shape of my head, or any one's head, in the sun-lit water;

Come on, ships from the lower bay! pass up or down, white-sailed schooners, sloops, lighters!

Flaunt away, flags of all nations! be duly lowered at sunset;

Burn high your fires, foundry chimneys! cast black shadows at nightfall! cast red and yellow light over the tops of the houses;

Appearances, now or henceforth, indicate what you are;

You necessary film, continue to envelop the Soul;

About my body for me, and your body for you, be hung our divinest aromas;

Thrive, cities! bring your freight, bring your shows, ample and sufficient rivers;

Expand, being than which none else is perhaps more spiritual;

Keep your places, objects than which none else is more lasting.

25. We descend upon you and all things—we arrest you all,

We realize the Soul only by you, you faithful solids and fluids,

Through you color, form, location, sublimity, ideality,
Through you every proof, comparison, and all the suggestions and determinations of ourselves.

26. You have waited, you always wait, you dumb, beautiful ministers! you novices!
We receive you with free sense at last, and are insatiate henceforward,
Not you any more shall be able to foil us, or withhold yourselves from us,
We use you, and do not cast you aside — we plant you permanently within us,
We fathom you not — we love you — there is perfection in you also,
You furnish your parts toward eternity,
Great or small, you furnish your parts toward the Soul.

LONGINGS FOR HOME.

O MAGNET-SOUTH! O glistening, perfumed South!
My South!
O quick mettle, rich blood, impulse, and love! Good
and evil! O all dear to me!
O dear to me my birth-things — All moving things,
and the trees where I was born — the grains,
plants, rivers;
Dear to me my own slow sluggish rivers where they
flow, distant, over flats of silvery sands, or
through swamps,
Dear to me the Roanoke, the Savannah, the Altama-
haw, the Pedee, the Tombigbee, the Santee, the
Coosa, and the Sabine;
O pensive, far away wandering, I return with my
Soul to haunt their banks again,
Again in Florida I float on transparent lakes — I float
on the Okeechobee — I cross the hummock land,
or through pleasant openings, or dense forests,
I see the parrots in the woods — I see the papaw tree
and the blossoming titi;
Again, sailing in my coaster, on deck, I coast off
Georgia — I coast up the Carolinas,
I see where the live-oak is growing — I see where the
yellow-pine, the scented bay-tree, the lemon and
orange, the cypress, the graceful palmetto;
I pass rude sea-headlands and enter Pamlico Sound
through an inlet, and dart my vision inland,
O the cotton plant! the growing fields of rice, sugar,
hemp!
The cactus, guarded with thorns — the laurel-tree,
with large white flowers,
The range afar — the richness and barrenness — the
old woods charged with mistletoe and trailing
moss,
The piney odor and the gloom — the awful natural

stillness, (Here in these dense swamps the free-booter carries his gun, and the fugitive slave has his concealed hut;)

O the strange fascination of these half-known, half-impassable swamps, infested by reptiles, resounding with the bellow of the alligator, the sad noises of the night-owl and the wild-cat, and the whirr of the rattlesnake;

The mocking-bird, the American mimic, singing all the forenoon — singing through the moon-lit night,

The humming-bird, the wild-turkey, the raccoon, the opossum;

A Tennessee corn-field — the tall, graceful, long-leaved corn — slender, flapping, bright green, with tassels — with beautiful ears, each well-sheathed in its husk,

An Arkansas prairie — a sleeping lake, or still bayou;
O my heart! O tender and fierce pangs — I can stand them not — I will depart;

O to be a Virginian, where I grew up! O to be a Carolinian!

O longings irrepressible! O I will go back to old Tennessee, and never wander more!

MESSENGER LEAVES.

TO YOU, WHOEVER YOU ARE.

1. WHOEVER you are, I fear you are walking the walks
of dreams,
I fear those realities are to melt from under your
feet and hands ;
Even now, your features, joys, speech, house, trade,
manners, troubles, follies, costume, crimes, dis-
sipate away from you,
Your true Soul and body appear before me,
They stand forth out of affairs — out of commerce,
shops, law, science, work, farms, clothes, the
house, medicine, print, buying, selling, eating,
drinking, suffering, dying.
2. Whoever you are, now I place my hand upon you,
that you be my poem,
I whisper with my lips close to your ear,
I have loved many women and men, but I love none
better than you.
3. O I have been dilatory and dumb,
I should have made my way straight to you long ago,
I should have blabbed nothing but you, I should have
chanted nothing but you.
4. I will leave all, and come and make the hymns of
you ;
None have understood you, but I understand you,
None have done justice to you — you have not done
justice to yourself,
None but have found you imperfect — I only find no
imperfection in you,
None but would subordinate you — I only am he
who will never consent to subordinate you,

I only am he who places over you no master, owner,
better, God, beyond what waits intrinsically in
yourself.

5. Painters have painted their swarming groups, and
the centre figure of all,
From the head of the centre figure spreading a nim-
bus of gold-colored light,
But I paint myriads of heads, but paint no head
without its nimbus of gold-colored light,
From my hand, from the brain of every man and
woman it streams, effulgently flowing forever.

6. O I could sing such grandeurs and glories about you!
You have not known what you are — you have slum-
bered upon yourself all your life,
Your eyelids have been the same as closed most of
the time,
What you have done returns already in mockeries,
Your thrift, knowledge, prayers, if they do not
return in mockeries, what is their return?

7. The mockeries are not you,
Underneath them, and within them, I see you lurk,
I pursue you where none else has pursued you,
Silence, the desk, the flippant expression, the night,
the accustomed routine, if these conceal you
from others, or from yourself, they do not con-
ceal you from me,
The shaved face, the unsteady eye, the impure com-
plexion, if these balk others, they do not balk
me,
The pert apparel, the deformed attitude, drunken-
ness, greed, premature death, all these I part
aside,
I track through your windings and turnings — I
come upon you where you thought eye should
never come upon you.

8. There is no endowment in man or woman that is not
tallied in you,
There is no virtue, no beauty, in man or woman, but
as good is in you,

No pluck, no endurance in others, but as good is in
 you,
 No pleasure waiting for others, but an equal pleas-
 ure waits for you.

9. As for me, I give nothing to any one, except I give
 the like carefully to you,
 I sing the songs of the glory of none, not God, sooner
 than I sing the songs of the glory of you.
10. Whoever you are ! claim your own at any hazard !
 These shows of the east and west are tame com-
 pared to you,
 These immense meadows — these interminable rivers
 — you are immense and interminable as they,
 These furies, elements, storms, motions of Nature,
 throes of apparent dissolution — you are he or
 she who is master or mistress over them,
 Master or mistress in your own right over Nature,
 elements, pain, passion, dissolution.
11. The hobbles fall from your ankles — you find an
 unfailing sufficiency,
 Old or young, male or female, rude, low, rejected by
 the rest, whatever you are promulges itself,
 Through birth, life, death, burial, the means are pro-
 vided, nothing is scanted,
 Through angers, losses, ambition, ignorance, ennui,
 what you are picks its way.

TO A FOILED REVOLTER OR REVOLTRESS.

1. COURAGE ! my brother or my sister !
 Keep on ! Liberty is to be subserved, whatever
 occurs ;
 That is nothing, that is quelled by one or two
 failures, or any number of failures,
 Or by the indifference or ingratitude of the people,
 or by any unfaithfulness,
 Or the show of the tushes of power — soldiers, can-
 non, penal statutes.

2. What we believe in waits latent forever through
Asia, Africa, Europe, North and South America,
Australia, Cuba, and all the islands and archi-
pelagoes of the sea.
3. What we believe in invites no one, promises nothing,
sits in calmness and light, is positive and com-
posed, knows no discouragement,
Waits patiently its time — a year — a century — a
hundred centuries.
4. The battle rages with many a loud alarm and fre-
quent advance and retreat,
The infidel triumphs — or supposes he triumphs,
The prison, scaffold, garrote, hand-cuffs, iron neck-
lace and anklet, lead-balls, do their work,
The named and unnamed heroes pass to other spheres,
The great speakers and writers are exiled — they lie
sick in distant lands,
The cause is asleep — the strongest throats are still,
choked with their own blood,
The young men drop their eyelashes toward the
ground when they meet,
But for all this, liberty has not gone out of the
place, nor the infidel entered into possession.
5. When liberty goes out of a place, it is not the first
to go, nor the second or third to go,
It waits for all the rest to go — it is the last.
6. When there are no more memories of the superb
lovers of the nations of the world,
The superb lovers' names scouted in the public
gatherings by the lips of the orators,
Boys not christened after them, but christened after
traitors and murderers instead,
Tyrants' and priests' successes really acknowledged
anywhere, for all the ostensible appearance,
You or I walking abroad upon the earth, elated at
the sight of slaves, no matter who they are,
And when all life, and all the Souls of men and
women are discharged from any part of the
earth,

Then shall the instinct of liberty be discharged from
that part of the earth,
Then shall the infidel and the tyrant come into
possession.

7. Then courage!
For till all ceases, neither must you cease.
8. I do not know what you are for, (I do not what I am
for myself, nor what any thing is for,)
But I will search carefully for it in being foiled,
In defeat, poverty, imprisonment — for they too are
great.
9. Did we think victory great?
So it is — But now it seems to me, when it cannot be
helped, that defeat is great,
And that death and dismay are great.

TO HIM THAT WAS CRUCIFIED.

MY spirit to yours, dear brother,
Do not mind because many, sounding your name, do
not understand you,
I do not sound your name, but I understand you,
(there are others also;)
I specify you with joy, O my comrade, to salute you,
and to salute those who are with you, before
and since — and those to come also,
That we all labor together, transmitting the same
charge and succession;
We few, equals, indifferent of lands, indifferent of
times,
We, enclosers of all continents, all castes — allowers
of all theologies,
Compassionaters, perceivers, rapport of men,
We walk silent among disputes and assertions, but
reject not the disputers, nor any thing that is
asserted,
We hear the bawling and din — we are reached at

by divisions, jealousies, recriminations on every side,
 They close peremptorily upon us, to surround us, my comrade,
 Yet we walk unheld, free, the whole earth over, journeying up and down, till we make our ineffaceable mark upon time and the diverse eras,
 Till we saturate time and eras, that the men and women of races, ages to come, may prove brethren and lovers, as we are.

TO ONE SHORTLY TO DIE.

1. FROM all the rest I single out you, having a message for you:
 You are to die — Let others tell you what they please, I cannot prevaricate,
 I am exact and merciless, but I love you — There is no escape for you.
2. Softly I lay my right hand upon you — you just feel it,
 I do not argue — I bend my head close, and half-envelop it,
 I sit quietly by — I remain faithful,
 I am more than nurse, more than parent or neighbor,
 I absolve you from all except yourself, spiritual, bodily — that is eternal,
 (The corpse you will leave will be but excrementitious.)
3. The sun bursts through in unlooked-for directions!
 Strong thoughts fill you, and confidence — you smile!
 You forget you are sick, as I forget you are sick,
 You do not see the medicines — you do not mind the weeping friends — I am with you,
 I exclude others from you — there is nothing to be commiserated,
 I do not commiserate — I congratulate you.

TO A COMMON PROSTITUTE.

1. BE composed — be at ease with me — I am Walt Whitman, liberal and lusty as Nature,
Not till the sun excludes you, do I exclude you,
Not till the waters refuse to glisten for you, and the leaves to rustle for you, do my words refuse to glisten and rustle for you.
2. My girl, I appoint with you an appointment — and I charge you that you make preparation to be worthy to meet me,
And I charge you that you be patient and perfect till I come.
3. Till then, I salute you with a significant look, that you do not forget me.

TO RICH GIVERS.

WHAT you give me, I cheerfully accept,
A little sustenance, a hut and garden, a little money
— these as I rendezvous with my poems,
A traveller's lodging and breakfast as I journey
through The States — Why should I be ashamed
to own such gifts? Why to advertise for them?
For I myself am not one who bestows nothing upon
man and woman,
For I know that what I bestow upon any man or
woman is no less than the entrance to all the
gifts of the universe.

TO A PUPIL.

1. Is reform needed? Is it through you?
The greater the reform needed, the greater the PERSONALITY you need to accomplish it.

2. You! do you not see how it would serve to have eyes, blood, complexion, clean and sweet?
Do you not see how it would serve to have such a body and Soul, that when you enter the crowd, an atmosphere of desire and command enters with you, and every one is impressed with your personality?
3. O the magnet! the flesh over and over!
Go, mon cher! if need be, give up all else, and commence to-day to inure yourself to pluck, reality, self-esteem, definiteness, elevatedness,
Rest not, till you rivet and publish yourself of your own personality.

TO THE STATES,

To Identify the 16th, 17th, or 18th Presidentiad.

WHY reclining, interrogating? Why myself and all drowsing?

What deepening twilight! Scum floating atop of the waters!

Who are they, as bats and night-dogs, askant in the Capitol?

What a filthy Presidentiad! (O south, your torrid suns! O north, your arctic freezings!)

Are those really Congressmen? Are those the great Judges? Is that the President?

Then I will sleep a while yet—for I see that These States sleep, for reasons;

(With gathering murk—with muttering thunder and lambent shoots, we all duly awake,

South, north, east, west, inland and seaboard, we will surely awake.)

TO A CANTATRICE.

HERE, take this gift!

I was reserving it for some hero, orator, or general,
One who should serve the good old cause, the prog-

ress and freedom of the race, the cause of my
Soul ;
But I see that what I was reserving belongs to you
just as much as to any.

WALT WHITMAN'S CAUTION.

To The States, or any one of them, or any city of
The States, *Resist much, obey little,*
Once unquestioning obedience, once fully enslaved,
Once fully enslaved, no nation, state, city, of this
earth, ever afterward resumes its liberty.

TO A PRESIDENT.

ALL you are doing and saying is to America dangled
mirages,
You have not learned of Nature — of the politics of
Nature, you have not learned the great ampli-
tude, rectitude, impartiality,
You have not seen that only such as they are for
These States,
And that what is less than they, must sooner or later
lift off from These States.

TO OTHER LANDS.

I HEAR you have been asking for something to rep-
resent the new race, our self-poised Democracy,
Therefore I send you my poems, that you behold in
them what you wanted.

TO OLD AGE.

I SEE in you the estuary that enlarges and spreads
itself grandly as it pours in the great sea.

To You.

LET us twain walk aside from the rest;
Now we are together privately, do you discard ceremony,
Come! vouchsafe to me what has yet been vouchsafed
to none — Tell me the whole story,
Tell me what you would not tell your brother, wife,
husband, or physician.

To You.

STRANGER! if you, passing, meet me, and desire to
speak to me, why should you not speak to me?
And why should I not speak to you?

MANNAHATTA.

I WAS asking for something specific and perfect for
my city, and behold! here is the aboriginal
name!

Now I see what there is in a name, a word, liquid,
sane, unruly, musical, self-sufficient,

I see that the word of my city, is that word up there,
Because I see that word nested in nests of water-bays,
superb, with tall and wonderful spires,

Rich, hemmed thick all around with sailships and
steamships — an island sixteen miles long, solid-
founded,

Numberless crowded streets — high growths of iron,
slender, strong, light, splendidly uprising toward
clear skies;

Tides swift and ample, well-loved by me, toward sun-
down,

The flowing sea-currents, the little islands, the larger
adjoining islands, the heights, the villas,

The countless masts, the white shore-steamers, the
lighters, the ferry-boats, the black sea-steamers,
well-model'd;

The down-town streets, the jobbers' houses of business
— the houses of business of the ship-merchants,
and money-brokers — the river-streets,

Immigrants arriving, fifteen or twenty thousand in a
week,

The carts hauling goods — the manly race of drivers
of horses — the brown-faced sailors,

The summer-air, the bright sun shining, and the sail-
ing clouds aloft,

The winter snows, the sleigh-bells — the broken ice
in the river, passing along, up or down, with the
flood-tide or ebb-tide;

The mechanics of the city, the masters, well-formed,
beautiful-faced, looking you straight in the eyes;

Trottoirs thronged — vehicles — Broadway — the
women — the shops and shows,
The parades, processions, bugles playing, flags flying,
drums beating;
A million people — manners free and superb — open
voices — hospitality — the most courageous and
friendly young men;
The free city! no slaves! no owners of slaves!
The beautiful city! the city of hurried and sparkling
waters! the city of spires and masts!
The city nested in bays! my city!
The city of such women, I am mad to be with them!
I will return after death to be with them!
The city of such young men, I swear I cannot live
happy, without I often go talk, walk, eat, drink,
sleep, with them!

FRANCE,

THE 18TH YEAR OF THESE STATES.

1. A GREAT year and place,
A harsh, discordant, natal scream rising, to touch the
mother's heart closer than any yet.
2. I walked the shores of my Eastern Sea,
Heard over the waves the little voice,
Saw the divine infant, where she woke, mournfully
wailing, amid the roar of cannon, curses, shouts,
crash of falling buildings,
Was not so sick from the blood in the gutters running
— nor from the single corpses, nor those in heaps,
nor those borne away in the tumbrils,
Was not so desperate at the battues of death — was
not so shocked at the repeated fusillades of the
guns.
3. Pale, silent, stern, what could I say to that long-
accrued retribution?
Could I wish humanity different?
Could I wish the people made of wood and stone?
Or that there be no justice in destiny or time?
4. O Liberty! O mate for me!
Here too keeps the blaze, the bullet and the axe, in
reserve, to fetch them out in case of need,
Here too, though long deprest, still is not destroyed,
Here too could rise at last, murdering and extatic,
Here too would demand full arrears of vengeance.
5. Hence I sign this salute over the sea,
And I do not deny that terrible red birth and baptism,
But remember the little voice that I heard wailing —
and wait with perfect trust no matter how long,

And from to-day, sad and cogent, I maintain the
 bequeath'd cause, as for all lands,
And I send these words to Paris, with my love,
And I guess some chansonniers there will understand
 them,
For I guess there is latent music yet in France —
 floods of it,
O I hear already the bustle of instruments — they
 will soon be drowning all that would interrupt
 them,
O I think the east wind brings a triumphal and free
 march,
It reaches hither — it swells me to joyful madness,
I will run transpose it in words, to justify it,
I will yet sing a song for you, ma femme.

THOUGHTS.

1.

- OF the visages of things — And of piercing through
to the accepted hells beneath;
Of ugliness — To me there is just as much in it as
there is in beauty — And now the ugliness of
human beings is acceptable to me;
Of detected persons — To me, detected persons are
not, in any respect, worse than undetected persons — and are not in any respect worse than I
am myself;
Of criminals — To me, any judge, or any juror, is
equally criminal — and any reputable person is
also — and the President is also.

2.

- OF waters, forests, hills,
Of the earth at large, whispering through medium of
me;
Of vista — Suppose some sight in arrière, through the
formative chaos, presuming the growth, fulness,
life, now attained on the journey;
(But I see the road continued, and the journey ever
continued;)
Of what was once lacking on the earth, and in due
time has become supplied — And of what will
yet be supplied,
Because all I see and know, I believe to have purport
in what will yet be supplied.

3.

- OF persons arrived at high positions, ceremonies,
wealth, scholarships, and the like,

To me, all that those persons have arrived at, sinks
 away from them, except as it results to their
 bodies and Souls,
 So that often to me they appear gaunt and naked,
 And often, to me, each one mocks the others, and
 mocks himself or herself,
 And of each one, the core of life, namely happiness,
 is full of the rotten excrement of maggots,
 And often, to me, those men and women pass unwittingly
 the true realities of life, and go toward
 false realities,
 And often, to me, they are alive after what custom
 has served them, but nothing more,
 And often, to me, they are sad, hasty, unwaked son-
 nambules, walking the dusk.

4.

OF ownership — As if one fit to own things could not
 at pleasure enter upon all, and incorporate them
 into himself or herself;
 Of Equality — As if it harmed me, giving others the
 same chances and rights as myself — As if it
 were not indispensable to my own rights that
 others possess the same;
 Of Justice — As if Justice could be any thing but
 the same ample law, expounded by natural
 judges and saviours,
 As if it might be this thing or that thing, according
 to decisions.

5.

As I sit with others, at a great feast, suddenly, while
 the music is playing,
 To my mind, (whence it comes I know not,) spectral,
 in mist, of a wreck at sea,
 Of the flower of the marine science of fifty genera-
 tions, foundered off the Northeast coast, and
 going down — Of the steamship Arctic going
 down,
 Of the veiled tableau — Women gathered together

on deck, pale, heroic, waiting the moment that
draws so close — O the moment!
O the huge sob — A few bubbles — the white foam
spirting up — And then the women gone,
Sinking there, while the passionless wet flows on —
And I now pondering, Are those women indeed
gone?
Are Souls drowned and destroyed so?
Is only matter triumphant?

6.

OF what I write from myself — As if that were not
the résumé;
Of Histories — As if such, however complete, were
not less complete than my poems;
As if the shreds, the records of nations, could possibly
be as lasting as my poems;
As if here were not the amount of all nations, and of
all the lives of heroes.

7.

OF obedience, faith, adhesiveness;
As I stand aloof and look, there is to me something
profoundly affecting in large masses of men, fol-
lowing the lead of those who do not believe in
men.

UNNAMED LANDS.

1. NATIONS ten thousand years before These States, and
many times ten thousand years before These
States,
Garnered clusters of ages, that men and women like
us grew up and travelled their course, and passed
on;
What vast-built cities — What orderly republics —
What pastoral tribes and nomads,
What histories, rulers, heroes, perhaps transcending
all others,
What laws, customs, wealth, arts, traditions,
What sort of marriage — What costumes — What
physiology and phrenology,
What of liberty and slavery among them — What
they thought of death and the Soul,
Who were witty and wise — Who beautiful and poetic
— Who brutish and undeveloped,
Not a mark, not a record remains — And yet all
remains.
2. O I know that those men and women were not for
nothing, any more than we are for nothing,
I know that they belong to the scheme of the world
every bit as much as we now belong to it, and as
all will henceforth belong to it.
3. Afar they stand — yet near to me they stand,
Some with oval countenances, learned and calm,
Some naked and savage — Some like huge collections
of insects,
Some in tents — herdsmen, patriarchs, tribes, horse-
men,
Some prowling through woods — Some living peace-
ably on farms, laboring, reaping, filling barns,

Some traversing paved avenues, amid temples, palaces, factories, libraries, shows, courts, theatres, wonderful monuments.

4. Are those billions of men really gone?
Are those women of the old experience of the earth gone?
Do their lives, cities, arts, rest only with us?
Did they achieve nothing for good, for themselves?
5. I believe of all those billions of men and women that filled the unnamed lands, every one exists this hour, here or elsewhere, invisible to us, in exact proportion to what he or she grew from in life, and out of what he or she did, felt, became, loved, sinned, in life.
6. I believe that was not the end of those nations, or any person of them, any more than this shall be the end of my nation, or of me;
Of their languages, phrenology, government, coins, medals, marriage, literature, products, games, jurisprudence, wars, manners, amateness, crimes, prisons, slaves, heroes, poets, I suspect their results curiously await in the yet unseen world — counterparts of what accrued to them in the seen world,
I suspect I shall meet them there,
I suspect I shall there find each old particular of those unnamed lands.

KOSMOS.

Who includes diversity, and is Nature,
Who is the amplitude of the earth, and the coarseness and sexuality of the earth, and the great charity of the earth, and the equilibrium also,
Who has not looked forth from the windows, the eyes, for nothing, or whose brain held audience with messengers for nothing;
Who contains believers and disbelievers — Who is the most majestic lover;

Who holds duly his or her triune proportion of realism,
 spiritualism, and of the æsthetic, or intellectual,
 Who, having considered the body, finds all its organs
 and parts good ;
 Who, out of the theory of the earth, and of his or her
 body, understands by subtle analogies, the theory
 of a city, a poem, and of the large politics of
 These States ;
 Who believes not only in our globe, with its sun and
 moon, but in other globes, with their suns and
 moons ;
 Who, constructing the house of himself or herself,
 not for a day, but for all time, sees races, eras,
 dates, generations,
 The past, the future, dwelling there, like space,
 inseparable together.

A HAND-MIRROR.

HOLD it up sternly ! See this it sends back ! (Who is
 it ? Is it you ?)
 Outside fair costume — within, ashes and filth,
 No more a flashing eye — no more a sonorous voice
 or springy step,
 Now some slave's eye, voice, hands, step,
 A drunkard's breath, unwholesome eater's face,
 venerealee's flesh,
 Lungs rotting away piecemeal, stomach sour and
 cankerous,
 Joints rheumatic, bowels clogged with abomination,
 Blood circulating dark and poisonous streams,
 Words babble, hearing and touch callous,
 No brain, no heart left — no magnetism of sex ;
 Such, from one look in this looking-glass ere you go
 hence,
 Such a result so soon — and from such a beginning !

BEGINNERS.

How they are provided for upon the earth, (appear-
 ing at intervals.)
 How dear and dreadful they are to the earth,

How they inure to themselves as much as to any —
What a paradox appears, their age,
How people respond to them, yet know them not,
How there is something relentless in their fate, all
times,
How all times mischoose the objects of their adula-
tion and reward,
And how the same inexorable price must still be paid
for the same great purchase.

TESTS.

ALL submit to them, where they sit, inner, secure,
unapproachable to analysis, in the Soul;
Not traditions — not the outer authorities are the
judges — they are the judges of outer authori-
ties, and of all traditions,
They corroborate as they go, only whatever corrobo-
rates themselves, and touches themselves,
For all that, they have it forever in themselves to
corroborate far and near, without one exception.

SAVANTISM.

THITHER, as I look, I see each result and glory re-
tracing itself and nestling close, always obli-
gated;
Thither hours, months, years — thither trades, com-
pacts, establishments, even the most minute,
Thither every-day life, speech, utensils, politics, per-
sons, estates,
Thither we also, I with my leaves and songs, trust-
ful, admirant,
As a father, to his father going, takes his children
along with him.

PERFECTIONS.

ONLY themselves understand themselves, and the
like of themselves,
As Souls only understand Souls.

SAYS.

1.

I SAY whatever tastes sweet to the most perfect person, that is finally right.

2.

I SAY nourish a great intellect, a great brain;
If I have said anything to the contrary, I hereby retract it.

3.

I SAY man shall not hold property in man;
I say the least developed person on earth is just as important and sacred to himself or herself, as the most developed person is to himself or herself.

4.

I SAY where liberty draws not the blood out of slavery, there slavery draws the blood out of liberty,
I say the word of the good old cause in These States, and resound it hence over the world.

5.

I SAY the human shape or face is so great, it must never be made ridiculous;
I say for ornaments nothing outré can be allowed,
And that anything is most beautiful without ornament,
And that exaggerations will be sternly revenged in your own physiology, and in other persons' physiology also;

And I say that clean-shaped children can be jetted
and conceived only where natural forms prevail
in public, and the human face and form are
never caricatured;

And I say that genius need never more be turned to
romances,

(For facts properly told, how mean appear all
romances.)

6.

I SAY the word of lands fearing nothing — I will
have no other land;

I say discuss all and expose all — I am for every
topic openly;

I say there can be no salvation for These States with-
out innovators — without free tongues, and ears
willing to hear the tongues;

And I announce as a glory of These States, that they
respectfully listen to propositions, reforms, fresh
views and doctrines, from successions of men
and women,

Each age with its own growth.

7.

I HAVE said many times that materials and the Soul
are great, and that all depends on physique;

Now I reverse what I said, and affirm that all depends
on the æsthetic or intellectual,

And that criticism is great — and that refinement is
greatest of all;

And I affirm now that the mind governs — and that
all depends on the mind.

8.

WITH one man or woman — (no matter which one —
I even pick out the lowest,)

With him or her I now illustrate the whole law;

I say that every right, in politics or what-not, shall
be eligible to that one man or woman, on the
same terms as any.

DEBRIS.

HE is wisest who has the most caution,
He only wins who goes far enough.

ANY thing is as good as established, when that is
established that will produce it and continue it.

WHAT General has a good army in himself, has a
good army;
He happy in himself, or she happy in herself, is
happy,
But I tell you you cannot be happy by others, any
more than you can beget or conceive a child by
others.

HAVE you learned lessons only of those who admired
you, and were tender with you, and stood aside
for you?

HAVE you not learned the great lessons of those who
rejected you, and braced themselves against you?
or who treated you with contempt, or disputed
the passage with you?

HAVE you had no practice to receive opponents when
they come?

DESPAIRING cries float ceaselessly toward me, day
and night,
The sad voice of Death — the call of my nearest
lover, putting forth, alarmed, uncertain,
This sea I am quickly to sail, come tell me,
Come tell me where I am speeding — tell me my
destination.

I UNDERSTAND your anguish, but I cannot help you,
I approach, hear, behold — the sad mouth, the look
out of the eyes, your mute inquiry,

*Whither I go from the bed I now recline on, come
tell me ;*

Old age, alarmed, uncertain — A young woman's
voice appealing to me, for comfort,

A young man's voice, *Shall I not escape ?*

A THOUSAND perfect men and women appear,
Around each gathers a cluster of friends, and gay
children and youths, with offerings.

A MASK — a perpetual natural disguiser of herself,
Concealing her face, concealing her form,
Changes and transformations every hour, every
moment,
Falling upon her even when she sleeps.

ONE sweeps by, attended by an immense train,
All emblematic of peace — not a soldier or menial
among them.

ONE sweeps by, old, with black eyes and profuse
white hair,
He has the simple magnificence of health and
strength,
His face strikes as with flashes of lightning whoever
it turns toward.

THREE old men slowly pass, followed by three others,
and they by three others,
They are beautiful — the one in the middle of each
group holds his companions by the hand,
As they walk, they give out perfume wherever they
walk.

WOMEN sit, or move to and fro — some old, some
young,
The young are beautiful — but the old are more
beautiful than the young.

WHAT weeping face is that looking from the window ?
Why does it stream those sorrowful tears ?
Is it for some burial place, vast and dry ?
Is it to wet the soil of graves ?

I WILL take an egg out of the robin's nest in the
 orchard,
 I will take a branch of gooseberries from the old
 bush in the garden, and go and preach to the
 world;
 You shall see I will not meet a single heretic or
 scorner,
 You shall see how I stump clergymen, and confound
 them,
 You shall see me showing a scarlet tomato, and a
 white pebble from the beach.

BEHAVIOR — fresh, native, copious, each one for him-
 self or herself,
 Nature and the Soul expressed — America and free-
 dom expressed — In it the finest art,
 In it pride, cleanliness, sympathy, to have their
 chance,
 In it physique, intellect, faith — in it just as much as
 to manage an army or a city, or to write a book
 — perhaps more,
 The youth, the laboring person, the poor person,
 rivalling all the rest — perhaps outdoing the
 rest,
 The effects of the universe no greater than its;
 For there is nothing in the whole universe that can
 be more effective than a man's or woman's daily
 behavior can be,
 In any position, in any one of These States.

Not the pilot has charged himself to bring his ship
 into port, though beaten back, and many times
 baffled,
 Not the path-finder, penetrating inland, weary and
 long,
 By deserts parched, snows chilled, rivers wet, per-
 severes till he reaches his destination,
 More than I have charged myself, heeded or un-
 heeded, to compose a free march for These
 States,
 To be exhilarating music to them, years, centuries
 hence.

I THOUGHT I was not alone, walking here by the shore,
But the one I thought was with me, as now I walk by
the shore,
As I lean and look through the glimmering light —
that one has utterly disappeared,
And those appear that perplex me.

SLEEP-CHASINGS.

1. I WANDER all night in my vision,
Stepping with light feet, swiftly and noiselessly
stepping and stopping,
Bending with open eyes over the shut eyes of
sleepers,
Wandering and confused, lost to myself, ill-assorted,
contradictory,
Pausing, gazing, bending, and stopping.
2. How solemn they look there, stretched and still!
How quiet they breathe, the little children in their
cradles!
3. The wretched features of ennuyés, the white features
of corpses, the livid faces of drunkards, the sick-
gray faces of onanists,
The gashed bodies on battle-fields, the insane in their
strong-doored rooms, the sacred idiots, the new-
born emerging from gates, and the dying emerg-
ing from gates,
The night pervades them and infolds them.
4. The married couple sleep calmly in their bed — he
with his palm on the hip of the wife, and she
with her palm on the hip of the husband,
The sisters sleep lovingly side by side in their bed,
The men sleep lovingly side by side in theirs,
And the mother sleeps, with her little child carefully
wrapped.
5. The blind sleep, and the deaf and dumb sleep,
The prisoner sleeps well in the prison — the run-
away son sleeps,
The murderer that is to be hung next day — how
does he sleep?
And the murdered person — how does he sleep?

6. The female that loves unrequited sleeps,
And the male that loves unrequited sleeps,
The head of the money-maker that plotted all day
sleeps,
And the enraged and treacherous dispositions—
all, all sleep.
7. I stand in the dark with drooping eyes by the worst-
suffering and the most restless,
I pass my hands soothingly to and fro a few inches
from them,
The restless sink in their beds—they fitfully sleep.
8. Now I pierce the darkness—new beings appear,
The earth recedes from me into the night,
I saw that it was beautiful, and I see that what is not
the earth is beautiful.
9. I go from bedside to bedside—I sleep close with
the other sleepers, each in turn,
I dream in my dream all the dreams of the other
dreamers,
And I become the other dreamers.
10. I am a dance—Play up, there! the fit is whirling
me fast!
11. I am the ever-laughing—it is new moon and twilight,
I see the hiding of douceurs—I see nimble ghosts
whichever way I look,
Cache, and cache again, deep in the ground and sea,
and where it is neither ground or sea.
12. Well do they do their jobs, those journeymen divine,
Only from me can they hide nothing, and would not
if they could,
I reckon I am their boss, and they make me a pet
besides,
And surround me and lead me, and run ahead when
I walk,
To lift their cunning covers, to signify me with
stretched arms, and resume the way;

Onward we move! a gay gang of blackguards! with
mirth-shouting music and wild-flapping pennants
of joy!

13. I am the actor, the actress, the voter, the politician,
The emigrant and the exile, the criminal that stood
in the box,
He who has been famous, and he who shall be famous
after to-day,
The stammerer, the well-formed person, the wasted
or feeble person.
14. I am she who adorned herself and folded her hair
expectantly,
My truant lover has come, and it is dark.
15. Double yourself and receive me, darkness!
Receive me and my lover too — he will not let me go
without him.
16. I roll myself upon you as upon a bed — I resign
myself to the dusk.
17. He whom I call answers me and takes the place
of my lover,
He rises with me silently from the bed.
18. Darkness! you are gentler than my lover — his flesh
was sweaty and panting,
I feel the hot moisture yet that he left me.
19. My hands are spread forth, I pass them in all
directions,
I would sound up the shadowy shore to which you
are journeying.
20. Be careful, darkness! already, what was it touched
me?
I thought my lover had gone, else darkness and he
are one,
I hear the heart-beat — I follow, I fade away.

21. O hot-cheeked and blushing! O foolish hectic!
O for pity's sake, no one must see me now! my
clothes were stolen while I was abed,
Now I am thrust forth, where shall I run?
22. Pier that I saw dimly last night, when I looked from
the windows!
Pier out from the main, let me catch myself with you
and stay — I will not chafe you,
I feel ashamed to go naked about the world.
23. I am curious to know where my feet stand — and
what this is flooding me, childhood or manhood
— and the hunger that crosses the bridge
between.
24. The cloth laps a first sweet eating and drinking,
Laps life-swelling yolks — laps ear of rose-corn, milky
and just ripened;
The white teeth stay, and the boss-tooth advances in
darkness,
And liquor is spilled on lips and bosoms by touching
glasses, and the best liquor afterward.
25. I descend my western course, my sinews are flaccid,
Perfume and youth course through me, and I am
their wake.
26. It is my face yellow and wrinkled, instead of the
old woman's,
I sit low in a straw-bottom chair, and carefully darn
my grandson's stockings.
27. It is I too, the sleepless widow looking out on the
winter midnight,
I see the sparkles of starshine on the icy and pallid
earth.
28. A shroud I see, and I am the shroud — I wrap a body
and lie in the coffin,
It is dark here under ground — it is not evil or pain
here — it is blank here, for reasons.

29. It seems to me that everything in the light and air
ought to be happy,
Whoever is not in his coffin and the dark grave, let
him know he has enough.
30. I see a beautiful gigantic swimmer swimming naked
through the eddies of the sea,
His brown hair lies close and even to his head —
he strikes out with courageous arms — he urges
himself with his legs,
I see his white body — I see his undaunted eyes,
I hate the swift-running eddies that would dash him
head-foremost on the rocks.
31. What are you doing, you ruffianly red-trickled waves?
Will you kill the courageous giant? Will you kill
him in the prime of his middle age?
32. Steady and long he struggles,
He is baffled, banged, bruised — he holds out while
his strength holds out,
The slapping eddies are spotted with his blood —
they bear him away — they roll him, swing him,
turn him,
His beautiful body is borne in the circling eddies,
it is continually bruised on rocks,
Swiftly and out of sight is borne the brave corpse.
33. I turn, but do not extricate myself,
Confused, a past-reading, another, but with darkness
yet.
34. The beach is cut by the razory ice-wind — the wreck-
guns sound,
The tempest lulls — the moon comes floundering
through the drifts.
35. I look where the ship helplessly heads end on — I
hear the burst as she strikes — I hear the howls
of dismay — they grow fainter and fainter.
36. I cannot aid with my wringing fingers,
I can but rush to the surf, and let it drench me and
freeze upon me.

37. I search with the crowd — not one of the company is
washed to us alive;
In the morning I help pick up the dead and lay them
in rows in a barn.
38. Now of the old war-days, the defeat at Brooklyn,
Washington stands inside the lines — he stands on
the intrenched hills, amid a crowd of officers,
His face is cold and damp — he cannot repress the
weeping drops,
He lifts the glass perpetually to his eyes — the color
is blanched from his cheeks,
He sees the slaughter of the southern braves confided
to him by their parents.
39. The same, at last and at last, when peace is declared,
He stands in the room of the old tavern — the well-
beloved soldiers all pass through,
The officers speechless and slow draw near in their
turns,
The chief encircles their necks with his arm, and
kisses them on the cheek,
He kisses lightly the wet cheeks one after another —
he shakes hands, and bids good-by to the army.
40. Now I tell what my mother told me to-day as we sat
at dinner together,
Of when she was a nearly grown girl, living home
with her parents on the old homestead.
41. A red squaw came one breakfast-time to the old
homestead,
On her back she carried a bundle of rushes for
rush-bottoming chairs,
Her hair, straight, shiny, coarse, black, profuse, half-
enveloped her face,
Her step was free and elastic, and her voice sounded
exquisitely as she spoke.
42. My mother looked in delight and amazement at the
stranger,
She looked at the freshness of her tall-borne face,
and full and pliant limbs,

The more she looked upon her she loved her,
Never before had she seen such wonderful beauty
and purity,
She made her sit on a bench by the jamb of the fire-
place — she cooked food for her,
She had no work to give her, but she gave her
remembrance and fondness.

43. The red squaw staid all the forenoon, and toward the
middle of the afternoon she went away,
O my mother was loth to have her go away!
All the week she thought of her — she watched for
her many a month,
She remembered her many a winter and many a
summer,
But the red squaw never came, nor was heard of
there again.

44. Now Lucifer was not dead — or if he was, I am his
sorrowful terrible heir,
I have been wronged — I am oppressed — I hate him
that oppresses me,
I will either destroy him, or he shall release me.

45. Damn him! how he does defile me!
How he informs against my brother and sister, and
takes pay for their blood!
How he laughs when I look down the bend, after the
steamboat that carries away my woman!

46. Now the vast dusk bulk that is the whale's bulk, it
seems mine,
Warily, sportsman! though I lie so sleepy and slug-
gish, my tap is death.

47. A show of the summer softness! a contact of some-
thing unseen! an amour of the light and air!
I am jealous, and overwhelmed with friendliness,
And will go gallivant with the light and air my-
self,
And have an unseen something to be in contact with
them also.

48. O love and summer! you are in the dreams, and in me!
Autumn and winter are in the dreams — the farmer
goes with his thrift,
The droves and crops increase, and the barns are well
filled.
49. Elements merge in the night — ships make tacks in
the dreams,
The sailor sails — the exile returns home,
The fugitive returns unharmed — the immigrant is
back beyond months and years,
The poor Irishman lives in the simple house of his
childhood, with the well-known neighbors and
faces,
They warmly welcome him — he is barefoot again, he
forgets he is well off;
The Dutchman voyages home, and the Scotchman
and Welshman voyage home, and the native of
the Mediterranean voyages home,
To every port of England, France, Spain, enter well-
filled ships,
The Swiss foots it toward his hills — the Prussian
goes his way, the Hungarian his way, and the
Pole his way,
The Swede returns, and the Dane and Norwegian
return.
50. The homeward bound, and the outward bound,
The beautiful lost swimmer, the ennuyé, the onanist,
the female that loves unrequited, the money-
maker,
The actor and actress, those through with their parts,
and those waiting to commence,
The affectionate boy, the husband and wife, the voter,
the nominee that is chosen, and the nominee that
has failed,
The great already known, and the great any time
after to-day,
The stammerer, the sick, the perfect-formed, the
homely,
The criminal that stood in the box, the judge that
sat and sentenced him, the fluent lawyers, the
jury, the audience,

The laugher and weeper, the dancer, the midnight
 widow, the red squaw,
 The consumptive, the erysipelite, the idiot, he that
 is wronged,
 The antipodes, and every one between this and them
 in the dark,
 I swear they are averaged now — one is no better
 than the other,
 The night and sleep have likened them and restored
 them.

51. I swear they are all beautiful!
 Every one that sleeps is beautiful — everything in
 the dim light is beautiful,
 The wildest and bloodiest is over, and all is peace.
52. Peace is always beautiful,
 The myth of heaven indicates peace and night.
53. The myth of heaven indicates the Soul;
 The Soul is always beautiful — it appears more or it
 appears less — it comes, or it lags behind,
 It comes from its embowered garden, and looks
 pleasantly on itself, and encloses the world,
 Perfect and clean the genitals previously jetting, and
 perfect and clean the womb cohering,
 The head well-grown, proportioned and plumb, and
 the bowels and joints proportioned and plumb.
54. The Soul is always beautiful,
 The universe is duly in order, everything is in its place,
 What is arrived is in its place, and what waits is in
 its place;
 The twisted skull waits, the watery or rotten blood
 waits,
 The child of the glutton or venerealee waits long,
 and the child of the drunkard waits long, and
 the drunkard himself waits long,
 The sleepers that lived and died wait — the far
 advanced are to go on in their turns, and the
 far behind are to go on in their turns,
 The diverse shall be no less diverse, but they shall
 flow and unite — they unite now.

55. The sleepers are very beautiful as they lie unclothed,
They flow hand in hand over the whole earth, from
east to west, as they lie unclothed,
The Asiatic and African are hand in hand — the
European and American are hand in hand,
Learned and unlearned are hand in hand, and male
and female are hand in hand,
The bare arm of the girl crosses the bare breast of
her lover — they press close without lust — his
lips press her neck,
The father holds his grown or ungrown son in his
arms with measureless love, and the son holds
the father in his arms with measureless love,
The white hair of the mother shines on the white
wrist of the daughter,
The breath of the boy goes with the breath of the
man, friend is inarmed by friend,
The scholar kisses the teacher, and the teacher kisses
the scholar — the wronged is made right,
The call of the slave is one with the master's call, and
the master salutes the slave,
The felon steps forth from the prison — the insane
becomes sane — the suffering of sick persons is
relieved,
The sweatings and fevers stop — the throat that was
unsound is sound — the lungs of the consumptive
are resumed — the poor distressed head is free,
The joints of the rheumatic move as smoothly as ever,
and smoother than ever,
Stiflings and passages open — the paralyzed become
supple,
The swelled and convulsed and congested awake to
themselves in condition,
They pass the invigoration of the night, and the
chemistry of the night, and awake.
56. I too pass from the night,
I stay a while away, O night, but I return to you
again, and love you.
57. Why should I be afraid to trust myself to you?
I am not afraid — I have been well brought forward
by you,

I love the rich running day, but I do not desert her
in whom I lay so long,
I know not how I came of you, and I know not where
I go with you — but I know I came well, and
shall go well.

58. I will stop only a time with the night, and rise
betimes,
I will duly pass the day, O my mother, and duly
return to you.

BURIAL.

1. To think of it !
To think of time — of all that retrospection !
To think of to-day, and the ages continued hence-
forward !
2. Have you guessed you yourself would not continue ?
Have you dreaded those earth-beetles ?
Have you feared the future would be nothing to you ?
3. Is to-day nothing ? Is the beginningless past
nothing ?
If the future is nothing, they are just as surely
nothing.
4. To think that the sun rose in the east ! that men
and women were flexible, real, alive ! that every-
thing was alive !
To think that you and I did not see, feel, think, nor
bear our part !
To think that we are now here, and bear our part !
5. Not a day passes — not a minute or second, without
an accouchment !
Not a day passes — not a minute or second, without
a corpse !
6. The dull nights go over, and the dull days also,
The soreness of lying so much in bed goes over,
The physician, after long putting off, gives the silent
and terrible look for an answer,
The children come hurried and weeping, and the
brothers and sisters are sent for,
Medicines stand unused on the shelf — (the camphor-
smell has long pervaded the rooms,)
The faithful hand of the living does not desert the
hand of the dying,

The twitching lips press lightly on the forehead of
 the dying,
 The breath ceases, and the pulse of the heart ceases,
 The corpse stretches on the bed, and the living look
 upon it,
 It is palpable as the living are palpable.

7. The living look upon the corpse with their eye-sight,
 But without eye-sight lingers a different living, and
 looks curiously on the corpse.
8. To think that the rivers will flow, and the snow fall,
 and fruits ripen, and act upon others as upon us
 now — yet not act upon us!
 To think of all these wonders of city and country,
 and others taking great interest in them — and
 we taking no interest in them !
9. To think how eager we are in building our houses !
 To think others shall be just as eager, and we quite
 indifferent !
10. I see one building the house that serves him a few
 years, or seventy or eighty years at most,
 I see one building the house that serves him longer
 than that.
11. Slow-moving and black lines creep over the whole
 earth — they never cease — they are the burial
 lines,
 He that was President was buried, and he that is now
 President shall surely be buried.
12. Cold dash of waves at the ferry-wharf — posh and
 ice in the river, half-frozen mud in the streets,
 a gray discouraged sky overhead, the short last
 daylight of Twelfth Month,
 A hearse and stages — other vehicles give place —
 the funeral of an old Broadway stage-driver, the
 cortège mostly drivers.
13. Steady the trot to the cemetery, duly rattles the
 death-bell, the gate is passed, the new-dug

grave is halted at, the living alight, the hearse uncloses,

The coffin is passed out, lowered and settled, the whip is laid on the coffin, the earth is swiftly shovelled in,

The mound above is flatted with the spades — silence,

A minute, no one moves or speaks — it is done,

He is decently put away — is there anything more ?

14. He was a good fellow, free-mouthed, quick-tempered, not bad-looking, able to take his own part, witty, sensitive to a slight, ready with life or death for a friend, fond of women, gambled, ate hearty, drank hearty, had known what it was to be flush, grew low-spirited toward the last, sickened, was helped by a contribution, died, aged forty-one years — and that was his funeral.

15. Thumb extended, finger uplifted, apron, cape, gloves, strap, wet-weather clothes, whip carefully chosen, boss, spotter, starter, hostler, somebody loafing on you, you loafing on somebody, head-way, man before and man behind, good day's work, bad day's work, pet stock, mean stock, first out, last out, turning in at night,

To think that these are so much and so nigh to other drivers — and he there takes no interest in them !

16. The markets, the government, the working-man's wages — to think what account they are through our nights and days !

To think that other working-men will make just as great account of them — yet we make little or no account !

17. The vulgar and the refined — what you call sin and what you call goodness — to think how wide a difference !

To think the difference will still continue to others, yet we lie beyond the difference.

18. To think how much pleasure there is!
Have you pleasure from looking at the sky? have
you pleasure from poems?
Do you enjoy yourself in the city? or engaged in
business? or planning a nomination and elec-
tion? or with your wife and family?
Or with your mother and sisters? or in womanly
house-work? or the beautiful maternal cares?
These also flow onward to others—you and I flow
onward,
But in due time you and I shall take less interest
in them.
19. Your farm, profits, crops,—to think how engrossed
you are!
To think there will still be farms, profits, crops—
yet for you, of what avail?
20. What will be, will be well—for what is, is well,
To take interest is well, and not to take interest shall
be well.
21. The sky continues beautiful,
The pleasure of men with women shall never be sated,
nor the pleasure of women with men, nor the
pleasure from poems,
The domestic joys, the daily house-work or business,
the building of houses—these are not phan-
tasms—they have weight, form, location;
Farms, profits, crops, markets, wages, government,
are none of them phantasms,
The difference between sin and goodness is no
delusion,
The earth is not an echo—man and his life, and all
the things of his life, are well-considered.
22. You are not thrown to the winds—you gather cer-
tainly and safely around yourself,
Yourself! Yourself! Yourself, forever and ever!
23. It is not to diffuse you that you were born of your
mother and father—it is to identify you,

It is not that you should be undecided, but that you
 should be decided ;
 Something long preparing and formless is arrived and
 formed in you,
 You are thenceforth secure, whatever comes or goes.

24. The threads that were spun are gathered, the weft
 crosses the warp, the pattern is systematic.
25. The preparations have every one been justified,
 The orchestra have sufficiently tuned their instru-
 ments, the baton has given the signal.
26. The guest that was coming—he waited long, for
 reasons—he is now housed,
 He is one of those who are beautiful and happy—
 he is one of those that to look upon and be with
 is enough.
27. The law of the past cannot be eluded,
 The law of the present and future cannot be eluded,
 The law of the living cannot be eluded—it is eter-
 nal,
 The law of promotion and transformation cannot be
 eluded,
 The law of heroes and good-doers cannot be eluded,
 The law of drunkards, informers, mean persons—
 not one iota of it can be eluded.
28. Slow-moving and black lines go ceaselessly over the
 earth,
 Northerner goes carried, and southerner goes carried,
 and they on the Atlantic side, and they on the
 Pacific, and they between, and all through the
 Mississippi country, and all over the earth.
29. The great masters and kosmos are well as they go—
 the heroes and good-doers are well,
 The known leaders and inventors, and the rich owners
 and pious and distinguished, may be well,
 But there is more account than that—there is strict
 account of all.

30. The interminable hordes of the ignorant and wicked
are not nothing,
The barbarians of Africa and Asia are not nothing,
The common people of Europe are not nothing — the
American aborigines are not nothing,
The infected in the immigrant hospital are not
nothing — the murderer or mean person is not
nothing,
The perpetual successions of shallow people are not
nothing as they go,
The lowest prostitute is not nothing — the mocker of
religion is not nothing as he goes.
31. I shall go with the rest — we have satisfaction,
I have dreamed that we are not to be changed so
much, nor the law of us changed,
I have dreamed that heroes and good-doers shall be
under the present and past law,
And that murderers, drunkards, liars, shall be under
the present and past law,
For I have dreamed that the law they are under
now is enough.
32. And I have dreamed that the satisfaction is not so
much changed, and that there is no life without
satisfaction;
What is the earth? what are body and Soul, without
satisfaction?
33. I shall go with the rest,
We cannot be stopped at a given point — that is no
satisfaction,
To show us a good thing, or a few good things, for a
space of time — that is no satisfaction,
We must have the indestructible breed of the best,
regardless of time.
34. If otherwise, all these things came but to ashes of
dung,
If maggots and rats ended us, then alarm! for we are
betrayed!
Then indeed suspicion of death.

35. Do you suspect death? If I were to suspect death,
I should die now,
Do you think I could walk pleasantly and well-suited
toward annihilation?
36. Pleasantly and well-suited I walk,
Whither I walk I cannot define, but I know it is good,
The whole universe indicates that it is good,
The past and the present indicate that it is good.
37. How beautiful and perfect are the animals! How
perfect is my Soul!
How perfect the earth, and the minutest thing upon
it!
What is called good is perfect, and what is called bad
is just as perfect,
The vegetables and minerals are all perfect, and the
imponderable fluids are perfect;
Slowly and surely they have passed on to this, and
slowly and surely they yet pass on.
38. My Soul! if I realize you, I have satisfaction,
Animals and vegetables! if I realize you, I have sat-
isfaction,
Laws of the earth and air! if I realize you, I have
satisfaction.
39. I cannot define my satisfaction, yet it is so,
I cannot define my life, yet it is so.
40. O it comes to me now!
I swear I think now that everything without excep-
tion has an eternal Soul!
The trees have, rooted in the ground! the weeds of
the sea have! the animals!
41. I swear I think there is nothing but immortality!
That the exquisite scheme is for it, and the nebulous
float is for it, and the cohering is for it!
And all preparation is for it! and identity is for it!
and life and death are altogether for it!

TO MY SOUL.

1. As nearing departure,
As the time draws nigh, glooming from you,
A cloud — a dread beyond, of I know not what,
darkens me.
2. I shall go forth,
I shall traverse The States — but I cannot tell
whither or how long;
Perhaps soon, some day or night while I am singing,
my voice will suddenly cease.
3. O Soul!
Then all may arrive to but this;
The glances of my eyes, that swept the daylight,
The unspeakable love I interchanged with women,
My joys in the open air — my walks through the
Mannahatta,
The continual good will I have met — the curious
attachment of young men to me,
My reflections alone — the absorption into me from
the landscape, stars, animals, thunder, rain, and
snow, in my wanderings alone,
The words of my mouth, rude, ignorant, arrogant —
my many faults and derelictions,
The light touches, on my lips, of the lips of my com-
rades, at parting,
The tracks which I leave, upon the side-walks and
fields,
May but arrive at this beginning of me,
This beginning of me — and yet it is enough, O Soul,
O Soul, we have positively appeared — that is enough.

SO LONG !

1. To conclude — I announce what comes after me,
The thought must be promulged, that all I know at
any time suffices for that time only — not subse-
quent time ;
I announce greater offspring, orators, days, and then
depart.
2. I remember I said to myself at the winter-close,
before my leaves sprang at all, that I would
become a candid and unloosed summer-poet,
I said I would raise my voice jocund and strong, with
reference to consummations.
3. When America does what was promised,
When each part is peopled with free people,
When there is no city on earth to lead my city, the
city of young men, the Mannahatta city — But
when the Mannahatta leads all the cities of the
earth,
When there are plentiful athletic bards, inland and
seaboard,
When through These States walk a hundred millions
of superb persons,
When the rest part away for superb persons, and con-
tribute to them,
When fathers, firm, unconstrained, open-eyed —
When breeds of the most perfect mothers denote
America,
Then to me ripeness and conclusion.
4. Yet not me, after all — let none be content with me,
I myself seek a man better than I am, or a woman
better than I am,
I invite defiance, and to make myself superseded,

All I have done, I would cheerfully give to be trod
under foot, if it might only be the soil of superior poems.

5. I have established nothing for good,
I have but established these things, till things farther
onward shall be prepared to be established,
And I am myself the preparer of things farther
onward.
6. I have pressed through in my own right,
I have offered my style to every one — I have journeyed with confident step,
While my pleasure is yet at the full, I whisper *So long*,
And take the young woman's hand, and the young
man's hand, for the last time.
7. Once more I enforce you to give play to yourself — and
not depend on me, or on any one but yourself,
Once more I proclaim the whole of America for each
individual, without exception.
8. As I have announced the true theory of the youth,
manhood, womanhood, of The States, I adhere
to it;
As I have announced myself on immortality, the
body, procreation, hauteur, prudence,
As I joined the stern crowd that still confronts the
President with menacing weapons — I adhere
to all,
As I have announced each age for itself, this moment
I set the example.
9. I demand the choicest edifices to destroy them;
Room! room! for new far-planning draughtsmen
and engineers!
Clear that rubbish from the building-spots and the
paths!
10. *So long!*
I announce natural persons to arise,
I announce justice triumphant,

I announce uncompromising liberty and equality,
 I announce the justification of candor, and the justification of pride.

11. I announce that the identity of These States is a single identity only,
 I announce the Union more and more compact,
 I announce splendors and majesties to make all the previous politics of the earth insignificant.
12. I announce adhesiveness — I say it shall be limitless, unloosened,
 I say you shall yet find the friend you was looking for.
13. *So long !*
 I announce a man or woman coming — perhaps you are the one,
 I announce a great individual, fluid as Nature, chaste, affectionate, compassionate, fully armed.
14. *So long !*
 I announce a life that shall be copious, vehement, spiritual, bold,
 And I announce an old age that shall lightly and joyfully meet its translation.
15. O thicker and faster!
 O crowding too close upon me!
 I foresee too much — it means more than I thought,
 It appears to me I am dying.
16. Now throat, sound your last!
 Salute me — salute the future once more. Peal the old cry once more.
17. Screaming electric, the atmosphere using,
 At random glancing, each as I notice absorbing,
 Swiftly on, but a little while alighting,
 Curious enveloped messages delivering,
 Sparkles hot, seed ethereal, down in the dirt dropping,
 Myself unknowing, my commission obeying, to question it never daring,

To ages, and ages yet, the growth of the seed leav-
 ing,
 To troops out of me rising — they the tasks I have
 set promulging,
 To women certain whispers of myself bequeathing —
 their affection me more clearly explaining,
 To young men my problems offering — no dallier I —
 I the muscle of their brains trying,
 So I pass — a little time vocal, visible, contrary,
 Afterward, a melodious echo, passionately bent for —
 death making me undying,
 The best of me then when no longer visible — for
 toward that I have been incessantly preparing.

18. What is there more, that I lag and pause, and crouch
 extended with unshut mouth?
 Is there a single final farewell?
19. My songs cease — I abandon them,
 From behind the screen where I hid, I advance per-
 sonally.
20. This is no book,
 Who touches this, touches a man,
 (Is it night? Are we here alone?)
 It is I you hold, and who holds you,
 I spring from the pages into your arms — de cease
 calls me forth.
21. O how your fingers drowse me!
 Your breath falls around me like dew — your pulse
 lulls the tympana of my ears,
 I feel immersed from head to foot,
 Delicious — enough.
22. Enough, O deed impromptu and secret!
 Enough, O gliding present! Enough, O summed-up
 past!
23. Dear friend, whoever you are, here, take this kiss,
 I give it especially to you — Do not forget me,
 I feel like one who has done his work — I progress on,

The unknown sphere, more real than I dreamed,
more direct, darts awakening rays about me—

So long!

Remember my words—I love you—I depart from
materials,

I am as one disembodied, triumphant, dead.

DRUM-TAPS, 1865.

DRUM-TAPS, 1865.



DRUM-TAPS.

1. FIRST, O songs, for a prelude,
Lightly strike on the stretch'd tympanum, pride and
joy in my city,
How she led the rest to arms — how she gave the cue,
How at once with lithe limbs, unwaiting a moment,
she sprang;
(O superb! O Manhattan, my own, my peerless!
O strongest you in the hour of danger, in crisis! O
truer than steel!)
How you sprang! how you threw off the costumes of
peace with indifferent hand;
How your soft opera-music changed, and the drum
and fife were heard in their stead;
How you led to the war, (that shall serve for our pre-
lude, songs of soldiers,)
How Manhattan drum-taps led.
2. Forty years had I in my city seen soldiers parading;
Forty years as a pageant — till unawares, the Lady of
this teeming and turbulent city,
Sleepless, amid her ships, her houses, her incalculable
wealth,
With her million children around her — suddenly,
At dead of night, at news from the south,
Incens'd, struck with clench'd hand the pavement.
3. A shock electric — the night sustain'd it;
Till with ominous hum, our hive at daybreak, pour'd
out its myriads.
4. From the houses then, and the workshops, and through
all the doorways,
Leapt they tumultuous — and lo! Manhattan arming.

5. To the drum-taps prompt,
The young men falling in and arming;
The mechanics arming, (the trowel, the jack-plane, the
blacksmith's hammer, tost aside with precipi-
tation;)
The lawyer leaving his office, and arming — the judge
leaving the court;
The driver deserting his wagon in the street, jumping
down, throwing the reins abruptly down on the
horses' backs;
The salesman leaving the store — the boss, book-
keeper, porter, all leaving;
Squads gathering everywhere by common consent,
and arming;
The new recruits, even boys — the old men show
them how to wear their accoutrements — they
buckle the straps carefully;
Outdoors arming — indoors arming — the flash of the
musket-barrels;
The white tents cluster in camps — the arm'd sentries
around — the sunrise cannon, and again at sunset;
Arm'd regiments arrive every day, pass through the
city, and embark from the wharves;
(How good they look, as they tramp down to the
river, sweaty, with their guns on their shoulders!
How I love them! how I could hug them, with their
brown faces, and their clothes and knapsacks
cover'd with dust!)
- The blood of the city up — arm'd! arm'd! the cry
everywhere;
The flags flung out from the steeples of churches, and
from all the public buildings and stores;
The tearful parting — the mother kisses her son —
the son kisses his mother;
(Loth is the mother to part — yet not a word does
she speak to detain him;)
The tumultuous escort — the ranks of policemen pre-
ceding, clearing the way;
The unpent enthusiasm — the wild cheers of the
crowd for their favorites;
The artillery — the silent cannons, bright as gold,
drawn along, rumble lightly over the stones;
(Silent cannons — soon to cease your silence!

Soon, unlimber'd, to begin the red business;)
 All the mutter of preparation — all the determin'd
 arming;
 The hospital service — the lint, bandages, and medi-
 cines;
 The women volunteering for nurses — the work begun
 for, in earnest — no mere parade now;
 War! an arm'd race is advancing! — the welcome for
 battle — no turning away;
 War! be it weeks, months, or years — an arm'd race
 is advancing to welcome it.

6. Mannahatta a-march! — and it's O to sing it well!
 It's O for a manly life in the camp!

7. And the sturdy artillery!
 The guns, bright as gold — the work for giants — to
 serve well the guns:
 Unlimber them! no more, as the past forty years, for
 salutes for courtesies merely;
 Put in something else now besides powder and wad-
 ding.

8. And you, Lady of Ships! you Mannahatta!
 Old matron of the city! this proud, friendly, turbu-
 lent city!
 Often in peace and wealth you were pensive, or cov-
 ertly frown'd amid all your children;
 But now you smile with joy, exulting old Mannahatta!

SHUT NOT YOUR DOORS TO ME, PROUD LIBRARIES.

SHUT not your doors to me, proud libraries,
For that which was lacking among you all, yet needed
most, I bring ;
A book I have made for your dear sake, O soldiers,
And for you, O soul of man. and you, love of comrades ;
The words of my book nothing, the life of it everything ;
A book separate, not link'd with the rest, nor felt by the
intellect ;
But you will feel every word, O Libertad ! arm'd
Libertad !
It shall pass by the intellect to swim the sea, the air,
With joy with you, O soul of man.

CAVALRY CROSSING A FORD.

A LINE in long array, where they wind betwixt green
islands ;
They take a serpentine course — their arms flash in the
sun — Hark to the musical clank ;
Behold the silvery river — in it the splashing horses,
loitering, stop to drink ;
Behold the brown-faced men — each group, each person,
a picture — the negligent rest on the saddles ;
Some emerge on the opposite bank — others are just
entering the ford ;
The guidon flags flutter gayly in the wind.

SONG OF THE BANNER AT DAYBREAK.

POET.

1. O A new song, a free song,
Flapping, flapping, flapping, flapping, by sounds, by
 voices clearer,
By the wind's voice and that of the drum,
By the banner's voice, and child's voice, and sea's voice,
 and father's voice,
Low on the ground and high in the air,
On the ground where father and child stand,
In the upward air where their eyes turn,
Where the banner at daybreak is flapping.
2. Words! book-words! what are you?
Words no more, for hearken and see,
My song is there in the open air — and I must sing,
With the banner and pennant a-flapping.
3. I'll weave the chord and twine in,
Man's desire and babe's desire — I'll twine them in, I'll
 put in life;
I'll put the bayonet's flashing point — I'll let bullets
 and slugs whizz;
I'll pour the verse with streams of blood, full of voli-
 tion, full of joy;
Then loosen, launch forth, to go and compete,
With the banner and pennant a-flapping.

BANNER AND PENNANT.

4. Come up here, bard, bard;
Come up here, soul, soul;
Come up here, dear little child,
To fly in the clouds and winds with us, and play with
 the measureless light.

CHILD.

5. Father, what is that in the sky beckoning to me with
 long finger?
And what does it say to me all the while?

FATHER.

6. Nothing, my babe, you see in the sky;
And nothing at all to you it says. But look you, my
 babe,
Look at these dazzling things in the houses, and see you
 the money-shops opening;
And see you the vehicles preparing to crawl along the
 streets with goods:
These! ah, these! how valued and toil'd for, these!
How envied by all the earth!

POET.

7. Fresh and rosy red, the sun is mounting high;
On floats the sea in distant blue, careering through its
 channels;
On floats the wind over the breast of the sea, setting
 in toward land;
The great steady wind from west and west-by-south,
Floating so buoyant, with milk-white foam on the
 waters.
8. But I am not the sea, nor the red sun;
I am not the wind, with girlish laughter;
Not the immense wind which strengthens — not the
 wind which lashes;
Not the spirit that ever lashes its own body to terror
 and death:
But I am of that which unseen comes and sings, sings,
 sings,
Which babbles in brooks and scoots in showers on the
 land;
Which the birds know in the woods, mornings and
 evenings,

And the shore-sands know, and the hissing wave, and
 that banner and pennant,
 Aloft there flapping and flapping.

CHILD.

9. O father, it is alive — it is full of people — it has
 children!
 O now it seems to me it is talking to its children!
 I hear it — it talks to me — O it is wonderful!
 O it stretches — it spreads and runs so fast! O my
 father,
 It is so broad, it covers the whole sky!

FATHER.

10. Cease, cease, my foolish babe,
 What you are saying is sorrowful to me — much it
 displeases me;
 Behold with the rest, again I say — behold not ban-
 ners and pennants aloft;
 But the well-prepared pavements behold — and mark
 the solid-wall'd houses.

BANNER AND PENNANT.

11. Speak to the child, O bard, out of Manhattan;
 Speak to our children all, or north or south of Man-
 hattan,
 Where our factory-engines hum, where our miners
 delve the ground,
 Where our hoarse Niagara rumbles, where our prairie-
 ploughs are ploughing;
 Speak, O bard! point this day, leaving all the rest,
 to us over all — and yet we know not why;
 For what are we, mere strips of cloth, profiting
 nothing,
 Only flapping in the wind?

POET.

12. I hear and see not strips of cloth alone;
 I hear the tramp of armies, I hear the challenging
 sentry;

I hear the jubilant shouts of millions of men — I
 hear LIBERTY!
 I hear the drums beat, and the trumpets blowing;
 I myself move abroad, swift-rising, flying then;
 I use the wings of the land-bird, and use the wings of
 the sea-bird, and look down as from a height;
 I do not deny the precious results of peace — I see
 populous cities, with wealth incalculable;
 I see numberless farms — I see the farmers working
 in their fields or barns;
 I see mechanics working — I see buildings every-
 where founded, going up, or finish'd;
 I see trains of cars swiftly speeding along railroad
 tracks, drawn by the locomotives;
 I see the stores, depots, of Boston, Baltimore, Charles-
 ton, New Orleans;
 I see far in the west the immense area of grain — I
 dwell awhile, hovering;
 I pass to the lumber forests of the north, and again
 to the southern plantation, and again to Cali-
 fornia;
 Sweeping the whole, I see the countless profit, the
 busy gatherings, earned wages;
 See the identity formed out of thirty-six spacious and
 haughty States, (and many more to come;)
 See forts on the shores of harbors — see ships sailing
 in and out;
 Then over all, (ay! ay!) my little and lengthen'd
 pennant shaped like a sword,
 Runs swiftly up, indicating war and defiance — And
 now the halyards have rais'd it,
 Side of my banner broad and blue — side of my starry
 banner,
 Discarding peace over all the sea and land.

BANNER AND PENNANT.

13. Yet louder, higher, stronger, bard! yet farther,
 wider cleave!
 No longer let our children deem us riches and peace
 alone;

We can be terror and carnage also, and are so now ;
 Not now are we one of these spacious and haughty
 States, (nor any five, nor ten ;)
 Nor market nor depot are we, nor money-bank in
 the city ;
 But these, and all, and the brown and spreading
 land, and the mines below, are ours ;
 And the shores of the sea are ours, and the rivers
 great and small ;
 And the fields they moisten are ours, and the crops
 and the fruits are ours ;
 Bays and channels, and ships sailing in and out, are
 ours — and we over all,
 Over the area spread below, the three millions of
 square miles — the capitals,
 The thirty-five millions of people — O bard ! in life
 and death supreme,
 We, even we, from this day flaunt out masterful,
 high up above,
 Not for the present alone, for a thousand years,
 chanting through you,
 This song to the soul of one poor little child.

CHILD.

14. O my father, I like not the houses ;
 They will never to me be anything — nor do I like
 money ;
 But to mount up there I would like, O father dear —
 that banner I like ;
 That pennant I would be, and must be.

FATHER.

15. Child of mine, you fill me with anguish ;
 To be that pennant would be too fearful ;
 Little you know what it is this day, and henceforth
 forever ;
 It is to gain nothing, but risk and defy everything ;

Forward to stand in front of wars—and O, such wars!—what have you to do with them?
 With passions of demons, slaughter, premature death?

POET.

16. Demons and death then I sing;
 Put in all, ay, all, will I—sword-shaped pennant
 for war, and banner so broad and blue,
 And a pleasure new and ecstatic, and the prattled
 yearning of children,
 Blent with the sounds of the peaceful land, and the
 liquid wash of the sea;
 And the icy cool of the far, far north, with rustling
 cedars and pines;
 And the whirr of drums, and the sound of soldiers
 marching, and the hot sun shining south;
 And the beach-waves combing over the beach on
 my eastern shore, and my western shore the
 same;
 And all between those shores, and my ever running
 Mississippi, with bends and chutes;
 And my Illinois fields, and my Kansas fields, and
 my fields of Missouri;
 The CONTINENT—devoting the whole identity, with-
 out reserving an atom,
 Pour in! whelm that which asks, which sings, with
 all, and the yield of all.

BANNER AND PENNANT.

17. Ay, all! for ever, for all!
 From sea to sea, north and south, east and west,
 Fusing and holding, claiming, devouring the whole;
 No more with tender lip, nor musical labial sound,
 But, out of the night emerging for good, our voice
 persuasive no more,
 Croaking like crows here in the wind.

POET.

(Finale.)

18. My limbs, my veins dilate;
 The blood of the world has fill'd me full — my theme
 is clear at last:
 — Banner so broad, advancing out of the night, I
 sing you haughty and resolute;
 I burst through where I waited long, too long, deaf-
 en'd and blinded;
 My sight, my hearing and tongue, are come to me,
 (a little child taught me;)
 I hear from above, O pennant of war, your ironical
 call and demand;
 Insensate! insensate! (yet I at any rate chant you,)
 O banner!
 Not houses of peace are you, nor any nor all their
 prosperity, (if need be, you shall have every one
 of those houses to destroy them;
 You thought not to destroy those valuable houses,
 standing fast, full of comfort, built with money;
 May they stand fast, then? Not an hour, unless
 you, above them and all, stand fast;)
 — O banner! not money so precious are you, nor farm
 produce you, nor the material good nutriment,
 Nor excellent stores, nor landed on wharves from
 the ships;
 Not the superb ships, with sail-power or steam-power,
 fetching and carrying cargoes,
 Nor machinery, vehicles, trade, nor revenues, — But
 you, as henceforth I see you,
 Running up out of the night, bringing your cluster
 of stars, (ever-enlarging stars;)
 Divider of daybreak you, cutting the air, touch'd by
 the sun, measuring the sky,
 (Passionately seen and yearn'd for by one poor little
 child,
 While others remain busy, or smartly talking, for-
 ever teaching thrift, thrift;)
 O you up there! O pennant! where you undulate
 like a snake, hissing so curious,
 Out of reach — an idea only — yet furiously fought
 for, risking bloody death — loved by me!

So loved! O you banner leading the day, with stars
brought from the night!
Valueless, object of eyes, over all and demanding
all — O banner and pennant!
I too leave the rest — great as it is, it is nothing —
houses, machines are nothing — I see them not;
I see but you, O warlike pennant! O banner so
broad, with stripes, I sing you only,
Flapping up there in the wind.

BY THE BIVOUAC'S FITFUL FLAME.

By the bivouac's fitful flame,
A procession winding around me, solemn and sweet and
slow; — but first I note,
The tents of the sleeping army, the fields' and woods' dim
outline,
The darkness, lit by spots of kindled fire—the silence;
Like a phantom far or near an occasional figure moving;
The shrubs and trees, (as I left my eyes they seem to be
stealthily watching me;)
While wind in procession thoughts, O tender and won-
d'rous thoughts,
Of life and death — of home and the past and loved, and
of those that are far away;—
A solemn and slow procession there as I sit on the
ground,
By the bivouac's fitful flame.

1861.

ARM'D year ! year of the struggle !
No dainty rhymes or sentimental love verses for you,
terrible year !
Not you as some pale poetling, seated at a desk, lisping
cadenzas piano ;
But as a strong man, erect, clothed in blue clothes,
advancing, carrying a rifle on your shoulder,
With well-gristled body and sunburnt face and hands —
with a knife in the belt at your side,
As I heard you shouting loud — your sonorous voice ring-
ing across the continent ;
Your masculine voice, O year, as rising amid the great
cities,
Amid the men of Manhattan I saw you, as one of the
workmen, the dwellers in Manhattan ;
Or with large steps crossing the prairies out of Illinois
and Indiana,
Rapidly crossing the West with springy gait, and de-
scending the Alleghanies ;
Or down from the great lakes, or in Pennsylvania, or on
deck along the Ohio river ;
Or southward along the Tennessee or Cumberland rivers,
or at Chattanooga on the mountain top,
Saw I your gait and saw I your sinewy limbs, clothed
in blue, bearing weapons, robust year ;
Heard your determin'd voice, launch'd forth again and
again ;
Year that suddenly sang by the mouths of the round-
lipp'd cannon,
I repeat you, hurrying, crashing, sad, distracted year.

FROM PAUMANOK STARTING, I FLY LIKE A BIRD.

FROM Paumanok starting, I fly like a bird,
Around and around to soar, to sing the idea of all;
To the north betaking myself, to sing there arctic songs,
To Kanada, 'till I absorb Kanada in myself — to Michi-
gan then,
To Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota, to sing their songs, (they
are inimitable;)
Then to Ohio and Indiana to sing theirs — to Missouri
and Kansas and Arkansas to sing theirs,
To Tennessee and Kentucky — to the Carolinas and
Georgia, to sing theirs,
To Texas, and so along up toward California, to roam
accepted everywhere;
To sing first, (to the tap of the war-drum, if need be,)
The idea of all — of the western world, one and insepa-
rable,
And then the song of each member of These States.

BEGINNING MY STUDIES.

BEGINNING my studies, the first step pleas'd me so much,
The mere fact, consciousness — these forms — the power
of motion,

The least insect or animal — the senses — eyesight;
The first step, I say, aw'd me and pleas'd me so much,
I have never gone, and never wish'd to go, any farther,
But stop and loiter all my life, to sing it in ecstatic songs.

THE CENTENARIAN'S STORY.

VOLUNTEER OF 1861.

(At Washington Park, Brooklyn, assisting the Centenarian.)

1. GIVE me your hand, old Revolutionary ;
The hill-top is nigh — but a few steps, (make room,
gentlemen ;)
Up the path you have follow'd me well, spite of your
hundred and extra years ;
You can walk, old man, though your eyes are almost
done ;
Your faculties serve you, and presently I must have
them serve me.
2. Rest, while I tell what the crowd around us means ;
On the plain below, recruits are drilling and exercis-
ing ;
There is the camp — one regiment departs to-morrow ;
Do you hear the officers giving the orders ?
Do you hear the clank of the muskets ?
3. Why, what comes over you now, old man ?
Why do you tremble, and clutch my hand so convul-
sively ?
The troops are but drilling — they are yet surrounded
with smiles ;
Around them at hand, the well-drest friends and the
women ;
While splendid and warm the afternoon sun shines
down ;
Green the midsummer verdure, and fresh blows the
dallying breeze,
O'er proud and peaceful cities, and arm of the sea
between.

4. But drill and parade are over — they march back to quarters;
Only hear that approval of hands! hear what a clapping!
5. As wending, the crowds now part and disperse — but we, old man,
Not for nothing have I brought you hither — we must remain;
You to speak in your turn, and I to listen and tell.

THE CENTENARIAN.

6. When I clutch'd your hand, it was not with terror;
But suddenly, pouring about me here, on every side,
And below there where the boys were drilling, and
up the slopes they ran,
And where tents are pitch'd, and wherever you see,
south, and southeast and southwest,
Over hills, across lowlands, and in the skirts of woods,
And along the shores, in mire, (now fill'd over,) came
again, and suddenly raged,
As eighty-five years a-gone, no mere parade receiv'd
with applause of friends,
But a battle, which I took part in myself — ay, long
ago as it is, I took part in it,
Walking then this hill-top, this same ground.
7. Ay, this is the ground;
My blind eyes, even as I speak, behold it re-peopled
from graves:
The years recede, pavements and stately houses disappear:
Rude forts appear again, the old hoop'd guns are
mounted;
I see the lines of rais'd earth stretching from river to
bay;
I mark the vista of waters, I mark the uplands and
slopes:
Here we lay encamp'd — it was this time in summer
also.

8. As I talk, I remember all—I remember the Declaration:
It was read here—the whole army paraded—it was read to us here;
By his staff surrounded, the General stood in the middle—he held up his unsheath'd sword,
It glitter'd in the sun in full sight of the army.
9. 'Twas a bold act then;
The English war ships had just arrived—the king had sent them from over the sea;
We could watch down the lower bay where they lay at anchor,
And the transports, swarming with soldiers.
10. A few days more, and they landed—and then the battle.
11. Twenty thousand were brought against us,
A veteran force, furnish'd with good artillery.
12. I tell not now the whole of the battle;
But one brigade, early in the forenoon, order'd forward to engage the redcoats;
Of that brigade I tell, and how steadily it march'd,
And how long and how well it stood, confronting death.
13. Who do you think that was, marching steadily, sternly confronting death?
It was the brigade of the youngest men, two thousand strong,
Rais'd in Virginia and Maryland, and many of them known personally to the General.
14. Jauntily forward they went with quick step toward Gowanus' waters;
Till of a sudden, unlook'd for, by defiles through the woods, gain'd at night,
The British advancing, wedging in from the east, fiercely playing their guns,
That brigade of the youngest was cut off, and at the enemy's mercy.

15. The General watch'd them from this hill ;
They made repeated desperate attempts to burst their
environment ;
Then drew close together, very compact, their flag
flying in the middle ;
But O from the hills how the cannon were thinning
and thinning them !
16. It sickens me yet, that slaughter !
I saw the moisture gather in drops on the face of the
General ;
I saw how he wrung his hands in anguish.
17. Meanwhile the British manœuvr'd to draw us out
for a pitch'd battle ;
But we dared not trust the chances of a pitch'd
battle.
18. We fought the fight in detachments ;
Sallying forth, we fought at several points — but in
each the luck was against us ;
Our foe advancing, steadily getting the best of it,
push'd us back to the works on this hill ;
Till we turn'd menacing, here, and then he left us.
19. That was the going out of the brigade of the young-
est men, two thousand strong ;
Few return'd — nearly all remain in Brooklyn.
20. That, and here, my General's first battle ;
No women looking on, nor sunshine to bask in — it
did not conclude with applause ;
Nobody clapp'd hands here then.
21. But in darkness, in mist, on the ground, under a
chill rain,
Wearied that night we lay, foil'd and sullen ;
While scornfully laugh'd many an arrogant lord, off
against us encamp'd,
Quite within hearing, feasting, clinking wine-glasses
together over their victory.
22. So, dull and damp and another day ;
But the night of that, mist lifting, rain ceasing,

Silent as a ghost, while they thought they were sure
of him, my General retreated.

23. I saw him at the river-side,
Down by the ferry, lit by torches, hastening the em-
barcation;
My General waited till the soldiers and wounded
were all pass'd over;
And then, (it was just ere sunrise,) these eyes rested
on him for the last time.
24. Every one else seem'd fill'd with gloom;
Many no doubt thought of capitulation.
25. But when my General pass'd me,
As he stood in his boat, and look'd toward the com-
ing sun,
I saw something different from capitulation.

TERMINUS.

26. Enough — the Centenarian's story ends;
The two, the past and present, have interchanged;
I myself, as connector, as chansonnier of a great fu-
ture, am now speaking.
27. And is this the ground Washington trod?
And these waters I listlessly daily cross, are these
the waters he cross'd,
As resolute in defeat, as other generals in their
proudest triumphs?
28. It is well — a lesson like that, always comes good;
I must copy the story, and send it eastward and
westward;
I must preserve that look, as it beam'd on you, rivers
of Brooklyn.
29. See! as the annual round returns, the phantoms
return;
It is the 27th of August, and the British have landed;

The battle begins, and goes against us — behold !
through the smoke Washington's face ;
The brigade of Virginia and Maryland have march'd
forth to intercept the enemy ;
They are cut off — murderous artillery from the
hills plays upon them ;
Rank after rank falls, while over them silently
droops the flag,
Baptized that day in many a young man's bloody
wounds,
In death, defeat, and sisters', mothers' tears.

30. Ah, hills and slopes of Brooklyn ! I perceive you are
more valuable than your owners supposed ;
Ah, river ! henceforth you will be illumin'd to me at
sunrise with something besides the sun.
31. Encampments new ! in the midst of you stands an
encampment very old ;
Stands forever the camp of the dead brigade.

PIONEERS! O PIONEERS!

1.

COME, my tan-faced children,
Follow well in order, get your weapons ready;
Have you your pistols? have you your sharp-edged
axes?

Pioneers! O pioneers!

2.

FOR we cannot tarry here,
We must march, my darlings, we must bear the brunt of
danger,

We, the youthful sinewy races, all the rest on us depend,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

3.

O you youths, western youths,
So impatient, full of action, full of manly pride and
friendship,

Plain I see you, western youths, see you tramping with
the foremost,

Pioneers! O pioneers!

4.

HAVE the elder races halted?

Do they droop and end their lesson, wearied, over there
beyond the seas?

We take up the task eternal, and the burden, and the
lesson,

Pioneers! O pioneers!

5.

ALL the past we leave behind ;
We debouch upon a newer, mightier world, varied world ;
Fresh and strong the world we seize, world of labor and
the march,
Pioneers ! O pioneers !

6.

WE detachments steady throwing,
Down the edges, through the passes, up the mountains
steep,
Conquering, holding, daring, venturing, as we go, the
unknown ways,
Pioneers ! O pioneers !

7.

WE primeval forests felling,
We the rivers stemming, vexing we, and piercing deep
the mines within ;
We the surface broad surveying, and the virgin soil up-
heaving,
Pioneers ! O pioneers !

8.

COLORADO men are we,
From the peaks gigantic, from the great sierras and the
high plateaus,
From the mine and from the gully, from the hunting
trail we come,
Pioneers ! O pioneers !

9.

FROM Nebraska, from Arkansas,
Central inland race are we, from Missouri, with the con-
tinental blood intervein'd ;

All the hands of comrades clasping, all the Southern, all
the Northern,
Pioneers ! O pioneers !

10.

O RESISTLESS, restless race !
O beloved race in all ! O my breast aches with tender
love for all !
O I mourn and yet exult — I am rapt with love for all,
Pioneers ! O pioneers !

11.

RAISE the mighty mother mistress,
Waving high the delicate mistress, over all the starry
mistress, (bend your heads all,)
Raise the fang'd and warlike mistress, stern, impassive,
weapon'd mistress,
Pioneers ! O pioneers !

12.

SEE, my children, resolute children,
By those swarms upon our rear, we must never yield or
falter,
Ages back in ghostly millions, frowning there behind us
urging,
Pioneers ! O pioneers !

13.

ON and on, the compact ranks,
With accessions ever waiting, with the places of the dead
quickly fill'd,
Through the battle, through defeat, moving yet and
never stopping,
Pioneers ! O pioneers !

14.

O to die advancing on!
Are there some of us to droop and die? has the hour
come?
Then upon the march we fittest die, soon and sure the
gap is fill'd,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

15.

ALL the pulses of the world,
Falling in, they beat for us, with the western movement
beat;
Holding single or together, steady moving, to the front,
all for us,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

16.

LIFE's involv'd and varied pageants,
All the forms and shows, all the workmen at their work,
All the seamen and the landsmen, all the masters with
their slaves,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

17.

ALL the hapless silent lovers,
All the prisoners in the prisons, all the righteous and
the wicked,
All the joyous, all the sorrowing, all the living, all the
dying,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

18.

I too with my soul and body,
We, a curious trio, picking, wandering on our way,
Through these shores, amid the shadows, with the
apparitions pressing,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

19.

Lo! the darting, bowling orb!
Lo! the brother orbs around! all the clustering suns and
planets;
All the dazzling days, all the mystic nights with dreams,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

20.

THESE are of us, they are with us,
All for primal needed work, while the followers there in
embryo wait behind,
We to-day's procession heading, we the route for travel
clearing,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

21.

O you daughters of the west!
O you young and elder daughters! O you mothers and
you wives!
Never must you be divided, in our ranks you move
united,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

22.

MINSTRELS latent on the prairies!
(Shrouded bards of other lands! you may sleep — you
have done your work;)
Soon I hear you coming warbling, soon you rise and
tramp amid us,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

23.

Not for delectations sweet;
Not the cushion and the slipper, not the peaceful and the
studious;
Not the riches safe and palling, not for us the tame en-
joyment,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

24.

Do the feasters gluttonous feast?
Do the corpulent sleepers sleep? have they lock'd and
bolted doors?
Still be ours the diet hard, and the blanket on the ground,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

25.

HAS the night descended?
Was the road of late so toilsome? did we stop discour-
aged, nodding on our way?
Yet a passing hour I yield you, in your tracks to pause
oblivious,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

26.

TILL with sound of trumpet,
Far, far off the daybreak call — hark! how loud and
clear I hear it wind;
Swift! to the head of the army! — swift! spring to your
places,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

QUICKSAND YEARS THAT WHIRL ME
I KNOW NOT WHITHER.

QUICKSAND years that whirl me I know not whither,
Your schemes, politics, fail — lines give way — substances mock and elude me;
Only the theme I sing, the great and strong-possess'd soul, eludes not:
One's-Self, must never give way — that is the final substance — that out of all is sure;
Out of politics, triumphs, battles, death — what at last finally remains?
When shows break up, what but One's-Self is sure?

THE DRESSER.

1. AN old man bending, I come, among new faces,
Years looking backward, resuming, in answer to children,
Come tell us, old man, as from young men and maidens
that love me;
Years hence of these scenes, of these furious passions,
these chances,
Of unsurpass'd heroes, (was one side so brave? the
other was equally brave;)
Now be witness again — paint the mightiest armies of
earth;
Of those armies so rapid, so wondrous, what saw you
to tell us?
What stays with you latest and deepest? of curious
panics,
Of hard-fought engagements, of sieges tremendous,
what deepest remains?
2. O maidens and young men I love, and that love me,
What you ask of my days, those the strangest and
sudden your talking recalls;
Soldier alert I arrive, after a long march, cover'd with
sweat and dust;
In the nick of time I come, plunge in the fight, loudly
shout in the rush of successful charge;
Enter the captur'd works . . . yet lo! like a swift-
running river, they fade;
Pass and are gone, they fade — I dwell not on soldiers'
perils or soldiers' joys;
(Both I remember well — many the hardships, few the
joys, yet I was content.)

3. But in silence, in dream's projections,
While the world of gain and appearance and mirth
 goes on,
So soon what is over forgotten, and waves wash the
 imprints off the sand,
In nature's revery sad, with hinged knees returning,
 I enter the doors — (while for you up there,
Whoever you are, follow me without noise, and be of
 strong heart.)
4. Bearing the bandages, water and sponge,
Straight and swift to my wounded I go,
Where they lie on the ground, after the battle brought
 in;
Where their priceless blood reddens the grass, the
 ground;
Or to the rows of the hospital tent, or under the roof'd
 hospital;
To the long rows of cots, up and down, each side, I
 return;
To each and all, one after another, I draw near — not
 one do I miss;
An attendant follows, holding a tray — he carries a
 refuse pail,
Soon to be fill'd with clotted rags and blood, emptied,
 and fill'd again.
5. I onward go, I stop,
With hinged knees and steady hand, to dress wounds;
I am firm with each — the pangs are sharp, yet un-
 avoidable;
One turns to me his appealing eyes — (poor boy! I
 never knew you,
Yet I think I could not refuse this moment to die for
 you, if that would save you.)
6. On, on I go — (open, doors of time! open, hospital
 doors!)
The crush'd head I dress, (poor crazed hand, tear not
 the bandage away;)
The neck of the cavalry-man, with the bullet through
 and through, I examine;

Hard the breathing rattles, quite glazed already the
eye, yet life struggles hard;
(Come, sweet death! be persuaded, O beautiful death!
In mercy come quickly.)

7. From the stump of the arm, the amputated hand,
I undo the clotted lint, remove the slough, wash off
the matter and blood;
Back on his pillow the soldier bends, with curv'd
neck, and side-falling head;
His eyes are closed, his face is pale, he dares not
look on the bloody stump,
And has not yet looked on it.

8. I dress a wound in the side, deep, deep;
But a day or two more — for see, the frame all wasted
and sinking,
And the yellow-blue countenance see.

9. I dress the perforated shoulder, the foot with the
bullet wound,
Cleanse the one with a gnawing and putrid gangrene,
so sickening, so offensive,
While the attendant stands behind aside me, holding
the tray and pail.

10. I am faithful, I do not give out;
The fractur'd thigh, the knee, the wound in the abdo-
men,
These and more I dress with impassive hand — (yet
deep in my breast a fire, a burning flame.)

11. Thus in silence, in dream's projections,
Returning, resuming, I thread my way through the
hospitals;
The hurt and the wounded I pacify with soothing
hand,
I sit by the restless all the dark night — some are so
young;
Some suffer so much — I recall the experience sweet
and sad;
(Many a soldier's loving arms about this neck have
cross'd and rested,
Many a soldier's kiss dwells on these bearded lips.)

WHEN I HEARD THE LEARN'D ASTRONOMER.

WHEN I heard the learn'd astronomer ;
When the proofs, the figures, were ranged in columns
before me ;
When I was shown the charts and the diagrams, to add,
divide, and measure them ;
When I, sitting, heard the astronomer, where he lectured
with much applause in the lecture-room,
How soon, unaccountable, I became tired and sick ;
Till rising and gliding out, I wander'd off by myself,
In the mystical moist night-air, and from time to time,
Look'd up in perfect silence at the stars.

RISE, O DAYS, FROM YOUR FATHOMLESS DEEPS.

1.

RISE, O days, from your fathomless deeps, till you loftier
and fiercer sweep!

Long for my soul, hungering gymnastic, I devour'd
what the earth gave me;

Long I roam'd the woods of the north — long I watch'd
Niagara pouring;

I travel'd the prairies over, and slept on their breast — I
cross'd the Nevadas, I cross'd the plateaus;

I ascended the towering rocks along the Pacific, I sail'd
out to sea;

I sail'd through the storm, I was refresh'd by the storm;
I watch'd with joy the threatening maws of the waves;
I mark'd the white combs where they career'd so high,
curling over;

I heard the wind piping, I saw the black clouds;
Saw from below what arose and mounted, (O superb! O
wild as my heart, and powerful!)

Heard the continuous thunder, as it bellow'd after the
lightning;

Noted the slender and jagged threads of lightning, as
sudden and fast amid the din they chased each
other across the sky;

— These, and such as these, I, elate, saw — saw with
wonder, yet pensive and masterful;

All the menacing might of the globe uprisen around me;
Yet there with my soul I fed — I fed content, super-
cilious.

2.

'Twas well, O soul! 'twas a good preparation you gave
me!

Now we advance our latent and ampler hunger to fill;

Now we go forth to receive what the earth and the sea
 never gave us;
 Not through the mighty woods we go, but through the
 mightier cities;
 Something for us is pouring now, more than Niagara
 pouring;
 Torrents of men, (sources and rills of the Northwest, are
 you indeed inexhaustible?)
 What, to pavements and homesteads here — what were
 those storms of the mountains and sea?
 What, to passions I witness around me to-day? Was
 the sea risen?
 Was the wind piping the pipe of death under the black
 clouds?
 Lo! from deeps more unfathomable, something more
 deadly and savage;
 Manhattan, rising, advancing with menacing front —
 Cincinnati, Chicago, unchain'd;
 — What was that swell I saw on the ocean? behold
 what comes here!
 How it climbs with daring feet and hands! how it
 dashes!
 How the true thunder bellows after the lightning! how
 bright the flashes of lightning!
 How DEMOCRACY, with desperate vengeful port strides
 on, shown through the dark by those flashes of
 lightning!
 (Yet a mournful wail and low sob I fancied I heard
 through the dark,
 In a lull of the deafening confusion.)

3.

THUNDER, on! stride on, Democracy! strike with vengeful
 stroke!
 And do you rise higher than ever yet, O days, O cities!
 Crash heavier, heavier yet, O storms! you have done
 me good;
 My soul, prepared in the mountains, absorbs your im-
 mortal strong nutriment;
 Long had I walk'd my cities, my country roads, through
 farms, only half satisfied;

One doubt, nauseous, undulating like a snake, crawl'd
on the ground before me,
Continually preceding my steps, turning upon me oft,
ironically hissing low;
— The cities I loved so well, I abandon'd and left — I
sped to the certainties suitable to me;
Hungering, hungering, hungering, for primal energies,
and Nature's dauntlessness,
I refresh'd myself with it only, I could relish it only;
I waited the bursting forth of the pent fire — on the
water and air I waited long;
— But now I no longer wait — I am fully satisfied — I
am glutt'd;
I have witness'd the true lightning — I have witness'd
my cities electric;
I have lived to behold man burst forth, and warlike
America rise;
Hence I will seek no more the food of the northern soli-
tary wilds,
No more on the mountains roam, or sail the stormy sea.

A CHILD'S AMAZE.

SILENT and amazed, even when a little boy,
I remember I heard the preacher every Sunday put God
in his statements,
As contending against some being or influence.

BEAT! BEAT! DRUMS!

1.

BEAT! beat! drums! — Blow! bugles! blow!
Through the windows — through doors — burst like a
force of ruthless men,
Into the solemn church, and scatter the congregation;
Into the school where the scholar is studying:
Leave not the bridegroom quiet — no happiness must
he have now with his bride;
Nor the peaceful farmer any peace, ploughing his field or
gathering his grain;
So fierce you whirr and pound, you drums — so shrill
you bugles blow.

2.

BEAT! beat! drums! — Blow! bugles! blow!
Over the traffic of cities — over the rumble of wheels in
the streets:
Are beds prepared for sleepers at night in the houses?
No sleepers must sleep in those beds;
No bargainers' bargains by day — no brokers or specu-
lators — Would they continue?
Would the talkers be talking? would the singer attempt
to sing?
Would the lawyer rise in the court to state his case
before the judge?
Then rattle quicker, heavier drums — you bugles wilder
blow.

3.

BEAT! beat! drums! — Blow! bugles! blow!
Make no parley — stop for no expostulation;
Mind not the timid — mind not the weeper or prayer;

Mind not the old men beseeching the young man;
Let not the child's voice be heard, nor the mother's entreaties;
Make even the trestles to shake the dead, where they lie
awaiting the hearses,
So strong you thump, O terrible drums — so loud you
bugles blow.

COME UP FROM THE FIELDS, FATHER.

1. COME up from the fields, father, here's a letter from
our Pete;
And come to the front door, mother — here's a letter
from thy dear son.
2. Lo, 'tis autumn;
Lo, where the trees, deeper green, yellower and redder,
Cool and sweeten Ohio's villages, with leaves flutter-
ing in the moderate wind;
Where apples ripe in the orchards hang, and grapes
on the trellis'd vines;
(Smell you the smell of the grapes on the vines?
Smell you the buckwheat, where the bees were lately
buzzing?)
3. Above all, lo, the sky, so calm, so transparent after
the rain, and with wondrous clouds;
Below, too, all calm, all vital and beautiful — and the
farm prospers well.
4. Down in the fields all prospers well;
But now from the fields come, father — come at the
daughter's call;
And come to the entry, mother — to the front door
come, right away.
5. Fast as she can she hurries — something ominous —
her steps trembling;
She does not tarry to smooth her white hair, nor
adjust her cap.
6. Open the envelope quickly;
O this is not our son's writing, yet his name is sign'd;
O a strange hand writes for our dear son — O stricken
mother's soul!

All swims before her eyes — flashes with black — she
catches the main words only;
Sentences broken — *gun-shot wound in the breast,*
cavalry skirmish, taken to hospital,
At present low, but will soon be better.

7. Ah, now the single figure to me,
Amid all teeming and wealthy Ohio, with all its cities
and farms,
Sickly white in the face and dull in the head, very
faint,
By the jamb of a door leans.
8. *Grieve not so, dear mother,* (the just-grown daughter
speaks through her sobs;
The little sisters huddle around, speechless and dis-
may'd;) *See, dearest mother, the letter says Pete will soon be
better.*
9. Alas, poor boy, he will never be better, (nor maybe
needs to be better, that brave and simple soul;) *While they stand at home at the door, he is dead
already;*
The only son is dead.
10. But the mother needs to be better;
She, with thin form, presently drest in black;
By day her meals untouch'd — then at night fitfully
sleeping, often waking,
In the midnight waking, weeping, longing with one
deep longing,
O that she might withdraw unnoticed — silent from
life, escape and withdraw,
To follow, to seek, to be with her dear dead son.

CITY OF SHIPS.

CITY of ships!

(O the black ships! O the fierce ships!

O the beautiful, sharp-bow'd steam-ships and sail-ships!)

City of the world! (for all races are here;

All the lands of the earth make contributions here;)

City of the sea! city of hurried and glittering tides!

City whose gleeful tides continually rush or recede,
whirling in and out, with eddies and foam!

City of wharves and stores! city of tall façades of marble and iron!

Proud and passionate city! mettlesome, mad, extravagant city!

Spring up, O city! not for peace alone, but be indeed
yourself, warlike!

Fear not! submit to no models but your own, O city!

Behold me! incarnate me, as I have incarnated you!

I have rejected nothing you offer'd me — whom you
adopted, I have adopted;

Good or bad, I never question you — I love all — I do
not condemn anything;

I chant and celebrate all that is yours — yet peace no
more;

In peace I chanted peace, but now the drum of war is
mine;

War, red war, is my song through your streets, O city!

MOTHER AND BABE.

I SEE the sleeping babe, nestling the breast of its
mother ;
The sleeping mother and babe — hush'd, I study them
long and long.

VIGIL STRANGE I KEPT ON THE FIELD ONE NIGHT.

VIGIL strange I kept on the field one night,
When you, my son and my comrade, dropt at my side
that day,
One look I but gave, which your dear eyes return'd, with
a look I shall never forget;
One touch of your hand to mine, O boy, reach'd up as
you lay on the ground;
Then onward I sped in the battle, the even-contested
battle;
Till late in the night reliev'd, to the place at last again I
made my way;
Found you in death so cold, dear comrade — found your
body, son of responding kisses, (never again on
earth responding;)
Bared your face in the starlight — curious the scene —
cool blew the moderate night-wind;
Long there and then in vigil I stood, dimly around me
the battle-field spreading;
Vigil wondrous and vigil sweet, there in the fragrant
silent night;
But not a tear fell, not even a long-drawn sigh. — Long,
long I gazed;
Then on the earth partially reclining, sat by your side,
leaning my chin in my hands;
Passing sweet hours, immortal and mystic hours with
you, dearest comrade. — Not a tear, not a word;
Vigil of silence, love and death — vigil for you, my son
and my soldier,
As onward silently stars aloft, eastward new ones up-
ward stole;
Vigil final for you, brave boy, (I could not save you,
swift was your death,
I faithfully loved you and cared for you living — I think
we shall surely meet again;)

Till at latest lingering of the night, indeed just as the
dawn appear'd,
My comrade I wrapt in his blanket, envelop'd well his
form,
Folded the blanket well, tucking it carefully over head,
and carefully under feet;
And there and then, and bathed by the rising sun, my
son in his grave, in his rude-dug grave I de-
posited;
Ending my vigil strange with that — vigil of night and
battle-field dim;
Vigil for boy of responding kisses, (never again on earth
responding;)
Vigil for comrade swiftly slain — vigil I never forget,
how as day brighten'd,
I rose from the chill ground, and folded my soldier well
in his blanket,
And buried him where he fell.

BATHED IN WAR'S PERFUME.

BATHED in war's perfume — delicate flag!

O to hear you call the sailors and the soldiers! flag like
a beautiful woman!

O to hear the tramp, tramp, of a million answering men!
O the ships they arm with joy!

O to see you leap and beckon from the tall masts of
ships!

O to see you peering down on the sailors on the decks!
Flag like the eyes of women.

A MARCH IN THE RANKS HARD-PREST, AND THE ROAD UNKNOWN.

A MARCH in the ranks hard-prest, and the road unknown;
A route through a heavy wood, with muffled steps in the
darkness;
Our army foil'd with loss severe, and the sullen remnant
retreating;
Till after midnight glimmer upon us, the lights of a dim-
lighted building;
We come to an open space in the woods, and halt by the
dim-lighted building;
'Tis a large old church, at the crossing roads — 'tis now
an impromptu hospital;
— Entering but for a minute, I see a sight beyond all the
pictures and poems ever made:
Shadows of deepest, deepest black, just lit by moving
candles and lamps,
And by one great pitchy torch, stationary, with wild red
flame, and clouds of smoke;
By these, crowds, groups of forms, vaguely I see, on the
floor, some in the pews laid down;
At my feet more distinctly, a soldier, a mere lad, in dan-
ger of bleeding to death, (he is shot in the abdomen;)
I staunch the blood temporarily, (the youngster's face is
white as a lily;)
Then before I depart I sweep my eyes o'er the scene, fain
to absorb it all;
Faces, varieties, postures beyond description, most in
obscurity, some of them dead;
Surgeons operating, attendants holding lights, the smell
of ether, the odor of blood;
The crowd, O the crowd of the bloody forms of soldiers
— the yard outside also fill'd;
Some on the bare ground, some on planks or stretchers,
some in the death-spasm sweating;

An occasional scream or cry, the doctor's shouted orders
or calls;
The glisten of the little steel instruments catching the
glint of the torches;
These I resume as I chant—I see again the forms, I
smell the odor;
Then hear outside the orders given, *Fall in, my men,*
Fall in;
But first I bend to the dying lad—his eyes open—a
half-smile gives he me;
Then the eyes close, calmly close, and I speed forth to
the darkness,
Resuming, marching, as ever in darkness marching, on in
the ranks,
The unknown road still marching.

LONG, TOO LONG, O LAND.

LONG, too long, O land,
Travelling roads all even and peaceful, you learn'd from
joys and prosperity only ;
But now, ah now, to learn from crises of anguish—
advancing, grappling with direst fate, and recoiling
not ;
And now to conceive, and show to the world, what your
children en-masse really are ;
(For who except myself has yet conceived what your
children en-masse really are ?)

A SIGHT IN CAMP IN THE DAYBREAK GRAY AND DIM.

1. A SIGHT in camp in the daybreak gray and dim,
As from my tent I emerge so early, sleepless,
As slow I walk in the cool fresh air, the path near by
the hospital-tent,
Three forms I see on stretchers lying, brought out
there, untended lying,
Over each the blanket spread, ample brownish woollen
blanket,
Gray and heavy blanket, folding, covering all.
2. Curious, I halt, and silent stand ;
Then with light fingers I from the face of the nearest,
the first, just lift the blanket :
Who are you, elderly man so gaunt and grim, with
well-gray'd hair, and flesh all sunken about the
eyes ?
Who are you, my 'dear comrade ?
3. Then to the second I step — And who are you, my
child and darling ?
Who are you, sweet boy, with cheeks yet blooming ?
4. Then to the third — a face nor child, nor old, very
calm, as of beautiful yellow-white ivory :
Young man, I think I know you — I think this face
of yours is the face of the Christ himself ;
Dead and divine, and brother of all, and here again
he lies.

A FARM PICTURE.

THROUGH the ample open door of the peaceful country
barn,
A sun-lit pasture field, with cattle and horses feeding.

GIVE ME THE SPLENDID SILENT SUN.

1.

GIVE me the splendid silent sun, with all his beams full-dazzling;
Give me juicy autumnal fruit, ripe and red from the orchard;
Give me a field where the unmow'd grass grows;
Give me an arbor, give me the trellis'd grape;
Give me fresh corn and wheat — give me serene-moving animals, teaching content;
Give me nights perfectly quiet, as on high plateaus west of the Mississippi, and I looking up at the stars;
Give me odorous at sunrise a garden of beautiful flowers, where I can walk undisturb'd;
Give me for marriage a sweet-breath'd woman, of whom I should never tire;
Give me a perfect child — give me, away, aside from the noise of the world, a rural domestic life;
Give me to warble spontaneous songs, reliev'd, recluse by myself, for my own ears only;
Give me solitude — give me Nature — give me again, O Nature, your primal sanities!
— These, demanding to have them, (tired with ceaseless excitement, and rack'd by the war-strife;)
These to procure, incessantly asking, rising in cries from my heart,
While yet incessantly asking, still I adhere to my city;
Day upon day, and year upon year, O city, walking your streets,
Where you hold me enchain'd a certain time, refusing to give me up;
Yet giving to make me glutt'd, enrich'd of soul — you give me forever faces;
(O I see what I sought to escape, confronting, reversing my cries;
I see my own soul trampling down what it ask'd for.)

2.

KEEP your splendid silent sun ;
Keep your woods, O Nature, and the quiet places by the
woods ;
Keep your fields of clover and timothy, and your corn-
fields and orchards ;
Keep the blossoming buckwheat fields, where the Ninth-
month bees hum ;
Give me faces and streets ! give me these phantoms in-
cessant and endless along the trottoirs !
Give me interminable eyes ! give me women ! give me
comrades and lovers by the thousand !
Let me see new ones every day ! let me hold new ones by
the hand every day !
Give me such shows ! give me the streets of Manhattan !
Give me Broadway, with the soldiers marching — give
me the sound of the trumpets and drums !
(The soldiers in companies or regiments — some, starting
away, flush'd and reckless ;
Some, their time up, returning, with thinn'd ranks —
young, yet very old, worn, marching, noticing
nothing ;)
— Give me the shores and the wharves heavy-fringed
with the black ships !
O such for me ! O an intense life ! O full to repletion,
and varied !
The life of the theatre, bar-room, huge hotel, for me !
The saloon of the steamer ! the crowded excursion for
me ! the torch-light procession !
The dense brigade, bound for the war, with high piled
military wagons following ;
People, endless, streaming, with strong voices, passions,
pageants ;
Manhattan streets, with their powerful throbs, with the
beating drums, as now ;
The endless and noisy chorus, the rustle and clank of
muskets, (even the sight of the wounded ;)
Manhattan crowds with their turbulent musical chorus
— with varied chorus and light of the sparkling
eyes ;
Manhattan faces and eyes forever for me.

OVER THE CARNAGE ROSE PROPHEMIC A VOICE.

1. OVER the carnage rose prophetic a voice,
Be not dishearten'd — Affection shall solve the problems of Freedom yet;
Those who love each other shall become invincible —
they shall yet make Columbia victorious.
2. Sons of the Mother of All! you shall yet be victorious!
You shall yet laugh to scorn the attacks of all the remainder of the earth.
3. No danger shall balk Columbia's lovers;
If need be, a thousand shall sternly immolate themselves for one.
4. One from Massachusetts shall be a Missourian's comrade;
From Maine and from hot Carolina, and another an Oregonese, shall be friends triune,
More precious to each other than all the riches of the earth.
5. To Michigan, Florida perfumes shall tenderly come;
Not the perfumes of flowers, but sweeter, and wafted beyond death.
6. It shall be customary in the houses and streets to see manly affection;
The most dauntless and rude shall touch face to face lightly;
The dependence of Liberty shall be lovers,
The continuance of Equality shall be comrades.

7. These shall tie you and band you stronger than hoops
of iron;
I, ecstatic, O partners! O lands! with the love of
lovers tie you.
8. Were you looking to be held together by the lawyers?
Or by an agreement on a paper? or by arms?
—Nay — nor the world, nor any living thing, will so
cohere.

DID YOU ASK DULCET RHYMES FROM ME ?

DID you ask dulcet rhymes from me ?

Did you find what I sang erewhile so hard to follow, to
understand ?

Why, I was not singing erewhile for you to follow, to
understand — nor am I now ;

— What to such as you, anyhow, such a poet as I ? — there-
fore leave my works,

And go lull yourself with what you can understand ;

For I lull nobody — and you will never understand me.

YEAR OF METEORS.

(1859-60.)

YEAR of meteors ! brooding year !

I would bind in words retrospective, some of your deeds
and signs ;

I would sing your contest for the 19th Presidentiad ;

I would sing how an old man, tall, with white hair,
mounted the scaffold in Virginia ;

(I was at hand — silent I stood, with teeth shut close — I
watch'd ;

I stood very near you, old man, when cool and indiffer-
ent, but trembling with age and your unheal'd
wounds, you mounted the scaffold ;)

I would sing in my copious song your census returns of
The States,

The tables of population and products — I would sing of
your ships and their cargoes,

The proud black ships of Manhattan, arriving, some fill'd
with immigrants, some from the isthmus with
cargoes of gold ;

Songs thereof would I sing — to all that hitherward
comes would I welcome give ;

And you would I sing, fair stripling ! welcome to you
from me, sweet boy of England !

Remember you surging Manhattan's crowds, as you
passed with your cortège of nobles ?

There in the crowds stood I, and singled you out with
attachment ;

I know not why, but I loved you . . . (and so go forth,
little song,

Far over sea speed like an arrow, carrying my love all
folded,

And find in his palace the youth I love, and drop these
lines at his feet ;)

— Nor forget I to sing of the wonder, the ship as she
swam up my bay,
Well-shaped and stately the Great Eastern swam up my
bay, she was 600 feet long,
Her moving swiftly, surrounded by myriads of small
craft, I forget not to sing;
Nor the comet that came unannounced, out of the north,
flaring in heaven,
Nor the strange huge meteor procession, dazzling and
clear, shooting over our heads,
(A moment, a moment long, it sail'd its balls of un-
earthly light over our heads,
Then departed, dropt in the night, and was gone ;)
— Of such, and fitful as they, I sing — with gleams from
them would I gleam and patch these chants ;
Your chants, O year all mottled with evil and good !
year of forebodings ! year of the youth I love !
Year of comets and meteors transient and strange ! — lo !
even here, one equally transient and strange !
As I flit through you hastily, soon to fall and be gone,
what is this book,
What am I myself but one of your meteors ?

THE TORCH.

ON my northwest coast in the midst of the night, a
fishermen's group stands watching ;
Out on the lake, expanding before them, others are
spearing salmon ;
The canoe, a dim and shadowy thing, moves across the
black water,
Bearing a Torch a-blaze at the prow.

YEARS OF THE UNPERFORM'D.

YEARS of the unperform'd ! your horizon rises — I see it
parting away for more august dramas ;
I see not America only — I see not only Liberty's nation,
but other nations preparing ;
I see tremendous entrances and exits — I see new combinations — I see the solidarity of races ;
I see that force advancing with irresistible power on the
world's stage ;
(Have the old forces played their parts ? are the acts
suitable to them closed ?)
I see Freedom, completely arm'd, and victorious, and
very haughty, with Law by her side, both issuing
forth against the idea of caste ;
— What historic dénoûments are these we so rapidly
approach ?
I see men marching and countermarching by swift millions ;
I see the frontiers and boundaries of the old aristocracies
broken ;
I see the landmarks of European kings removed ;
I see this day the People beginning their landmarks, (all
others give way ;)
Never were such sharp questions ask'd as this day ;
Never was average man, his soul, more energetic, more
like a God ;
Lo, how he urges and urges, leaving the masses no
rest ;
His daring foot is on land and sea everywhere — he
colonizes the Pacific, the archipelagoes ;
With the steam-ship, the electric telegraph, the newspaper, the wholesale engines of war,
With these, and the world-spreading factories, he inter-
links all geography, all lands ;
— What whispers are these, O lands, running ahead of
you, passing under the seas ?

Are all nations communing ? is there going to be but one
heart to the globe ?
Is humanity forming, en-masse ? — for lo ! tyrants trem-
ble, crowns grow dim ;
The earth, restive, confronts a new era, perhaps a gen-
eral divine war ;
No one knows what will happen next — such portents fill
the days and nights ;
Years prophetic ! the space ahead as I walk, as I vainly
try to pierce it, is full of phantoms ;
Unborn deeds, things soon to be, project their shapes
around me ;
This incredible rush and heat — this strange ecstatic
fever of dreams, O years !
Your dreams, O years, how they penetrate through me !
(I know not whether I sleep or wake !)
The perform'd America and Europe grow dim, retiring in
shadow behind me,
The unperform'd, more gigantic than ever, advance, ad-
vance upon me.

YEAR THAT TREMBLED AND REEL'D BE-
NEATH ME.

YEAR that trembled and reel'd beneath me!
Your summer wind was warm enough — yet the air I
breathed froze me;
A thick gloom fell through the sunshine and darken'd
me;
Must I change my triumphant songs? said I to myself;
Must I indeed learn to chant the cold dirges of the
baffled?
And sullen hymns of defeat?

THE VETERAN'S VISION.

WHILE my wife at my side lies slumbering, and the wars
are over long,
And my head on the pillow rests at home, and the mystic
midnight passes,
And through the stillness, through the dark, I hear, just
hear, the breath of my infant,
There in the room, as I wake from sleep, this vision
presses upon me:
The engagement opens there and then, in my busy brain
unreal;
The skirmishers begin — they crawl cautiously ahead —
I hear the irregular snap! snap!
I hear the sounds of the different missiles — the short
t-h-t! t-h-t! of the rifle balls;
I see the shells exploding, leaving small white clouds —
I hear the great shells shrieking as they pass;
The grape, like the hum and whirr of wind through the
trees, (quick, tumultuous, now the contest rages!)
All the scenes at the batteries themselves rise in detail
before me again;
The crashing and smoking — the pride of the men in
their pieces;
The chief gunner ranges and sights his piece, and selects
a fuse of the right time;
After firing, I see him lean aside, and look eagerly off to
note the effect;
— Elsewhere I hear the cry of a regiment charging —
(the young colonel leads himself this time, with
brandish'd sword;)
I see the gaps cut by the enemy's volleys, (quickly fill'd
up — no delay;)
I breathe the suffocating smoke — then the flat clouds
hover low, concealing all;
Now a strange lull comes for a few seconds, not a shot
fired on either side;
Then resumed, the chaos louder than ever, with eager
calls, and orders of officers;

While from some distant part of the field the wind
wafts to my ears a shout of applause, (some special
success;)
And ever the sound of the cannon, far or near, (rousing,
even in dreams, a devilish exultation, and all the old
mad joy, in the depths of my soul;)
And ever the hastening of infantry shifting positions —
batteries, cavalry, moving hither and thither;
(The falling, dying, I heed not — the wounded, dripping
and red, I heed not — some to the rear are hobbling;)
Grime, heat, rush — aid-de-camps galloping by, or on a
full run;
With the patter of small arms, the warning *s-s-t* of the
rifles, (these in my vision I hear or see,)
And bombs bursting in air, and at night the vari-color'd
rockets.

O TAN-FACED PRAIRIE-BOY.

O TAN-FACED prairie-boy !

Before you came to camp, came many a welcome gift ;
Praises and presents came, and nourishing food — till at
last among the recruits,

You came, taciturn, with nothing to give — we but look'd
on each other,

When lo ! more than all the gifts of the world, you gave
me.

CAMPS OF GREEN.

1. Not alone our camps of white, O soldiers,
When, as order'd forward, after a long march,
Footsore and weary, soon as the light lessens, we halt
for the night;
Some of us so fatigued, carrying the gun and knap-
sack, dropping asleep in our tracks;
Others pitching the little tents, and the fires lit up
begin to sparkle;
Outposts of pickets posted, surrounding, alert through
the dark,
And a word provided for countersign, careful for
safety;
Till to the call of the drummers at daybreak loudly
beating the drums,
We rise up refresh'd, the night and sleep pass'd over,
and resume our journey,
Or proceed to battle.
2. Lo! the camps of the tents of green,
Which the days of peace keep filling, and the days of
war keep filling,
With a mystic army, (is it too order'd forward? is it
too only halting awhile,
Till night and sleep pass over?)
3. Now in those camps of green — in their tents dotting
the world;
In the parents, children, husbands, wives, in them —
in the old and young,
Sleeping under the sunlight, sleeping under the moon-
light, content and silent there at last,
Behold the mighty bivouac-field, and waiting-camp of
us and ours and all,
Of our corps and generals all, and the President over
the corps and generals all,
And of each of us, O soldiers, and of each and all in
the ranks we fight,
(There without hatred we shall all meet.)

4. For presently, O soldiers, we too camp in our place in
the bivouac-camps of green;
But we need not provide for outposts, nor word for
the countersign,
Nor drummer to beat the morning drum.

AS TOILSOME I WANDER'D VIRGINIA'S WOODS

1. As toilsome I wander'd Virginia's woods,
To the music of rustling leaves, kick'd by my feet,
 (for 'twas autumn,) I mark'd at the foot of a tree the grave of a soldier;
Mortally wounded he, and buried on the retreat,
 (easily all could I understand;) The halt of a mid-day hour, when up! no time to
lose—yet this sign left,
On a tablet scrawl'd and nail'd on the tree by the
grave,
Bold, cautious, true, and my loving comrade.
2. Long, long, I muse, then on my way go wandering;
Many a changeful season to follow, and many a scene
of life;
Yet at times through changeful season and scene,
abrupt, alone, or in the crowded street,
Comes before me the unknown soldier's grave—comes
the inscription rude in Virginia's woods,
Bold, cautious, true, and my loving comrade.

HYMN OF DEAD SOLDIERS.

1. ONE breath, O my silent soul,
A perfum'd thought—no more I ask, for the sake of
all dead soldiers.
2. Buglers off in my armies!
At present I ask not you to sound;
Not at the head of my cavalry, all on their spirited
horses,
With their sabres drawn and glistening, and carbines
clanking by their thighs—(ah, my brave horse-
men!
My handsome, tan-faced horsemen! what life, what
joy and pride,
With all the perils, were yours!)
3. Nor you drummers—neither at reveille, at dawn,
Nor the long roll alarming the camp—nor even the
muffled beat for a burial;
Nothing from you, this time, O drummers, bearing my
warlike drums.
4. But aside from these, and the crowd's hurrahs, and
the land's congratulations,
Admitting around me comrades close, unseen by the
rest, and voiceless,
I chant this chant of my silent soul, in the name of
all dead soldiers.
5. Faces so pale, with wondrous eyes, very dear, gather
closer yet;
Draw close, but speak not.
6. Phantoms, welcome, divine and tender!
Invisible to the rest, henceforth become my compan-
ions;
Follow me ever! desert me not, while I live.

7. Sweet are the blooming cheeks of the living ! sweet
are the musical voices sounding !
But sweet, ah sweet, are the dead, with their silent
eyes.
8. Dearest comrades ! all now is over ;
But love is not over — and what love, O comrades !
Perfume from battle-fields rising — up from fœtor
arising.
9. Perfume therefore my chant, O love ! immortal Love !
Give me to bathe the memories of all dead soldiers.
10. Perfume all ! make all wholesome !
O love ! O chant ! solve all with the last chemistry.
11. Give me exhaustless — make me a fountain,
That I exhale love from me wherever I go,
For the sake of all dead soldiers.

THE SHIP.

Lo! the unbounded sea!

On its breast a Ship, spreading all her sails — an ample
Ship, carrying even her moonsails;

The pennant is flying aloft, as she speeds, she speeds so
stately — below, emulous waves press forward,

They surround the Ship, with shining curving motions,
and foam.

A BROADWAY PAGEANT.

(Reception Japanese Embassy, June 16, 1860.)

1. OVER sea, hither from Nippon,
Courteous, the Princes of Asia, swart-cheek'd princes,
First-comers, guests, two-sworded princes,
Lesson-giving princes, leaning back in their open barouches,
bare-headed, impassive,
This day they ride through Manhattan.
2. Libertad !
I do not know whether others behold what I behold,
In the procession, along with the Princes of Asia, the
errand-bearers,
Bringing up the rear, hovering above, around, or in
the ranks marching;
But I will sing you a song of what I behold, Libertad.
3. When million-footed Manhattan, unpent, descends to
its pavements;
When the thunder-cracking guns arouse me with the
proud roar I love;
When the round-mouth'd guns, out of the smoke and
smell I love, spit their salutes;
When the fire-flashing guns have fully alerted me —
when heaven-clouds canopy my city with a delicate thin haze;
When, gorgeous, the countless straight stems, the forests
at the wharves, thicken with colors;
When every ship, richly drest, carries her flag at the
peak;
When pennants trail, and street-festoons hang from the
windows;
When Broadway is entirely given up to foot-passengers
and foot-standers — when the mass is densest;
When the façades of the houses are alive with people —
when eyes gaze, riveted, tens of thousands at a
time;

When the guests from the islands advance — when
 the pageant moves forward, visible;
 When the summons is made — when the answer that
 waited thousands of years, answers;
 I too, arising, answering, descend to the pavements,
 merge with the crowd, and gaze with them.

4. Superb-faced Manhattan!
 Comrade Americanos! — to us, then, at last, the Orient
 comes.
5. To us, my city,
 Where our tall-topt marble and iron beauties range
 on opposite sides — to walk in the space between,
 To-day our Antipodes comes.
6. The Originatress comes,
 The land of Paradise — land of the Caucasus — the
 nest of birth,
 The nest of languages, the bequeather of poems, the
 race of eld,
 Florid with blood, pensive, rapt with musings, hot
 with passion,
 Sultry with perfume, with ample and flowing garments,
 With sunburnt visage, with intense soul and glittering
 eyes.
 The race of Brahma comes!
7. See, my cantabile! these, and more, are flashing to us
 from the procession!
 As it moves, changing, a kaleidoscope divine it moves,
 changing, before us.
8. Not the errand-bearing princes, nor the tann'd Japa-
 nee only;
 Lithe and silent, the Hindoo appears — the whole
 Asiatic continent itself appears — the Past, the
 dead,
 The murky night-morning of wonder and fable, in-
 scrutible,
 The envelop'd mysteries, the old and unknown hive-
 bees,

The North — the sweltering South — Assyria — the
 Hebrews — the Ancient of ancients,
 Vast desolated cities — the gliding Present — all of
 these, and more, are in the pageant-procession.

9. Geography, the world, is in it;
 The Great Sea, the brood of islands, Polynesia, the
 coast beyond;
 The coast you, henceforth, are facing — you Libertad!
 from your Western golden shores;
 The countries there, with their populations — the
 millions en-masse, are curiously here;
 The swarming market places — the temples, with
 idols ranged along the sides, or at the end —
 bonze, brahmin, and lama;
 The mandarin, farmer, merchant, mechanic, and
 fisherman;
 The singing-girl and the dancing-girl — the ecstatic
 person — the divine Buddha;
 The secluded Emperors — Confucius himself — the
 great poets and heroes — the warriors, the
 castes, all,
 Trooping up, crowding from all directions — from
 the Altay mountains,
 From Thibet — from the four winding and far-flow-
 ing rivers of China,
 From the Southern peninsulas, and the demi-conti-
 nental islands — from Malaysia;
 These, and whatever belongs to them, palpable,
 show forth to me, and are seiz'd by me,
 And I am seiz'd by them, and friendlily held by them,
 Till, as here, them all I chant, Libertad! for them-
 selves and for you.

10. For I too, raising my voice, join the ranks of this
 pageant;
 I am the chanter — I chant aloud over the pageant;
 I chant the world on my Western Sea;
 I chant, copious, the islands beyond, thick as stars
 in the sky;
 I chant the new empire, grander than any before —
 As in a vision it comes to me;

- I chant America, the Mistress — I chant a greater
 supremacy;
 I chant, projected, a thousand blooming cities yet, in
 time, on those groups of sea-islands;
 I chant my sail-ships and steam-ships threading the
 archipelagoes;
 I chant my stars and stripes fluttering in the wind;
 I chant commerce opening, the sleep of ages hav-
 ing done its work — races, reborn, refresh'd;
 Lives, works, resumed — The object I know not —
 but the old, the Asiatic, resumed, as it must be,
 Commencing from this day, surrounded by the world.
11. And you, Libertad of the world!
 You shall sit in the middle, well-pois'd, thousands of
 years;
 As to-day, from one side, the Princes of Asia come
 to you;
 As to-morrow, from the other side, the Queen of Eng-
 land sends her eldest son to you.
12. The sign is reversing, the orb is enclosed,
 The ring is circled, the journey is done;
 The box-lid is but perceptibly open'd — nevertheless
 the perfume pours copiously out of the whole box.
13. Young Libertad!
 With the venerable Asia, the all-mother,
 Be considerate with her, now and ever, hot Libertad
 — for you are all;
 Bend your proud neck to the long-off mother, now
 sending messages over the archipelagoes to you;
 Bend your proud neck low for once, young Libertad.
14. Were the children straying westward so long? so
 wide the tramping?
 Were the precedent dim ages debouching westward
 from Paradise so long?
 Were the centuries steadily footing it that way, all
 the while unknown, for you, for reasons?
 They are justified — they are accomplish'd — they
 shall now be turn'd the other way also, to travel
 toward you thence;
 They shall now also march obediently eastward, for
 your sake, Libertad.

FLAG OF STARS! THICK-SPRINKLED BUNTING.

FLAG of stars! thick-sprinkled bunting!
Long yet your road, fateful flag! — long yet your road,
and lined with bloody death!
For the prize I see at issue, at last is the world!
All its ships and shores I see, interwoven with your
threads, greedy banner!
—Dream'd again the flags of kings, highest borne, to
flaunt unrival'd?
O hasten, flag of man! O with sure and steady step,
passing highest flags of kings,
Walk supreme to the heavens, mighty symbol — run up
above them all,
Flag of stars! thick-sprinkled bunting!

OLD IRELAND.

1. FAR hence, amid an isle of wondrous beauty,
Crouching over a grave, an ancient sorrowful mother,
Once a queen — now lean and tatter'd, seated on
the ground,
Her old white hair drooping dishevel'd round her
shoulders;
At her feet fallen an unused royal harp,
Long silent — she too long silent — mourning her
shrouded hope and heir;
Of all the earth her heart most full of sorrow, be-
cause most full af love.
2. Yet a word, ancient mother;
You need crouch there no longer on the cold ground,
with forehead between your knees;
O you need not sit there, veil'd in your old white hair,
so dishevel'd;
For know you, the one you mourn is not in that grave;
It was an illusion — the heir, the son you love, was
not really dead;
The Lord is not dead — he is risen again, young and
strong, in another country;
Even while you wept there by your fallen harp, by
the grave,
What you wept for, was translated, pass'd from the
grave,
The winds favor'd, and the sea sail'd it,
And now with rosy and new blood,
Moves to-day in a new country.

LOOK DOWN, FAIR MOON.

Look down, fair moon, and bathe this scene;
Pour softly down night's nimbus floods, on faces ghastly,
 swollen, purple;
On the dead, on their backs, with their arms toss'd wide
Pour down your unstinted nimbus, sacred moon.

OUT OF THE ROLLING OCEAN, THE CROWD.

1.

Out of the rolling ocean, the crowd, came a drop gently
to me,
Whispering, *I love you, before long I die,*
I have travel'd a long way, merely to look on you, to touch
you,
For I could not die till I once look'd on you,
For I fear'd I might afterward lose you.

2.

(Now we have met, we have look'd, we are safe;
Return in peace to the ocean, my love;
I too am part of that ocean, my love—we are not so
much separated;
Behold the great rondure—the cohesion of all, how perfect!
But as for me, for you, the irresistible sea is to separate
us,
As for an hour carrying us diverse—yet cannot carry
us diverse forever;
Be not impatient—a little space—know you, I salute
the air, the ocean and the land,
Every day, at sundown, for your dear sake, my love.)

WORLD, TAKE GOOD NOTICE.

WORLD, take good notice, silver stars fading,
Milky hue ript, weft of white detaching,
Coals thirty-six, baleful and burning,
Scarlet, significant, hands off warning,
Now and henceforth flaunt from these shores.

I SAW OLD GENERAL AT BAY.

I SAW old General at bay ;
(Old as he was, his gray eyes yet shone out in battle
like stars ;)
His small force was now completely hemmed in, in his
works ;
He call'd for volunteers to run the enemy's lines — a
desperate emergency ;
I saw a hundred and more step forth from the ranks —
but two or three were selected ;
I saw them receive their orders aside — they listen'd
with care — the adjutant was very grave ;
I saw them depart with cheerfulness, freely risking their
lives.

OTHERS MAY PRAISE WHAT THEY LIKE.

OTHERS may praise what they like ;
But I, from the banks of the running Missouri, praise
nothing, in art, or aught else,
Till it has breathed well the atmosphere of this river —
also the western prairie-scent,
And fully exudes it again.

SOLID, IRONICAL, ROLLING ORB.

SOLID, ironical, rolling orb!

Master of all, and matter of fact! — at last I accept your
terms;

Bringing to practical, vulgar tests, of all my ideal
dreams,

And of me, as lover and hero.

HUSH'D BE THE CAMPS TO-DAY.

(A. L., buried April 19, 1865.)

1. HUSH'D be the camps to-day;
And, soldiers, let us drape our war-worn weapons;
And each, with musing soul retire, to celebrate
Our dear commander's death.
2. No more for him life's stormy conflicts;
Nor victory, nor defeat — No more time's dark events,
Charging like ceaseless clouds across the sky.
3. But sing, poet, in our name;
Sing of the love we bore him — because you, dweller
in camps, know it truly.
4. Sing, to the lower'd coffin there;
Sing, with the shovel'd clods that fill the grave — a
verse,
For the heavy hearts of soldiers.

WEAVE IN, WEAVE IN, MY HARDY LIFE.

WEAVE in, weave in, my hardy life !

Weave, weave a soldier strong and full, for great campaigns to come ;

Weave in red blood ! weave sinews in, like ropes ! the senses, sight weave in !

Weave lasting sure ! weave day and night the weft, the warp ! incessant weave ! tire not !

(We know not what the use, O life ! nor know the aim, the end — nor really aught we know ;

But know the work, the need goes on, and shall go on — the death-envelop'd march of peace as well as war, goes on ;)

For great campaigns of peace the same, the wiry threads to weave ;

We know not why or what, yet weave, forever weave.

TURN, O LIBERTAD.

TURN, O Libertad, no more doubting ;
Turn from lands retrospective, recording proofs of the
past ;
From the singers that sing the trailing glories of the
past ;
From the chants of the feudal world — the triumphs of
kings, slavery, caste ;
Turn to the world, the triumphs reserv'd and to come —
give up that backward world ;
Leave to the singers of hitherto — give them the trailing
past :
But what remains, remains for singers for you — wars to
come are for you ;
(Lo ! how the wars of the past have duly inured to you
— and the wars of the present shall also inure :)
— Then turn, and be not alarm'd, O Libertad — turn your
undying face,
To where the future, greater than all the past,
Is swiftly, surely preparing for you.

BIVOUAC ON A MOUNTAIN SIDE.

I SEE before me now, a travelling army halting ;
Below, a fertile valley spread, with barns, and the orchards of summer ;
Behind, the terraced sides of a mountain, abrupt in places, rising high ;
Broken, with rocks, with clinging cedars, with tall shapes, dingily seen ;
The numerous camp-fires scatter'd near and far, some away up on the mountain ;
The shadowy forms of men and horses, looming, large-sized, flickering ;
And over all, the sky — the sky ! far, far out of reach, studded with the eternal stars.

PENSIVE, ON HER DEAD GAZING, I
HEARD THE MOTHER OF ALL.

PENSIVE, on her dead gazing, I heard the Mother of All,
Desperate, on the torn bodies, on the forms covering the
battle-fields gazing ;

As she call'd to her earth with mournful voice while she
stalk'd :

Absorb them well, O my earth, she cried — I charge you,
lose not my sons ! lose not an atom ;

And you streams, absorb them well, taking their dear
blood ;

And you local spots, and you airs that swim above
lightly,

And all you essences of soil and growth — and you, O
my rivers' depths ;

And you mountain sides — and the woods where my
dear children's blood, trickling, redden'd ;

And you trees, down in your roots, to bequeath to all
future trees,

My dead absorb — my young men's beautiful bodies ab-
sorb — and their precious, precious, precious blood ;

Which holding in trust for me, faithfully back again give
me, many a year hence,

In unseen essence and odor of surface and grass, centu-
ries hence ;

In blowing airs from the fields, back again give me my
darlings — give my immortal heroes ;

Exhale me them centuries hence — breathe me their
breath — let not an atom be lost ;

O years and graves ! O air and soil ! O my dead, an
aroma sweet !

Exhale them perennial, sweet death, years, centuries
hence.

NOT YOUTH PERTAINS TO ME.

Not youth pertains to me,
Nor delicatessen — I cannot beguile the time with talk;
Awkward in the parlor, neither a dancer nor elegant;
In the learn'd coterie sitting constrain'd and still — for
learning inures not to me;
Beauty, knowledge, fortune, inure not to me — yet there
are two things inure to me;
I have nourish'd the wounded, and sooth'd many a dying
soldier;
And at intervals I have strung together a few songs,
Fit for war, and the life of the camp.

SEQUEL TO DRUM-TAPS.

(SINCE THE PRECEDING CAME FROM THE PRESS.)

WHEN LILACS LAST IN THE
DOORYARD BLOOM'D.

AND OTHER PIECES.

SEQUEL TO DRUM-TAPS.



WHEN LILACS LAST IN THE DOORYARD BLOOM'D.

1.

1. WHEN lilacs last in the dooryard bloom'd,
And the great star early droop'd in the western sky
in the night,
I mourn'd . . . and yet shall mourn with ever-return-
ing spring.
2. O ever-returning spring ! trinity sure to me you bring ;
Lilac blooming perennial, and drooping star in the
west.
And thought of him I love.

2.

3. O POWERFUL, western, fallen star !
O shades of night ! O moony, tearful night !
O great star disappear'd ! O the black murk that hides
the star !
O cruel hands that hold me powerless ! O helpless
soul of me !
O harsh surrounding cloud that will not free my
soul !

3.

4. IN the dooryard fronting an old farm-house, near the
whitewash'd palings,
Stands the lilac-bush, tall-growing, with heart-shaped
leaves of rich green,
With many a pointed blossom, rising, delicate, with
the perfume strong I love,

With every leaf a miracle . . . and from this bush
 in the dooryard,
 With its delicate-color'd blossoms, and heart-shaped
 leaves of rich green,
 A sprig, with its flower, I break.

4.

5. IN the swamp, in secluded recesses,
 A shy and hidden bird is warbling a song.
6. Solitary, the thrush,
 The hermit, withdrawn to himself, avoiding the settlements,
 Sings by himself a song.
7. Song of the bleeding throat!
 Death's outlet song of life — (for well, dear brother,
 I know,
 If thou wast not gifted to sing, thou would'st surely
 die.)

5.

8. OVER the breast of the spring, the land, amid cities,
 Amid lanes, and through old woods, (where lately the
 violets peep'd from the ground, spotting the gray
 debris;)
 Amid the grass in the fields each side of the lanes —
 passing the endless grass;
 Passing the yellow-spear'd wheat, every grain from its
 shroud in the dark-brown fields uprising;
 Passing the apple-tree blows of white and pink in the
 orchards;
 Carrying a corpse to where it shall rest in the grave,
 Night and day journeys a coffin.

6.

9. COFFIN that passes through lanes and streets,
 Through day and night, with the great cloud darken-
 ing the land,

With the pomp of the inloop'd flags, with the cities,
 draped in black,
 With the show of the States themselves, as of crape-
 veil'd women, standing,
 With processions long and winding, and the flam-
 beaus of the night,
 With the countless torches lit—with the silent
 sea of faces and the unbared heads,
 With the waiting depot, the arriving coffin, and the
 sombre faces,
 With dirges through the night, with the thousand
 voices rising strong and solemn;
 With all the mournful voices of the dirges, pour'd
 around the coffin,
 The dim-lit churches and the shuddering organs—
 Where amid these you journey,
 With the tolling, tolling bells' perpetual clang;
 Here! coffin that slowly passes,
 I give you my sprig of lilac.

7.

10. (NOR for you, for one, alone;
 Blossoms and branches green to coffins all I bring:
 For fresh as the morning—thus would I chant a
 song for you, O sane and sacred death.
11. All over bouquets of roses,
 O death! I cover you over with roses and early lilies;
 But mostly and now the lilac that blooms the first,
 Copious, I break, I break the sprigs from the bushes:
 With loaded arms I come, pouring for you,
 For you and the coffins all of you, O death.)

8.

12. O WESTERN orb, sailing the heaven!
 Now I know what you must have meant, as a month
 since we walk'd,
 As we walk'd up and down in the dark blue so
 mystic,

As we walk'd in silence the transparent shadowy
 night,
 As I saw you had something to tell, as you bent to
 me night after night,
 As you droop'd from the sky low down, as if to my
 side, (while the other stars all look'd on;)
 As we wander'd together the solemn night, (for some-
 thing, I know not what, kept me from sleep;)
 As the night advanced, and I saw on the rim of the
 west, ere you went, how full you were of woe;
 As I stood on the rising ground in the breeze, in the
 cool transparent night,
 As I watch'd where you pass'd and was lost in the
 netherward black of the night,
 As my soul, in its trouble, dissatisfied, sank, as where
 you, sad orb,
 Concluded, dropt in the night, and was gone.

9.

13. SING on, there in the swamp!
 O singer bashful and tender! I hear your notes — I
 hear your call;
 I hear — I come presently — I understand you;
 But a moment I linger — for the lustrous star has
 detain'd me;
 The star, my comrade, departing, holds and detains
 me.

10.

14. O how shall I warble myself for the dead one there
 I loved?
 And how shall I deck my song for the large sweet
 soul that has gone?
 And what shall my perfume be, for the grave of him
 I love?
15. Sea-winds, blown from east and west,
 Blown from the eastern sea, and blown from the
 western sea, till there on the prairies meeting:
 These, and with these, and the breath of my chant,
 I perfume the grave of him I love.

11.

16. O WHAT shall I hang on the chamber walls?
 And what shall the pictures be that I hang on the
 walls,
 To adorn the burial-house of him I love?
17. Pictures of growing spring, and farms, and homes,
 With the Fourth-month eve at sundown, and the
 gray-smoke lucid and bright,
 With floods of the yellow gold of the gorgeous, in-
 dolent, sinking sun, burning, expanding the air;
 With the fresh sweet herbage under foot, and the
 pale green leaves of the trees prolific;
 In the distance the flowing glaze, the breast of the
 river, with a wind-dapple here and there;
 With ranging hills on the banks, with many a line
 against the sky, and shadows;
 And the city at hand, with dwellings so dense, and
 stacks of chimneys,
 And all the scenes of life, and the workshops, and
 the workmen homeward returning.

12.

18. Lo! body and soul! this land!
 Mighty Manhattan, with spires, and the sparkling
 and hurrying tides, and the ships;
 The varied and ample land—the South and the North
 in the light—Ohio's shores, and flashing
 Missouri,
 And ever the far-spreading prairies, cover'd with
 grass and corn.
19. Lo! the most excellent sun, so calm and haughty;
 The violet and purple morn, with just-felt breezes:
 The gentle, soft-born, measureless light;
 The miracle, spreading, bathing all—the fulfill'd
 noon;
 The coming eve, delicious—the welcome night, and
 the stars,
 Over my cities shining all, enveloping man and land.

13.

20. SING on! sing on, you gray-brown bird!
Sing from the swamps, the recesses—pour your
chant from the bushes;
Limitless out of the dusk, out of the cedars and
pines.
21. Sing on, dearest brother—warble your reedy song;
Loud human song, with voice of uttermost woe.
22. O liquid, and free, and tender!
O wild and loose to my soul! O wondrous singer!
You only I hear . . . yet the star holds me, (but will
soon depart;)
Yet the lilac, with mastering odor, holds me.

14.

23. Now while I sat in the day, and look'd forth,
In the close of the day, with its light, and the fields
of spring, and the farmer preparing his crops,
In the large unconscious scenery of my land, with its
lakes and forests,
In the heavenly ærial beauty, (after the perturb'd
winds and the storms;)
Under the arching heavens of the afternoon swift
passing, and the voices of children and women,
The many-moving sea-tides, — and I saw the ships
how they sail'd,
And the summer approaching with richness, and the
fields all busy with labor,
And the infinite separate houses, how they all went on,
each with its meals and minutia of daily usages;
And the streets, how their throbbings throb'd, and
the cities pent, — lo! then and there,
Falling among them all, and upon them all, envelop-
ing me with the rest,
Appear'd the cloud, appear'd the long black trail;
And I knew Death, its thought, and the sacred knowl-
edge of death.

15.

24. THEN with the knowledge of death as walking one
side of me,
And the thought of death close-walking the other
side of me,
And I in the middle, as with companions, and as
holding the hands of companions,
I fled forth to the hiding receiving night, that talks
not,
Down to the shores of the water, the path by the
swamp in the dimness,
To the solemn shadowy cedars, and ghostly pines so
still.
25. And the singer so shy to the rest receiv'd me ;
The gray-brown bird I know, receiv'd us comrades
three ;
And he sang what seem'd the song of death, and
a verse for him I love.
26. From deep secluded recesses,
From the fragrant cedars, and the ghostly pines so
still,
Came the singing of the bird.
27. And the charm of the singing rapt me,
As I held, as if by their hands, my comrades in the
night ;
And the voice of my spirit tallied the song of the
bird.

16.

28. COME, lovely and soothing Death,
Undulate round the world, serenely arriving, arriving,
In the day, in the night, to all, to each,
Sooner or later, delicate Death.
29. Prais'd be the fathomless universe,
For life and joy, and for objects and knowledge
curious ;

And for love, sweet love — But praise! O praise and
 praise,
 For the sure-enwinding arms of cool-enfolding Death.

30. Dark Mother, always gliding near, with soft feet,
 Have none chanted for thee a chant of fullest welcome?
 Then I chant it for thee — I glorify thee above all;
 I bring thee a song that when thou must indeed come,
 come unfalteringly.
31. Approach, encompassing Death — strong Deliveress!
 When it is so — when thou hast taken them, I joy-
 ously sing the dead,
 Lost in the loving, floating ocean of thee,
 Laved in the flood of thy bliss, O Death.
32. From me to thee glad serenades,
 Dances for thee I propose, saluting thee — adornments
 and feastings for thee;
 And the sights of the open landscape, and the high-
 spread sky, are fitting,
 And life and the fields, and the huge and thoughtful
 night.
33. The night, in silence, under many a star;
 The ocean shore, and the husky whispering wave,
 whose voice I know;
 And the soul turning to thee, O vast and well-veil'd
 Death,
 And the body gratefully nestling close to thee.
34. Over the tree-tops I float thee a song!
 Over the rising and sinking waves — over the myriad
 fields, and the prairies wide;
 Over the dense-pack'd cities all, and the teeming
 wharves and ways,
 I float this carol with joy, with joy to thee, O Death!

17.

35. To the tally of my soul,
 Loud and strong kept up the gray-brown bird,
 With pure, deliberate notes, spreading, filling the
 night.

36. Loud in the pines and cedars dim,
Clear in the freshness moist, and the swamp-perfume;
And I with my comrades there in the night.
37. While my sight that was bound in my eyes unclosed,
As to long panoramas of visions.

18.

38. I saw the vision of armies;
And I saw, as in noiseless dreams, hundreds of
battle-flags;
Borne through the smoke of the battles, and pierc'd
with missiles, I saw them,
And carried hither and yon through the smoke, and
torn and bloody;
And at last but a few shreds of the flags left on the
staffs, (and all in silence,)
And the staffs all splinter'd and broken.
39. I saw battle-corpses, myriads of them,
And the white skeletons of young men — I saw them;
I saw the débris and débris of all dead soldiers;
But I saw they were not as was thought;
They themselves were fully at rest — they suffer'd not;
The living remain'd and suffer'd — the mother suffer'd,
And the wife and the child, and the musing comrade
suffer'd,
And the armies that remain'd suffer'd.

19.

40. PASSING the visions, passing the night;
Passing, unloosing the hold of my comrades' hands;
Passing the song of the hermit bird, and the tally-
ing song of my soul,
Victorious song, death's outlet song, (yet varying,
ever-altering song,
As low and wailing, yet clear the notes, rising and
falling, flooding the night,
Sadly sinking and fainting, as warning and warning,
and yet again bursting with joy,)

Covering the earth, and filling the spread of the
heaven,
As that powerful psalm in the night I heard from
recesses.

20.

41. MUST I leave thee, lilac with heart-shaped leaves ?
Must I leave thee there in the dooryard, blooming,
returning with spring ?
42. Must I pass from my song for thee ;
From my gaze on thee in the west, fronting the west,
communing with thee,
O comrade lustrous, with silver face in the night ?

21.

43. YET each I keep, and all ;
The song, the wondrous chant of the gray-brown
bird, I keep,
And the tallying chant, the echo arous'd in my soul,
I keep,
With the lustrous and drooping star, with the coun-
tenance full of woe ;
With the lilac tall, and its blossoms of mastering
odor ;
Comrades mine, and I in the midst, and their mem-
ory ever I keep — for the dead I loved so well ;
For the sweetest, wisest soul of all my days and
lands . . . and this for his dear sake ;
Lilac and star and bird, twined with the chant of
my soul,
With the holders holding my hand, nearing the call
of the bird,
There in the fragrant pines, and the cedars dusk and
dim.

RACE OF VETERANS.

RACE of veterans !

Race of the soil, ready for conflict ! race of the conquering march !

(No more credulity's race, abiding-temper'd race ;)

Race owning no law but the law of itself ;

Race of passion and the storm.

O. CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

1.

O CAPTAIN! my captain! our fearful trip is done;
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought
is won;

The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and
daring:

But O heart! heart! heart!

Leave you not the little spot,

Where on the deck my captain lies,

Fallen cold and dead.

2.

O CAPTAIN! my captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up — for you the flag is flung — for you the bugle
trills;

For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths — for you the
shores a-crowding;

For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces
turning;

O captain! dear father!

This arm I push beneath you;

It is some dream that on the deck,

You've fallen cold and dead.

3.

My captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still;
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will:
But the ship, the ship is anchor'd safe, its voyage closed
and done;

From fearful trip, the victor ship, comes in with object
won:

Exult, O shores, and ring, O bells!

But I, with silent tread,

Walk the spot my captain lies,

Fallen cold and dead.

SPIRIT WHOSE WORK IS DONE.

SPIRIT whose work is done! spirit of dreadful hours!
Ere, departing, fade from my eyes your forests of bayo-
nets;
Spirit of gloomiest fears and doubts, (yet onward ever
unfaltering pressing;)
Spirit of many a solemn day, and many a savage scene!
Electric spirit!
That with muttering voice, through the years now closed,
like a tireless phantom flitted,
Rousing the land with breath of flame, while you beat
and beat the drum;
— Now, as the sound of the drum, hollow and harsh to
the last, reverberates round me;
As your ranks, your immortal ranks, return, return from
the battles;
While the muskets of the young men yet lean over their
shoulders;
While I look on the bayonets bristling over their shoul-
ders;
While those slanted bayonets, whole forests of them,
appearing in the distance, approach and pass on,
returning homeward,
Moving with steady motion, swaying to and fro, to the
right and left,
Evenly, lightly rising and falling, as the steps keep time:
— Spirit of hours I knew, all hectic red one day, but pale
as death next day;
Touch my mouth, ere you depart — press my lips close!
Leave me your pulses of rage! bequeath them to me!
fill me with currents convulsive!
Let them scorch and blister out of my chants, when you
are gone;
Let them identify you to the future in these songs.

CHANTING THE SQUARE DEIFIC.

1.

CHANTING the square deific, out of the One advancing,
out of the sides ;
Out of the old and new — out of the square entirely divine,
Solid, four-sided, (all the sides needed) . . . from this side
JEHOVAH am I,
Old Brahm I, and I Saturnius am ;
Not Time affects me — I am Time, modern as any ;
Unpersuadable, relentless, executing righteous judgments ;
As the Earth, the Father, the brown old Kronos, with laws,
Aged beyond computation — yet ever new — ever with those mighty laws rolling,
Relentless, I forgive no man — whoever sins, dies — I will have that man's life ;
Therefore let none expect mercy — have the seasons, gravitation, the appointed days, mercy ? — No more have I ;
But as the seasons, and gravitation — and as all the appointed days, that forgive not,
I dispense from this side judgments inexorable, without the least remorse.

2.

Consolator most mild, the promis'd one advancing,
With gentle hand extended, the mightier God am I,
Foretold by prophets and poets, in their most rapt prophesies and poems ;
From this side, lo ! the Lord CHRIST gazes — lo ! Hermes I — lo ! mine is Hercules' face ;
All sorrow, labor, suffering, I, tallying it, absorb in myself ;
Many times have I been rejected, taunted, put in prison, and crucified — and many times shall be again ;

All the world have I given up for my dear brothers' and
 sisters' sake — for the soul's sake;
 Wending my way through the homes of men, rich or poor,
 with the kiss of affection;
 For I am affection — I am the cheer-bringing God, with
 hope, and all-enclosing Charity;
 (Conqueror yet — for before me all the armies and sol-
 diers of the earth shall yet bow — and all the weap-
 ons of war become impotent:)
 With indulgent words, as to children — with fresh and
 sane words, mine only;
 Young and strong I pass, knowing well I am destin'd my-
 self to an early death:
 But my Charity has no death — my Wisdom dies not, nei-
 ther early nor late,
 And my sweet Love, bequeath'd here and elsewhere,
 never dies.

3.

Aloof, dissatisfied, plotting revolt,
 Comrade of criminals, brother of slaves,
 Crafty, despised, a drudge, ignorant,
 With sudra face and worn brow — black, but in the
 depths of my heart, proud as any;
 Lifted, now and always, against whoever, scorning, as-
 sumes to rule me;
 Morose, full of guile, full of reminiscences, brooding, with
 many wiles,
 (Though it was thought I was baffled and dispell'd, and
 my wiles done — but that will never be;)
 Defiant, I, SATAN, still live — still utter words — in new
 lands duly appearing, (and old ones also;)
 Permanent here, from my side, warlike, equal with any,
 real as any,
 Nor time, nor change, shall ever change me or my words.

4.

Santa SPIRITA, breather, life,
 Beyond the light, lighter than light,
 Beyond the flames of hell — joyous, leaping easily above
 hell;

Beyond Paradise — perfumed solely with mine own perfume;
Including all life on earth — touching, including God —
including Saviour and Satan;
Ethereal, pervading all, (for without me, what were all?
what were God?)
Essence of forms — life of the real identities, permanent,
positive, (namely the unseen,)
Life of the great round world, the sun and stars, and of
man — I, the general Soul,
Here the square finishing, the solid, I the most solid,
Breathe my breath also through these little songs.

I HEARD YOU, SOLEMN-SWEET PIPES
OF THE ORGAN.

I HEARD you, solemn-sweet pipes of the organ, as last
Sunday morn I pass'd the church;
Winds of autumn!—as I walk'd the woods at dusk, I
heard your long-stretch'd sighs, up above, so mourn-
ful;
I heard the perfect Italian tenor, singing at the opera—
I heard the soprano in the midst of the quartet sing-
ing;
. . . Heart of my love!—you too I heard, murmuring
low, through one of the wrists around my head;
Heard the pulse of you, when all was still, ringing little
bells last night under my ear.

NOT MY ENEMIES EVER INVADE ME.

Not my enemies ever invade me — no harm to my pride
from them I fear;

But the lovers I recklessly love—lo! how they master me!
Lo! me, ever open and helpless, bereft of my strength!
Utterly abject, grovelling on the ground before them.

O ME! O LIFE!

O ME! O life! . . . of the questions of these recurring;
Of the endless trains of the faithless — of cities fill'd
with the foolish;
Of myself forever reproaching myself, (for who more
foolish than I, and who more faithless?)
Of eyes that vainly crave the light — of the objects mean
— of the struggle ever renew'd;
Of the poor results of all — of the plodding and sordid
crowds I see around me;
Of the empty and useless years of the rest — with the
rest me intertwined;
The question, O me! so sad, recurring — What good amid
these, O me, O life?

ANSWER.

That you are here — that life exists, and identity;
That the powerful play goes on, and you will contribute
a verse.

AH POVERTIES, WINCINGS, AND SULKY RETREATS.

AH poverties, wincings, and sulky retreats!

Ah you foes that in conflict have overcome me!

(For what is my life, or any man's life, but a conflict with
foes — the old, the incessant war?)

You degradations — you tussle with passions and appetites;

You smarts from dissatisfied friendships, (ah wounds, the sharpest of all;)

You toil of painful and choked articulations — you meannesses;

You shallow tongue-talks at tables, (my tongue the shallowest of any;)

You broken resolutions, you racking angers, you smother'd ennuis;

Ah, think not you finally triumph — My real self has yet
to come forth;

It shall yet march forth o'ermastering, till all lies beneath
me;

It shall yet stand up the soldier of unquestion'd victory.

AS I LAY WITH MY HEAD IN YOUR LAP, CAMERADO.

As I lay with my head in your lap, camerado,
The confession I made I resume — what I said to you
and the open air I resume:
I know I am restless, and make others so;
I know my words are weapons, full of danger, full of
death;
(Indeed I am myself the real soldier;
It is not he, there, with his bayonet, and not the red-
striped artilleryman;)
For I confront peace, security, and all the settled laws,
to unsettle them;
I am more resolute because all have denied me, than I
could ever have been had all accepted me;
I heed not, and have never heeded, either experience,
cautions, majorities, nor ridicule;
And the threat of what is call'd hell is little or nothing
to me;
And the lure of what is call'd heaven is little or nothing
to me;
. . . Dear camerado! I confess I have urged you onward
with me, and still urge you, without the least idea
what is our destination,
Or whether we shall be victorious, or utterly quell'd and
defeated.

THIS DAY, O SOUL.

THIS day, O soul, I give you a wondrous mirror;
Long in the dark, in tarnish and cloud it lay — But the
cloud has pass'd, and the tarnish gone;
. . . Behold, O soul! it is now a clean and bright mirror,
Faithfully showing you all the things of the world.

IN CLOUDS DESCENDING, IN MIDNIGHT SLEEP.

1.

IN clouds descending, in midnight sleep, of many a face
of anguish,
Of the look at first of the mortally wounded — of that
indescribable look;
Of the dead on their backs, with arms extended wide,
I dream, I dream, I dream.

2.

OF scenes of nature, the fields and the mountains;
Of the skies, so beauteous after the storm — and at night
the moon so unearthly bright,
Shining sweetly, shining down, where we dig the trenches
and gather the heaps,
I dream, I dream, I dream.

3.

LONG have they pass'd, long lapsed — faces and trenches
and fields;
Long through the carnage I moved with a callous com-
posure — or away from the fallen,
Onward I sped at the time — But now of their forms at
night,
I dream, I dream, I dream.

AN ARMY ON THE MARCH.

WITH its cloud of skirmishers in advance,
With now the sound of a single shot, snapping like a
 whip, and now an irregular volley,
The swarming ranks press on and on, the dense brigades
 press on ;
Glittering dimly, toiling under the sun, the dust-cover'd
 men,
In columns rise and fall to the undulations of the ground,
With artillery interspers'd — the wheels rumble, the
 horses sweat,
As the army resistless advances.

DIRGE FOR TWO VETERANS.

1.

THE last sunbeam
Lightly falls from the finish'd Sabbath,
On the pavement here — and there beyond, it is looking,
Down a new-made double grave.

2.

Lo! the moon ascending!
Up from the east, the silvery round moon;
Beautiful over the house-tops, ghastly, phantom moon;
Immense and silent moon.

3.

I SEE a sad procession,
And I hear the sound of coming full-key'd bugles;
All the channels of the city streets they're flooding,
As with voices and with tears.

4.

I HEAR the great drums pounding,
And the small drums steady whirring;
And every blow of the great convulsive drums,
Strikes me through and through.

5.

FOR the son is brought with the father;
(In the foremost ranks of the fierce assault they fell;
Two veterans, son and father, dropt together,
And the double grave awaits them.)

6.

Now nearer blow the bugles,
And the drums strike more convulsive ;
And the daylight o'er the pavement quite has faded,
And the strong dead-march enwraps me.

7.

In the eastern sky up-buoying,
The sorrowful vast phantom moves illumin'd ;
('Tis some mother's large, transparent face,
In heaven brighter growing.)

8.

O STRONG dead-march, you please me !
O moon immense, with your silvery face you soothe me !
O my soldiers twain ! O my veterans, passing to burial !
What I have I also give you.

9.

THE moon gives you light,
And the bugles and the drums give you music ;
And my heart, O my soldiers, my veterans,
My heart gives you love.

HOW SOLEMN, AS ONE BY ONE.

How solemn, as one by one,
As the ranks returning, all worn and sweaty — as the
men file by where I stand ;
As the faces, the masks appear — as I glance at the
faces, studying the masks ;
(As I glance upward out of this page, studying you, dear
friend, whoever you are ;)
How solemn the thought of my whispering soul, to each
in the ranks, and to you ;
I see behind each mask, that wonder, a kindred soul :
O the bullet could never kill what you really are, dear
friend,
Nor the bayonet stab what you really are :
. . . The soul ! yourself I see, great as any, good as the
best,
Waiting secure and content, which the bullet could never
kill,
Nor the bayonet stab, O friend !

LO ! VICTRESS ON THE PEAKS !

Lo ! Victress on the peaks !

Where thou standest, with mighty brow, regarding the
world,

(The world, O Libertad, that vainly conspired against
thee ;)

Out of its countless, beleaguering toils, after thwarting
them all ;

Where thou, dominant, with the dazzling sun around
thee,

Towerest now unharm'd, in immortal soundness and
bloom — lo ! in this hour supreme,

No poem proud I, chanting, bring to thee — nor mastery's
rapturous verse ;

But a little book, containing night's darkness, and blood-
dripping wounds,

And psalms of the dead.

RECONCILIATION.

WORD over all, beautiful as the sky !
Beautiful that war, and all its deeds of carnage, must in
time be utterly lost;
That the hands of the sisters Death and Night, inces-
santly softly wash again, and ever again, this soil'd
world:
... For my enemy is dead — a man divine as myself is
dead ;
I look where he lies, white-faced and still, in the coffin —
I draw near ;
I bend down and touch lightly with my lips the white
face in the coffin.

TO THE LEAVEN'D SOIL THEY TROD.

To the leaven'd soil they trod, calling, I sing, for the
last;
(Not cities, nor man alone, nor war, nor the dead,
But forth from my tent emerging for good — loosing,
untying the tent-ropes;)
In the freshness, the forenoon air, in the far-stretching
circuits and vistas, again to peace restored,
To the fiery fields emanative, and the endless vistas be-
yond — to the south and the north;
To the leaven'd soil of the general western world, to
attest my songs,
(To the average earth, the wordless earth, witness of war
and peace,)
To the Alleghanian hills, and the tireless Mississippi,
To the rocks I, calling, sing, and all the trees in the
woods,
To the plain of the poems of heroes, to the prairie spread-
ing wide,
To the far-off sea, and the unseen winds, and the sane im-
palpable air;
... And responding, they answer all (but not in words,)
The average earth, the witness of war and peace, ac-
knowledges mutely;
The prairie draws me close, as the father, to bosom
broad, the son;
The Northern ice and rain, that began me, nourish me to
the end;
But the hot sun of the South is to ripen my songs.

